BRITANNIA and EVE

A Monthly Journal for Men & Women

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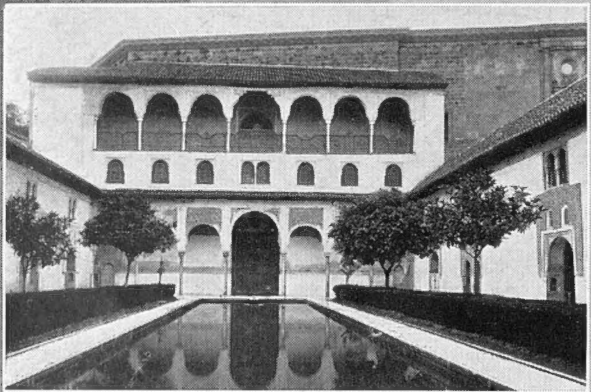
1/-
VOL 3: No. 7
JULY
1931

BEAUTIFUL SPAIN

AVILA. *The Walls.*



GRANADA. *Arrayanes Courtyard in the Alhambra.*

MADRID. *Prado Museum.*

SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA. *The Cathedral.*

EL ESCORIAL. *Courtyard of the Evangelists.*

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

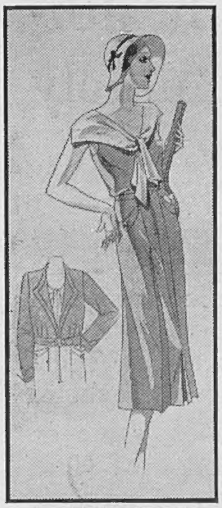
The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at **PARIS,** *12 Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK,** *695 Fifth Avenue;* **ROME,** *9 Via Condotti;* **MUNICH.** *6 Residenzstrasse;* **GIBRALTAR,** *63-67, Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or the American Express or any other Travel Agency.*

choose a corot model and pay for it by instalments

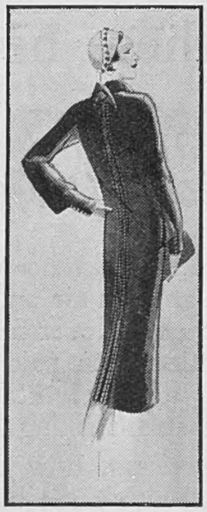


"colette"

an ideally suitable frock for tennis or river wear, made in a good quality washing silk, in a wide range of new shades, with the unusual cape collar in white to contrast. **6/–** monthly

cash 2 gns.

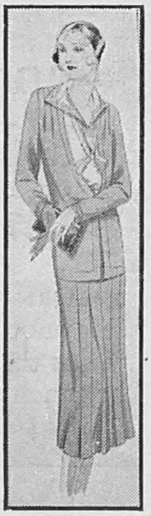
matching coatee in colours, trimmed with white. cash 1½ gns. **4/6** monthly



"my lady"

perfectly designed coat for summer wear made in a heavy coating silk in the latest shades of beige, green or blue, or in black. the uncommon collar and the slim buttoned cuffs raise it to a position of importance. unlined. **13/6** monthly

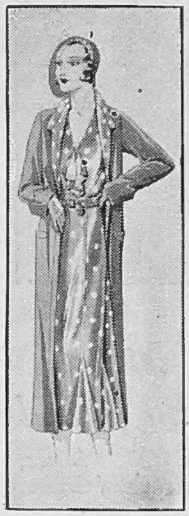
cash 4½ gns.



"bond street"

a smart cardigan suit in suede crepe has its straight coat and front pleated skirt in a new red, with the sleeveless blouse in white, trimmed with rows of red stitching. also copied in many other shades. **10/6** monthly

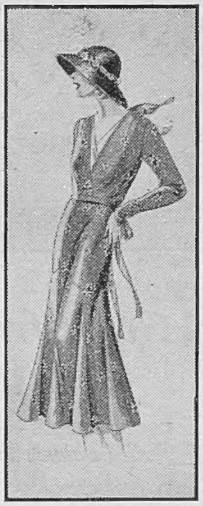
cash 3½ gns.



"versailles"

a practical outfit for the summer months is composed of a full length coat in navy blue wool georgette, worn over a frock in navy and white spotted art. crepe. the facings of the coat are lined with the same material as the dress. also in other colourings. **16/6** monthly

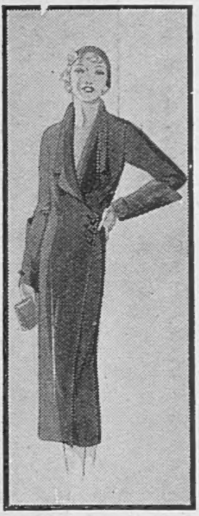
cash 5½ gns.



"fedora"

the printed crepe de chine frock shown here is a model that combines chic with the minimum of expense. the cleverly flared skirt and the inset vestee of georgette are smart. in many prints and colours. **9/–** monthly

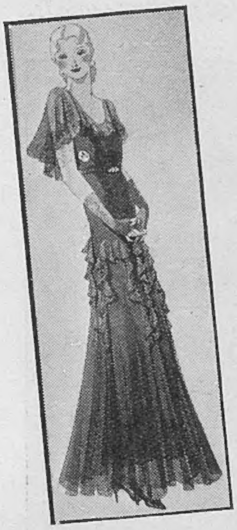
cash 3 gns.



"la cigale"

a smart coat in a lovely woollen weave depends on the unusual cut of the collar and cuffs for its attraction. straight in line, it also shows a novel three button fastening. unlined, in many colours. **12/–** monthly

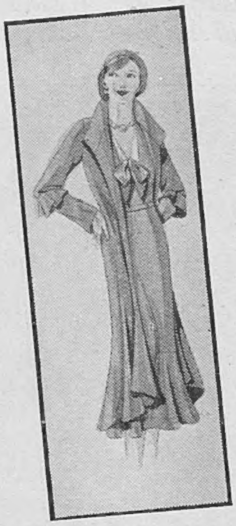
cash 4 gns.



"felicite"

charmingly demure is this evening gown in a combination of fine black silk net and lace. the quaint fichu line and the frilled skirt are sweetly feminine. lined throughout with crepe de chine. **15/–** monthly

cash 5 gns.



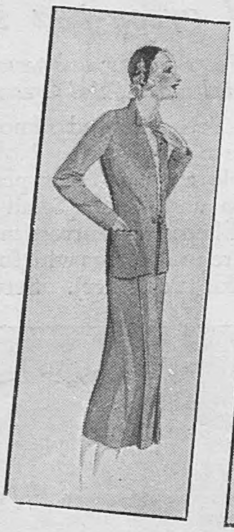
"en tout cas"

suitable for practically any hour is this two piece suit that is fashioned of a heavy draping quality suede crepe. the sleeveless dress has a contrast vest, and shows the low placed flares that also appear on the coat. in many new shades. **13/6** monthly

cash 4½ gns.

messrs. corot would be glad of the opportunity of showing you some of the 1000 model afternoon and evening gowns, summer two pieces, ensembles, etc., in their new salons at yardley house, 33 old bond street. they will also consider it a privilege if you will avail yourself of their cordial offer to pay your account by instalments, for which convenient system, there is no extra charge whatever.

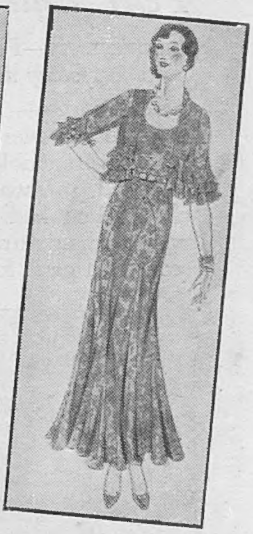
should it not be convenient to call, please post the coupon below for full details and illustrations of the latest summer designs.



"anglesey"

the versatile suit that can be worn for town or country wear is exemplified in this little model of frisca or in the new pastel shades. the vandyked edging of the slightly fitted coat is also new. coat is unlined. **9/–** monthly

cash 3 gns.



"happiness"

a printed chiffon frock will fill many wants in the summer wardrobe, for a model such as this can be worn for evening or afternoon. the sleeveless gown is very cleverly cut, and the matching coatee has the new elbow length sleeves. in many prints and colours. **18/–** monthly

cash 6 gns.

corot
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regent 0731

post this coupon to corot to-day

corot ltd., 33 old bond street, london, w.1.

free please send latest illustrations of new models and details of your instalment plan.

name ....

address ....

i am particularly interested in b.43

To be *fit* is fashionable

—and these new health-salads are very definitely '*à la mode*' to-day

MODERN woman's insistence on physical fitness does not stop at fresh air and exercise — it invades the kitchen. Never before in history has so much attention been paid to healthful diet. One's meals to-day are lighter and tastier, fruits, vegetables and salads striking the modern keynote.

And how surprising, how delicious, some of these new fruit-with-vegetable salads are! Here are three that you can make cheaply. They look so tempting and they taste so good, but — to add that fascinating "tang" that these new salads demand it is essential to dress them with HEINZ SALAD CREAM. You can buy it at any grocers at 6d., 10d., and 1/1½d. a bottle.

Send name and address to H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., London, N.W.10, who will send you a Recipe Folder of new salads.

H. J. HEINZ Co. Ltd.
LONDON FACTORY
HEINZ
SALAD CREAM
HEINZ

Grape-fruit, lettuce and walnut salad

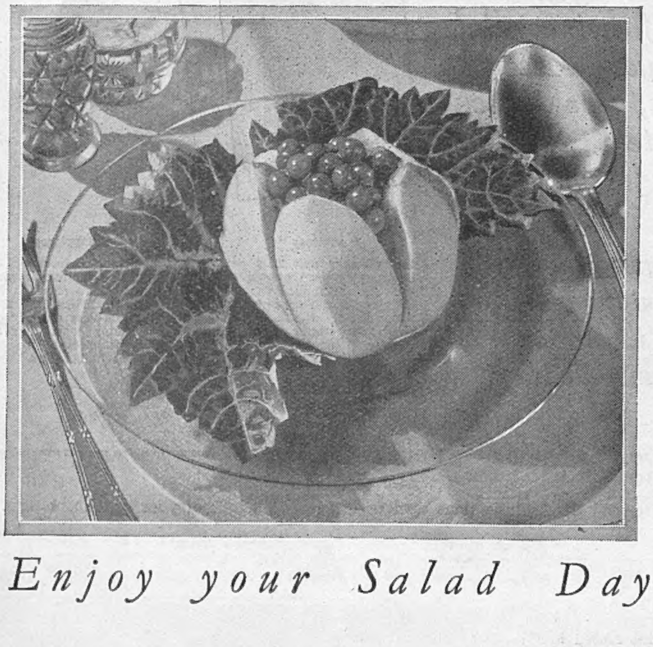
INGREDIENTS — *Grape-fruit, lettuce, shelled walnuts and Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS—Peel grape-fruit like orange. Remove pips and "quarter," keeping each section as a whole. Arrange pieces of grape-fruit like petals of a daisy on washed and dried lettuce. Put a few shelled walnuts in centre to carry out idea of a flower. Serve with Heinz Salad Cream.

Pear and green-pea salad

INGREDIENTS—*Pears (one for each person), cooked green peas, tomatoes, foliage and Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS — Peel pear and remove core from stalk end (do not pierce other end). Now slice top and cut sides to resemble a tulip. Mix pear pulp with peas, chopped tomato and Heinz Salad Cream (if desired chopped cooked beans and carrots may be added). Fill pears with mixture and arrange with foliage on small plates (coloured glass for preference). Serve very cold.



Tomato, prune and watercress

INGREDIENTS—*Tomatoes, stewed prunes, sweet almonds and Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS—Plunge tomatoes into boiling water. Skin and allow to cool. Stone prunes and insert blanched almonds. Cut tomatoes in rings and arrange on watercress. Pour salad cream over each ring of tomato and place prune on each. Serve very cold.

Enjoy your Salad Days—these three new ways!

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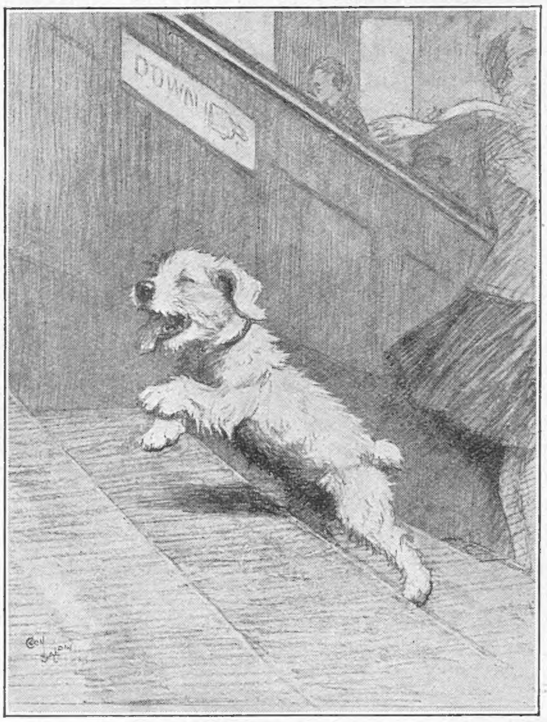
ENTER WOGGLES.

Meet WOGGLES, the NEW *Sketch* DOG

HERE HE IS!



PERSEVERANCE

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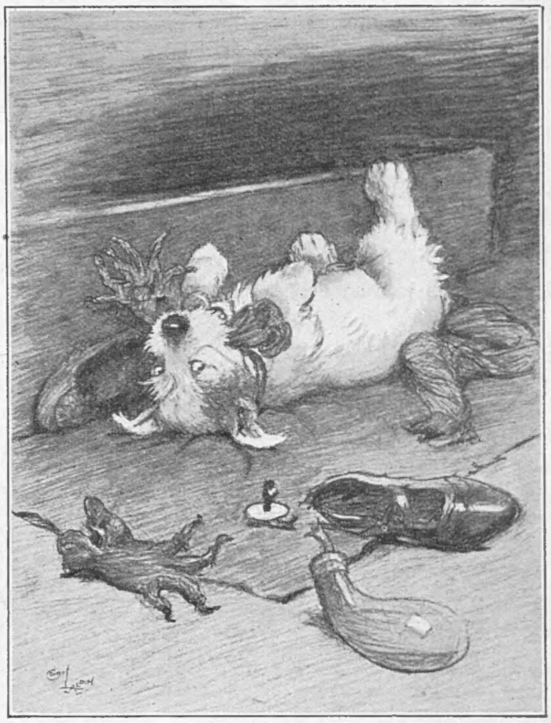
AND AGAIN HERE!



CONTENTMENT

A SPORTING CECIL ALDIN TERRIER

WOGGLES is appearing each week in

The Sketch

Each page-picture is a delight: the fact that Cecil Aldin is the artist guarantees that. Each is beautifully reproduced in colours.

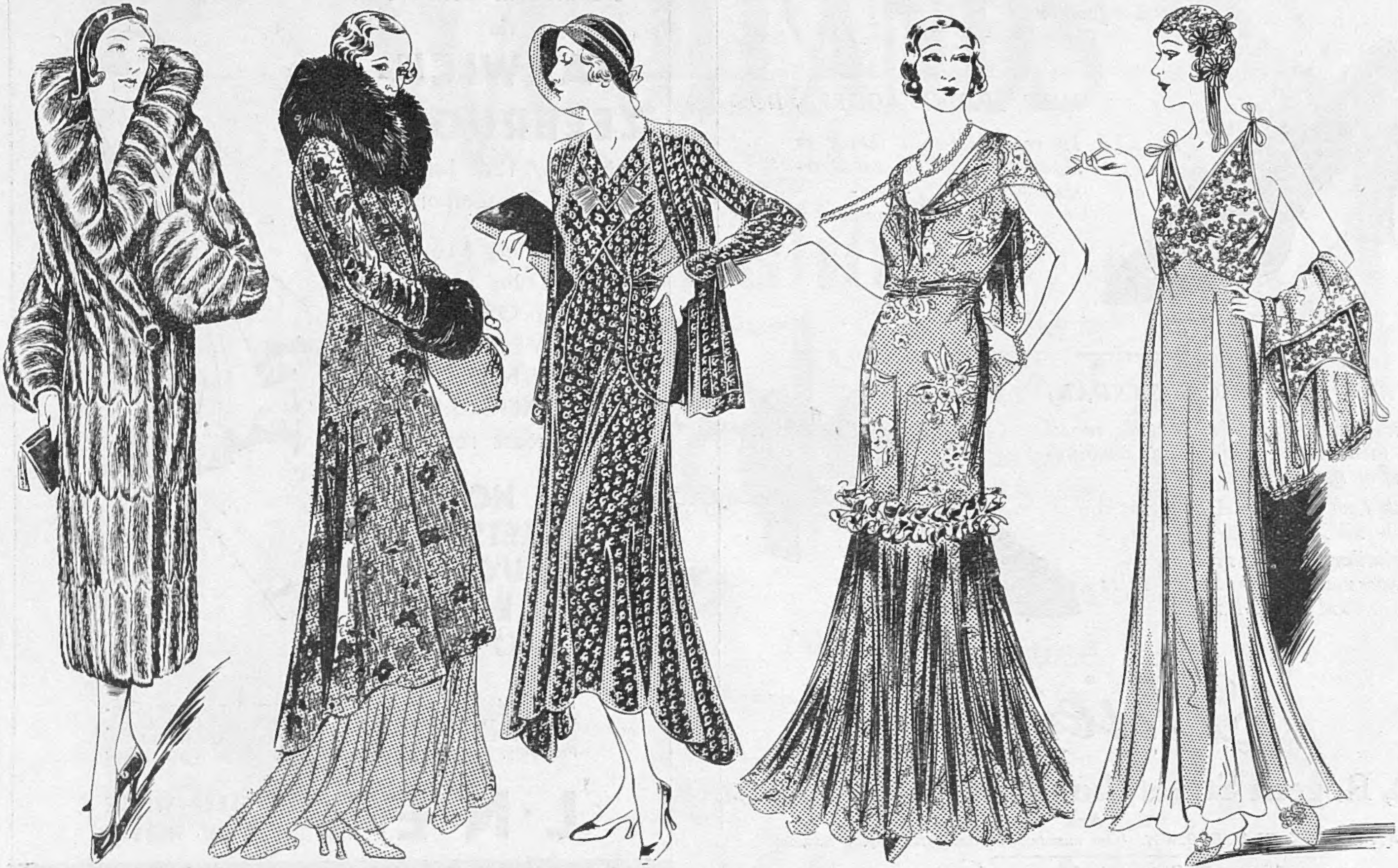
ONCE SEE WOGGLES AND YOU WILL NEVER FORGET HIM!

EVERY WEDNESDAY:
ONE SHILLING

Publishing Office:
346, Strand, W.C.2

STOCKTAKING SALE

COMMENCES MONDAY JULY 6th AND CONTINUES FOR THREE WEEKS



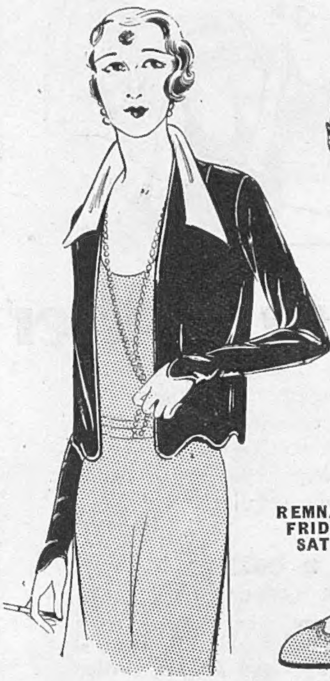
AT A MODERATE PRICE are these 24 Coats in new dyes on Squirrel, foal-skin, etc., of which sketch in sable dyed squirrel is an example. Original Prices 39 to 49 gns. Sale Price **29** gns.

BARGAINS IN EVENING WRAPS in velvets, etc., all different styles and lengths, of which sketch is an example in multi-coloured metal brocade, trimmed soft fur. Original Prices 8½ to 12½ gns. Sale Price **6** gns.

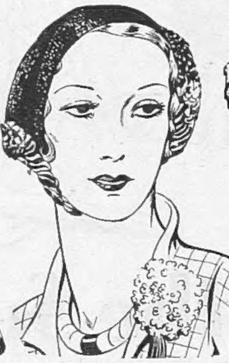
This ensemble in patterned crêpe de Chine is skilfully cut to give a slimming line and is finished pleated georgette jabot ends. In good colours and several sizes. Sale Price **£7**

Printed chiffon is used for many different designs in Summer Tea Frocks, of which sketch with princess bodice and cape scarf is an example. Sale Price **7½** gns.

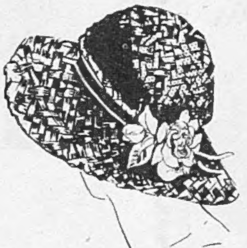
NIGHTDRESS in reliable pure silk crêpe de Chine with lace bodice. In pink, apricot, ivory, green and many other shades. Sale Price **27/6** Cami-bocker to match 29/6.



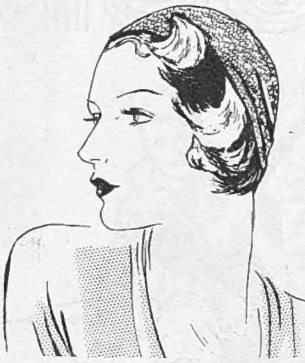
Just to the waist Coats are extremely fashionable, and the sketch is made in rayon velvet, lined silk. In black and colours. Sale price **27/9**



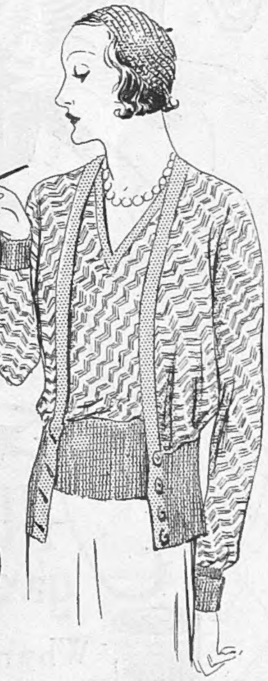
The little straw hat illustrated is an example of our large stock of hats of this type; the feather mounts nestle to the face in a most flattering way. Original Price 84/-. Sale Price **£2**



STRAW HATS, various shapes, of which sketch is an example, finished with flower at side-back. In black, navy, brown or beige. Sale Price **£2**



Black, brown or beige **BOUCLETTE** composes this delightful little **CAP** with shaded feather mounts to tone. Sale Price **30/-**



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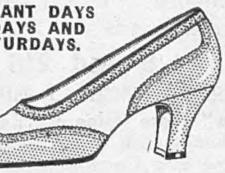
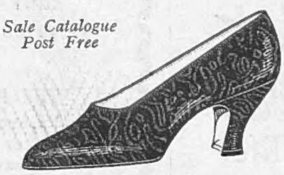
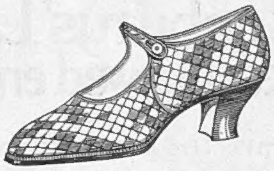
Sale Catalogue Post Free



WHITE SUEDE COURT SHOE with brown willow calf toe-cap, counter and collar. Louis-Cuban heel; hand made. Sale Price per pair **25/-**



BLACK MOIRE COURT SHOE, Louis heel, all sizes and half sizes from 3 to 8 (Foreign). Sale Price per pair **20/-**



PYTHON SKIN ONE BAR SHOE, military heel. Sale Price per pair **39/6**

KNITTED WOOLLEN CARDIGAN AND JUMPER. In beige/brown, black/white, primrose/jade, deep blue/grey, black/red, grey/black. Three sizes. Actual value 29/6. Sale Price each garment **18/6**

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NEW MODEL COURT SHOE

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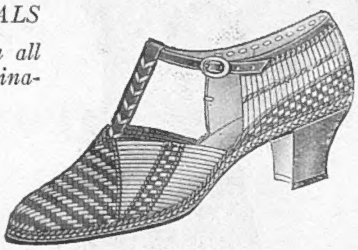
(Made in London)

54/- (*Post free in the U.K.*)

OUR WORLD-FAMOUS SANDALS

Hand-Plaited Leather Sandals in all the fashionable shades and combinations of these shades.

With Low or Cuban Heel - 25/6
With full Louis Heel - 32/6
A similar type of shoe of cheaper make is also stocked, 17/11
(Made in Paris)



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47, SUSSEX PLACE, S.W.7 (*One minute from South Kensington Station*)
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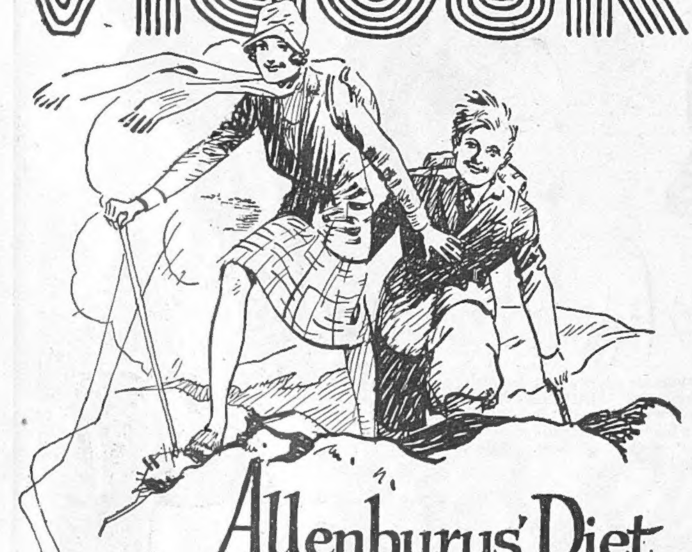

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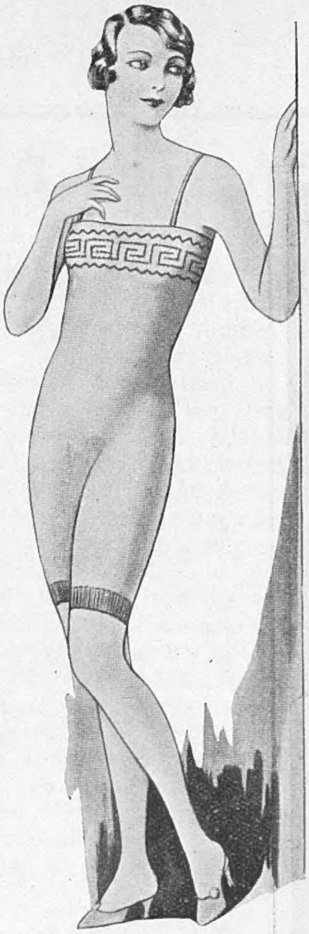

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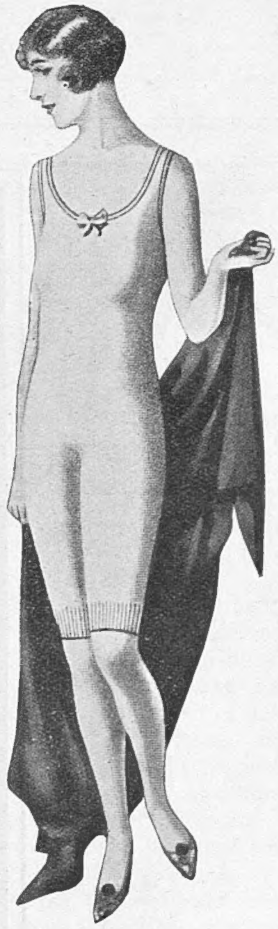

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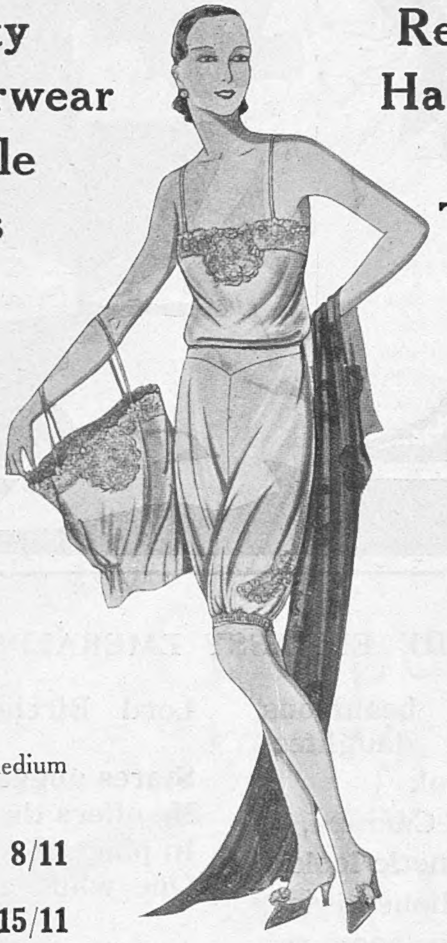

K.251.—50 dozen. **Combinations** with Opera Tops, *as sketch*, in medium and outsize, in white or pink.

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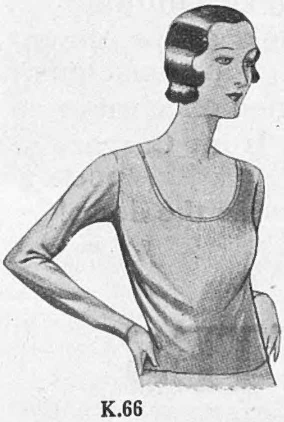
K.66.—Spencers in slip-over shape, medium or outsize, short or long sleeves.



K.66

Gauze Merino, **Sale Price** -	**8/11**
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K.200—Ladies' Art. Milanese Vest, trimmed lace, and Opera Tops.

VESTS	**Prices** Wm's.	O.S.
In White, Pink, or Peach - -	**11/9**	**13/9**
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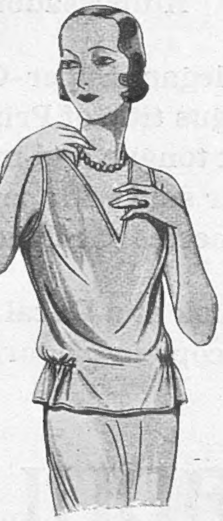

K.255

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Outsize
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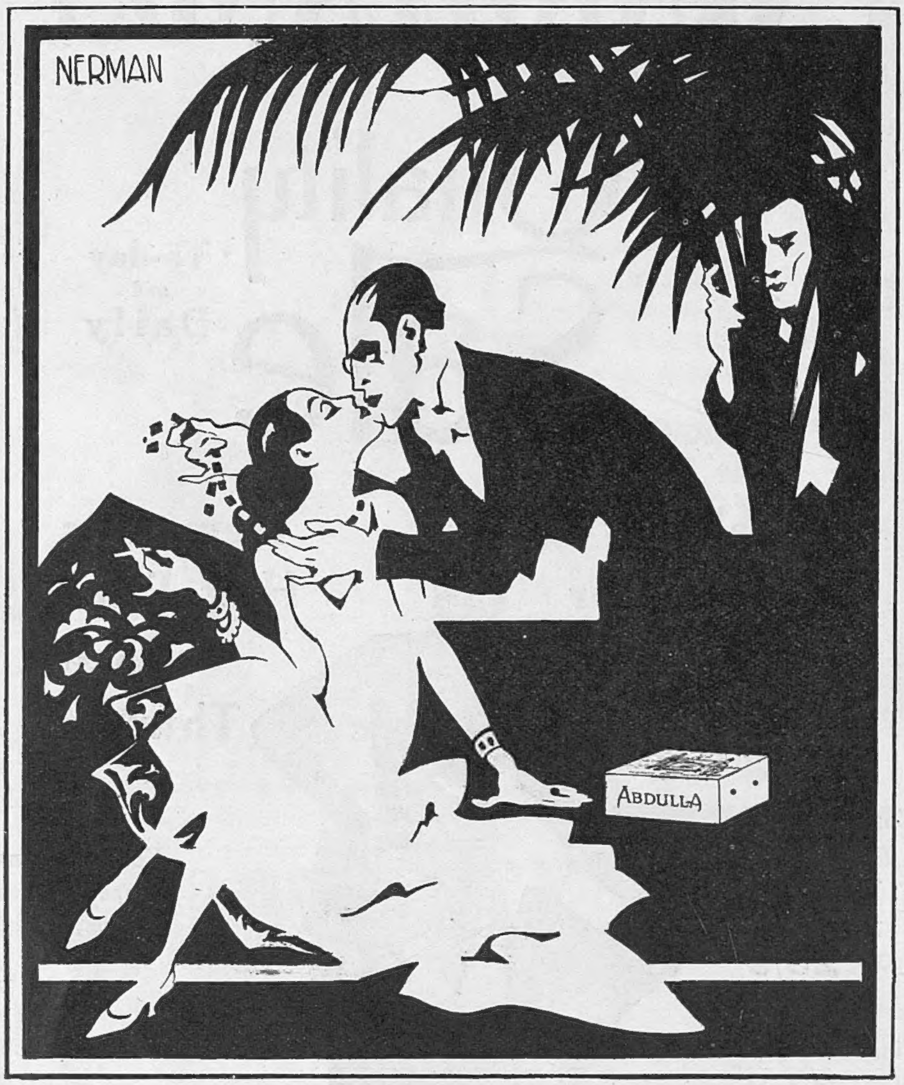

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He drugs her soul with perfidious kisses,
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BRITANNIA & EVE

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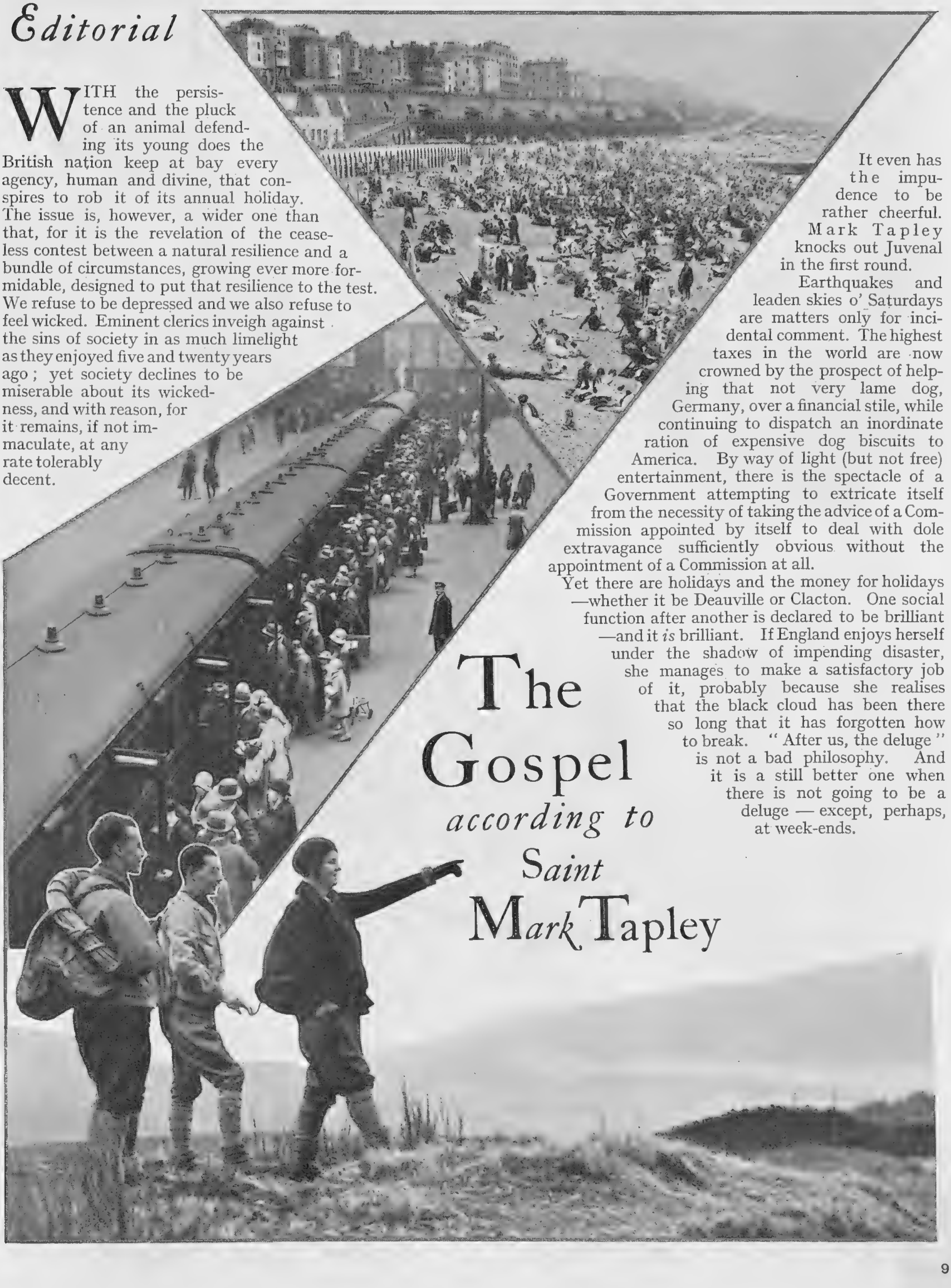
Editorial

The Gospel *according to* Saint Mark Tapley



WITH the persistence and the pluck of an animal defending its young does the British nation keep at bay every agency, human and divine, that conspires to rob it of its annual holiday. The issue is, however, a wider one than that, for it is the revelation of the ceaseless contest between a natural resilience and a bundle of circumstances, growing ever more formidable, designed to put that resilience to the test. We refuse to be depressed and we also refuse to feel wicked. Eminent clerics inveigh against the sins of society in as much limelight as they enjoyed five and twenty years ago; yet society declines to be miserable about its wickedness, and with reason, for it remains, if not immaculate, at any rate tolerably decent.

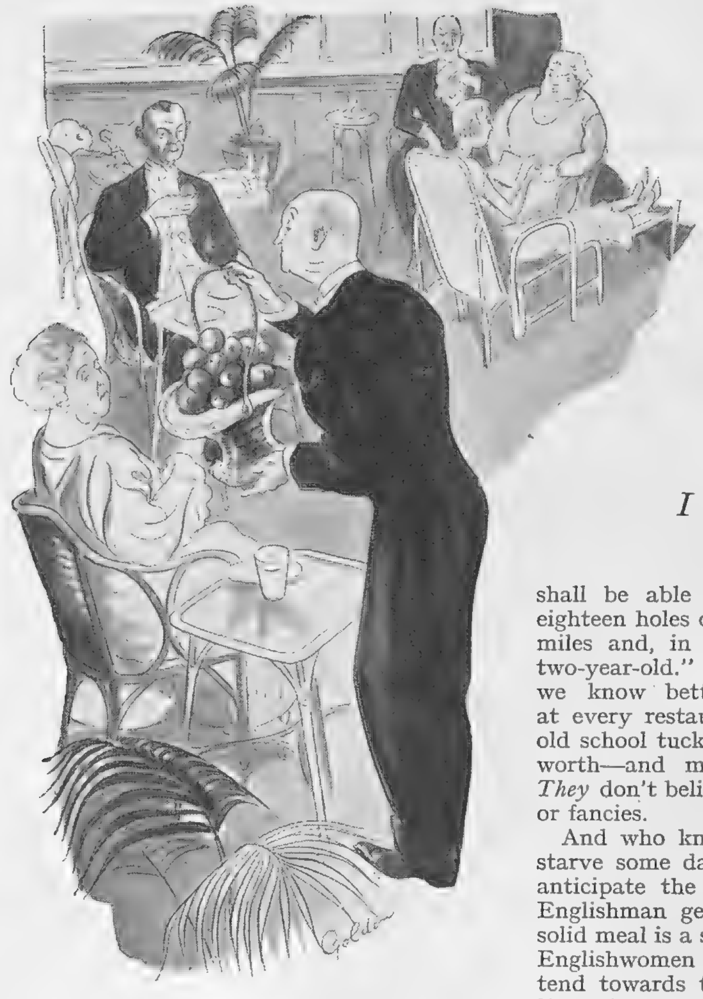
It even has the impudence to be rather cheerful. Mark Tapley knocks out Juvenal in the first round. Earthquakes and leaden skies o' Saturdays are matters only for incidental comment. The highest taxes in the world are now crowned by the prospect of helping that not very lame dog, Germany, over a financial stile, while continuing to dispatch an inordinate ration of expensive dog biscuits to America. By way of light (but not free) entertainment, there is the spectacle of a Government attempting to extricate itself from the necessity of taking the advice of a Commission appointed by itself to deal with dole extravagance sufficiently obvious without the appointment of a Commission at all.

Yet there are holidays and the money for holidays—whether it be Deauville or Clacton. One social function after another is declared to be brilliant—and it *is* brilliant. If England enjoys herself under the shadow of impending disaster, she manages to make a satisfactory job of it, probably because she realises that the black cloud has been there so long that it has forgotten how to break. " After us, the deluge " is not a bad philosophy. And it is a still better one when there is not going to be a deluge — except, perhaps, at week-ends.

What I
I *were*

By Agatha Christie

Illustrations by Grace Golden



"*A COUPLE of oranges the first day just to break one in gradually!*"

WELL, first of all, of course, I would do my best *not* to starve!

To begin with, there is the consoling thought that it is much more difficult to starve than one thinks!

I met the other day a man who had lived for fifteen years on boiled cabbage—a hard-working, energetic man who apparently enjoyed life. And even boiled cabbage, it seems, he ate with restraint.

I do not speak of such a life with enthusiasm. I can imagine no monotony more acute and I am not at all sure that I would not rather be peacefully dead in a nice coffin with brass handles than live on such terms. But then, of course, I am greedy. Still, obviously—it can be done.

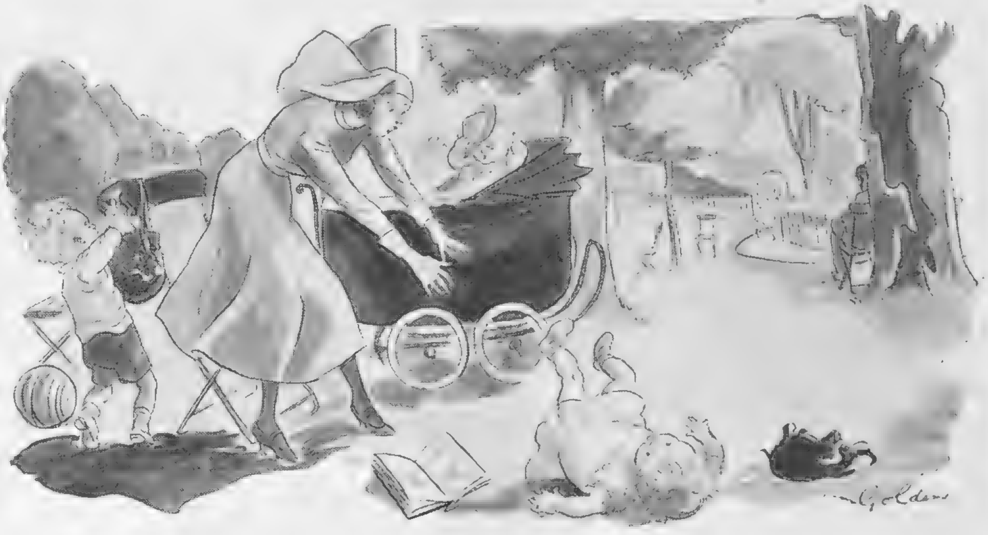
Then again, which of us has not a friend who is being cured of something—rheumatism—arthritis—indigestion—nerve storms—spots before the eyes—what you like—by retiring to an establishment where one pays umpteen guineas a week for the pleasure of eating nothing for three weeks except a couple of oranges the first day just to break one in gradually!

Gone are the days when one could say pathetically:

"I feel a little faint. You see, I've had no lunch and no breakfast."

Nowadays we know better. We know that that feeling of faintness is only "poison in the system"—that after another day's abstinence we shall feel better, and that after the third day we shall be able to go out and play eighteen holes of golf, or walk twenty miles and, in fact, behave "like a two-year-old." Nowadays, as I say, we know better. But nevertheless at every restaurant we see the good old school tucking in for all they are worth—and more power to them! *They* don't believe in new-fangled fads or fancies.

And who knows—we *may* have to starve some day. It seems a pity to anticipate the evil day. To see an Englishman getting down to a good solid meal is a sight worthy of respect. Englishwomen are not so good. They tend towards trays and cups of tea. They lack that single-hearted satisfaction in their meal. An Englishman's breakfast is a great institution. Long may it endure!



"*LOOKING after children is a much more strenuous job than cooking*"

WHEN one comes to think of it, civilisation is the direct result of Man's successful avoidance of starvation!

Instead of dying in the proper ratio prescribed by Nature, he survived and (Nature's particular abomination) increased!

It is like the story of the two frogs, one of whom drowned disconsolately in a pan of milk, but the other, determined to live, "hustled round" with such vigour that the morning found him ensconced on a pat of butter!

There might, of course, be some vast unnatural catastrophe which destroyed food supplies—something similar to those upheavals which are pictured in the works of Mr. H. G. Wells. But, given the normal conditions of civilisation, I think that, for a woman, there is very little fear of it.

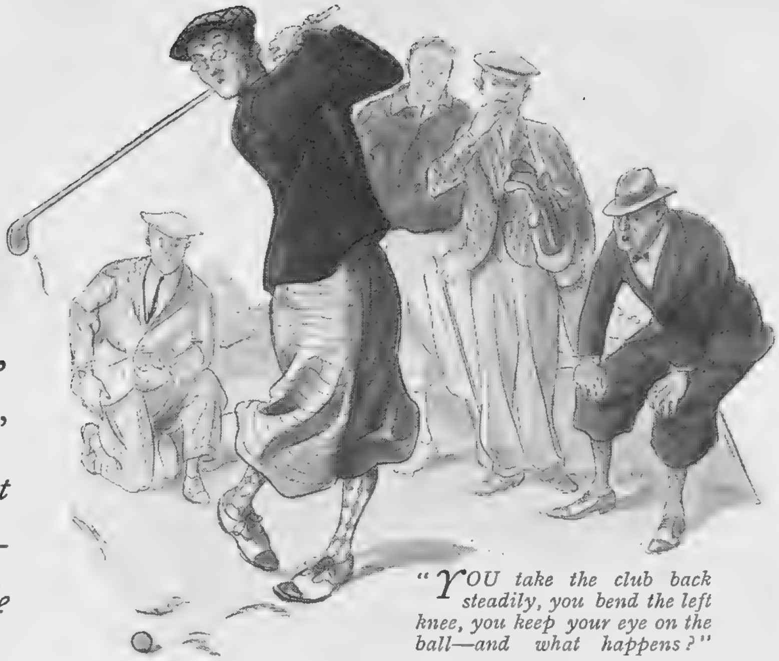
Women have the worst of it in many ways—but not when it comes to starving. They can still fall back on their primitive accomplishments—cooking and sewing are still jobs done by women. The primitive job of man—fighting—is only needed in moments of crisis. He has therefore to rely on the more or less artificial jobs provided by civilised existence. But meals and clothes are needed all the time.

Also, woman has very cunningly bettered her position through the ages. Instead of man being the fighter and hunter, and woman doing practically everything else, she has created the fiction that women are weak creatures who should do nothing at all but exist beautifully! There has also come into existence that excellent slogan (from our point of view!) "Women and children first!"

GONE are the days of the Neolithic hut circle where women were put outside with the dogs to guard the home at night! Only in darkest Africa does the man stalk ahead unburdened and the

would do *if* Starving

THE Answer, of course, is "EAT" . . . but the Question is "How?" . . . The Creator of Hercule Poirot abandons Crime for Cooking in an attempt to steer round an awkward obstacle



"YOU take the club back steadily, you bend the left knee, you keep your eye on the ball—and what happens?"

woman carry everything there is to be carried—mostly on her head.

Not only is woman now allowed to eat at the same table with man, but man actually waits upon *her* and carries her parcels—somewhat against the grain perhaps.

Of course, there *are* a few things we still cannot shove off on to men. What a pity!

But starve? I think not. To begin with, until the skies fall and the world stops revolving, one feels instinctively that there will always be scope for the cook.

If I saw the prospect of no work and no money looming ahead, I should change my profession and take to a more primitive one. I should cook! Men want their food cooked for them. Women want other women to do their cooking for them. The lady housekeeper—the woman who is "excellent at household management and overseeing servants"—*she* may not be wanted. But the woman who gets down to it and really *works*—I feel sure that there will always be wages and three good meals a day (with possible elevenses and a little snack of something in between) waiting for her.

You get back there to primitive needs—to bedrock. You may quite conceivably be "not amused," but you will solve the starvation problem. *You will be fed.*

You see (to let you into a secret) *cooking is easy!*

That is the miraculous and unsuspected truth. You have your cookery book—you read the directions—you follow them meticulously *and it happens!* You can hardly believe it—but it happens. It is really more like a miracle than anything else that I know.

So different from golf, for instance. You do as you are told there, you take the club steadily back, you bend the left knee, you keep your eye on the ball, you follow through—and what happens? Nine times out of ten the ball trickles a few yards from the tee and bears all the marks of savage assault and brutal treatment.

But quite excellent plain cooking can be done by an amateur who reads the rules and sticks to them. I am not speaking of the artistic achievements at the top of the profession—the perfect soufflé—the exquisitely blended sauce. But for ordinary every-day cooking, the marvel is—not that it is so difficult—but that it is so easy!

AS I said, *if* you follow the rules—not like a friend of mine whom I discovered in a highly injured state of mind the other day.

She said: "I'm doing my own cooking. It's very difficult. It goes wrong."

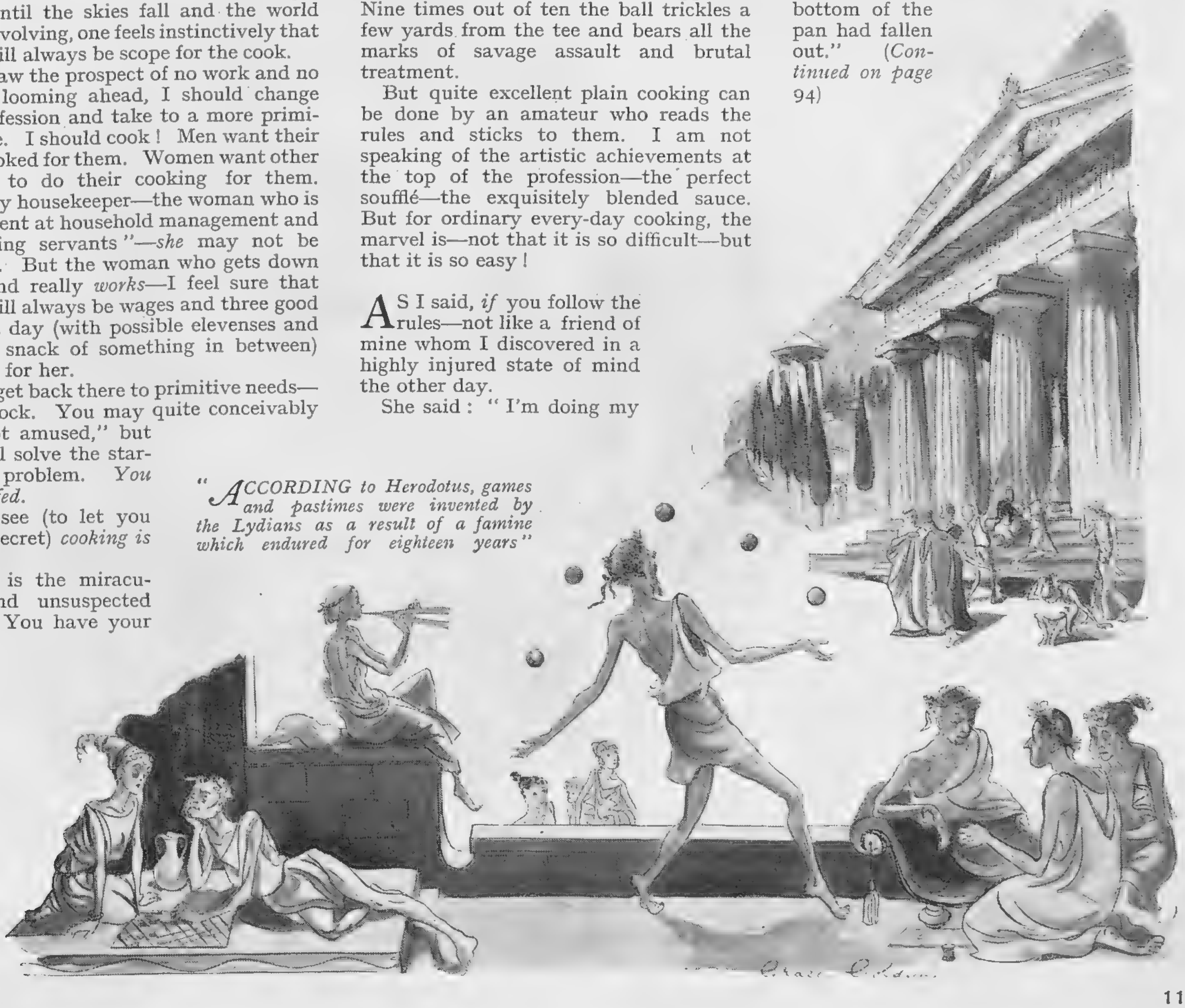
I said: "What has happened?"

She said: "I got some mushrooms—some very nice mushrooms. I put them in a saucepan with some perfectly fresh milk on the gas and I went away to have my bath. And when I came back there was a horrible smell, and they'd simply disappeared!

And all the bottom of the pan had fallen out."

(Continued on page 94)

"ACCORDING to Herodotus, games and pastimes were invented by the Lydians as a result of a famine which endured for eighteen years"



Good Gad! Marrying! at 22! Boy's a fool, sir!

England's

"MARRY Young and Enjoy Life" is the philosophy of our post-war generation—and the new passion for matrimony and babies is revolutionising social life and giving thinkers a novel problem for the future

"THE fears freely and loudly expressed by the moralists of the time in regard to the effect of the war upon the institution of marriage were subsequently found to be illusionary. So far from the young of the post-war period embracing free love by multitudes, the popularity of marriage steadily increased until, by the opening of the third decade of the century—that is to say, thirteen years after the Great War—it had become one of the most remarked-upon phenomena in the island, and was already changing the marriage statistics, having a considerable effect upon the birth rate and also upon the spread of birth control, profoundly influencing relations between the sexes, revolutionising social life, and handing the heads of families new and perplexing problems.

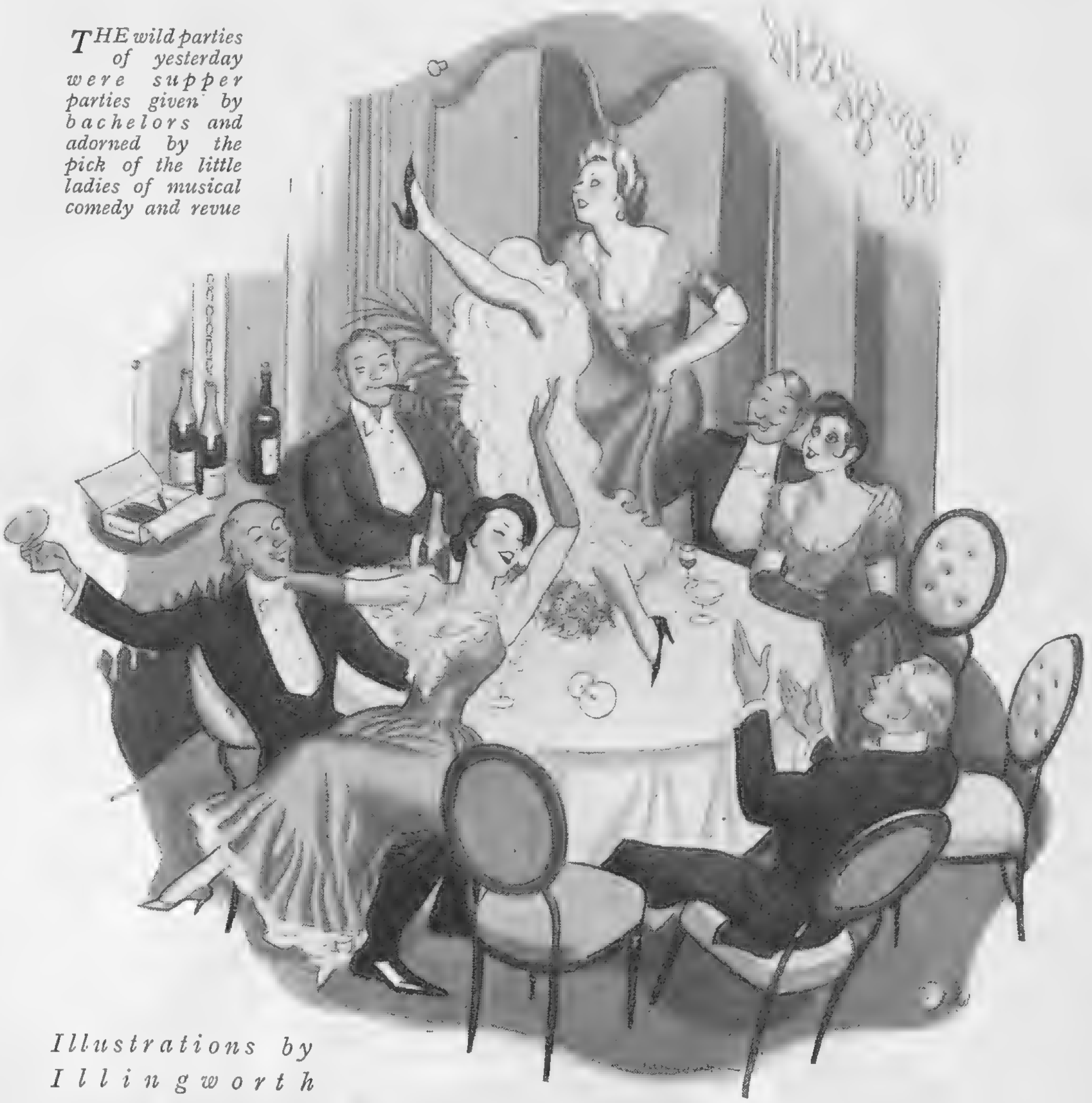
"And it is significant of the worry complex which afflicted the island people in this difficult period that the entire phenomenon greatly perturbed many of those sages who from time to time pulled up the national life by the roots to see how it was getting along. They could not dissociate it from other general symptoms which appeared to indicate a national decline and decay. It looked to them like a softening of the national fibre; it appeared largely to account for the deplorable unadventurousness of the island youth of the post-war generation; it confirmed their fears that the male character was succumbing to the insidious mining and sapping operations of the emancipated female."

So, with deliberation, and, it may be, a faint irony, an historian of the future may write, as he looks down the long vista of the years at the strange, fretful, enigmatic life of the England of these days.

Are our youths and maidens too much preoccupied with one another, to the detriment of work which has to be done? Are they marrying too young, to the detriment of themselves and the prejudice of careers? Really, we are too close to say; our historian alone is competent to answer, being wise after the event. But in circles which have an intimate interest in the great British ceremony of bringing out the debutante, the subject has been and is being discussed with decisiveness and at times with heat. This being the most recent angle of the general phenomenon, and one calculated moreover increasingly to ruffle the poise of the Lord Chamberlain's department, let us give it first glance.

ENGLISH custom decrees that the bud must not bloom until the formal presentation party and curtsey in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace is over. The buds, however, in increasing numbers, are declining to conform any longer to this convention. This does more than desolate mamas who have long planned for the delectable occasion; it disrupts routine in the office of the Lord Chamberlain, where they arrange presentations and function generally as the sovereign's social secretariat.

There is the debutante—name sent in for presentation, parties planned and everything set—and suddenly she turns up with a man, or a man turns up with her, and her whole season is shattered. The miss becomes a missus, the maid a matron, and instead of the tender young

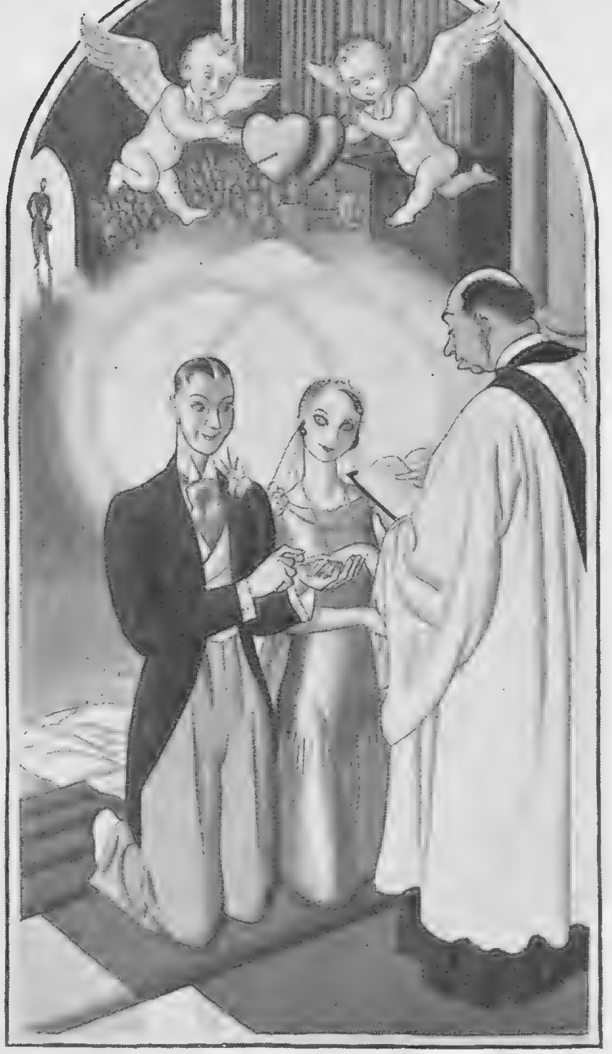


THE wild parties of yesterday were supper parties given by bachelors and adorned by the pick of the little ladies of musical comedy and revue

Illustrations by Illingworth

By C. Patrick Thompson

Youth *goes* Marriage Mad



HE meets the only girl in the world—usually of his own class, and invariably without any money—and rushes with her to the altar. Unlike the designing widow, she cannot be frightened off; and unlike the show-girl, she cannot be bought off

spring flower that mama dreamed of threading into the "daisy chain" at Court, and thereafter piloting delicately, tactfully and with skill, through her first enchanted season, lo! a passion-flower in full bloom, facing the Palace crowd and her family circle as a married woman, and life with a cigarette between stained lips, and cocktail glass in experienced fingers, and with wide, examining, knowledgeable eyes.

The engines of publicity have lately been seeking the opinion of Mayfair mothers and making of the question of the right age for a girl to get out and start living a bone of nation-wide contention. For all parents have an interest in these things, and there are as many rows in humble homes about the goings-on of the sixteen-year-old and the seventeen-year-old as there are scenes in the aristocratic and plutocratic mansions between Piccadilly and the Park on the announcement of the debutante daughter of the house that she loves young Y., he loves her, she has named the day (which is soon), and what are parties, Courts and curtseys anyway but the mere tinsel of life, which must wait her pleasure, not she theirs?

Although eighteen is the orthodox age for the presentation of girls in England, a growing number of parents in the upper social strata feel that modern life has so speeded up that they ought to get their girls into it at least a year earlier. The girls themselves concur in this view.

ONE of Mayfair's social leaders, aware of the large number of women who are presenting their daughters at the age of 17 this year, threw out the following comment: "Girls of 17 ought to stay at school. Eighteen is quite soon enough to be presented." Her own daughter, although presented last year, still studies mornings. The Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh, the American wife of the equerry to the Prince of Wales, a pretty and vivacious woman with a debutante daughter (by her first husband), has expressed like ideas. Lady Joan Verney, Queen Mary's lady-in-waiting, was thought by some to be giving a lead when she presented her only daughter at the age of 17½. If it was a hint, it was not taken by Lady Londonderry, the leading Tory hostess and a social arbiter, who kept her two elder girls back until they were 19. Lady Astor, who has a daughter of coming-out age, is another believer in late presentations. Against this the circles interested in these things are confronted with the assertion of the mother of the premier earl (Lord Shrewsbury) that all her three girls were presented before they were 18, and that 19 is too late these days. So it goes.

THE hard fact underlying this controversy is that marriage is as popular now among the young men as wild-oat-sowing used to be in Victorian and late Edwardian times, and the buds and the less old-fashioned element among the mothers perceive that it is the early girl who catches the bachelor. Bachelors being fastidious, shy and often spoiled creatures, and requiring, moreover, a blend of youth and sophistication in their female companions, the girl who comes late on the scene stands a thin chance of arresting the attention of the most eligible of the species.

"Shove me out at nineteen," complains the debutante, "and before I'm through my first season I am twenty, and men think I'm a tough chicken. What chance have I got against the girl who has been brought back from a Paris finishing school and presented at 17, and had half a dozen affairs and two full seasons (if she hasn't married *en route*) by the time she's as old as I, a blushing deb?"

Rhetoric about the dangers of marrying very young, lore on the subject of biding your time and picking your man, maxims about calf-love and warnings in regard to how views and tastes are liable to change between eighteen and twenty-five, fail entirely to stop the rush of the young to the altar. The parsons and registrars say it is almost like the war marriage rush all over again.

There was a time when every wealthy or titled father took it for granted that his son would sow a large crop of wild oats before settling down, and the indulgent father pulling out his cheque-book to pay off "the other woman" or a string of merry little playmates from the theatres and the opera, was one of the conventional figures of social comedy. Suits brought by show girls against the earl's heir, or musical comedy stars against young Lord A., were commonplaces of the courts. These things date now as badly as knee-length skirts, the war-time adjective "topping," or the early post-war passion for marriage without babies.

As for the old marriage of convenience, it is an anachronism. If a hard-up young aristocrat these days does not marry for love and damn the consequences, he seeks out an attractive girl who is willing good-humouredly to exchange money for social prestige and a handle to her name, or she finds a presentable millionaire or millionaire's son who can bring sex allure and presentableness, if not a romantic love and the right Guards' and public school necktie, into the marriage pool.

The idea that a marriage of this type necessarily means alliance with a half-wit, a fat furrier, a bald-headed financier, a usurer's stout daughter, an aitchless war profiteer or one of his state-school educated girls, is as obsolete as the Edwardian frown upon the debutante daughter's demand for her own latch-key.

IN Mayfair the younger married set have come to rule a considerable part of the social roost. They are the smartest crowd, they give the smartest parties, they have the best time (by the standards of the world which amuses itself). Some of the biggest charity balls and theatrical performances of the season, affairs which a *grande dame* used to head, are now run under the chieftainship of some pretty young woman of title with a husband under 30 and a brace of babies.

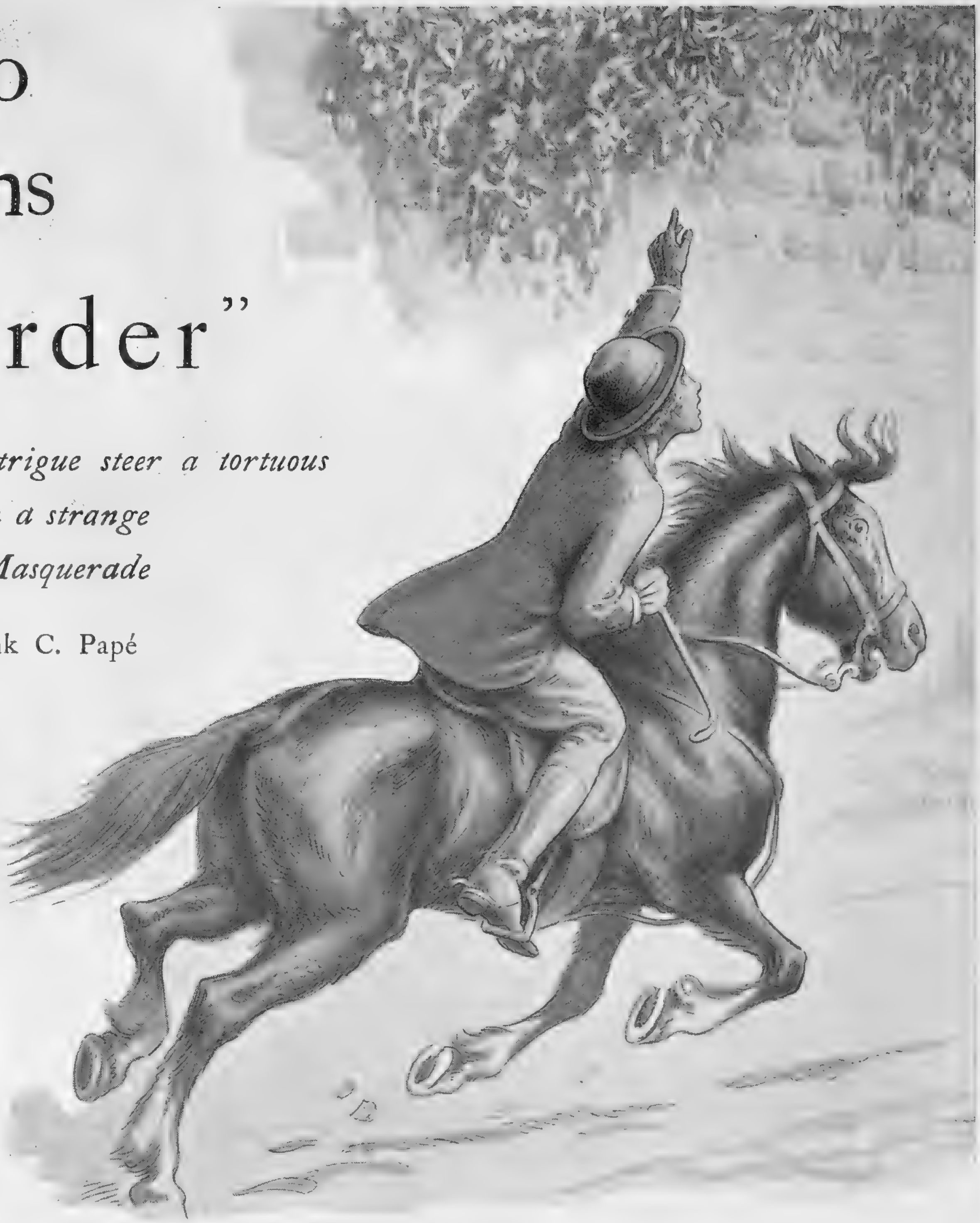
These young women always have babies. They are not eligible to run smart charity affairs, and they suffer in social influence, unless they have babies. Babies are now the fashion in England. Some of the

(*Continued on page* 94)

"By no means Murder"

LOVE and Intrigue steer a tortuous course through a strange Albanian Masquerade

Illustrated by Frank C. Papé



WHAT they call morality is a queer thing. It seems to me that the world is pretty well divided up. In one country you're damned if you have more than one wife ; in another you'll be looked on as a mean skunk in making yourself responsible for no more than a single female.

Again, the marriage laws mean everything, and murder nothing, or *vice versa*. Shift yourself with latitude and longitude and that's all there is to it.

This thing happened in Valona. There was no great war on ; but there were internal feuds and insurrections and up-country trouble as usual—or perhaps a little worse than usual. At the same time there was a great deal of commercial and national rivalry combined with real danger.

All the Albanian Beys—who are sort of dukes out there—had brought their families into the comparative safety of the town, and one met them everywhere ; though they had a great trick of looking straight through anyone they thought beneath them. Their wives, however, were scarcely ever seen. Even if they were Catholics or members of the Greek Church, and not Mahomedans, they rarely left their own homes. If they did they went deeply veiled from head to foot in impenetrable black ; though I'm told that on their yearly visits to Paris they lived and dressed like French women.

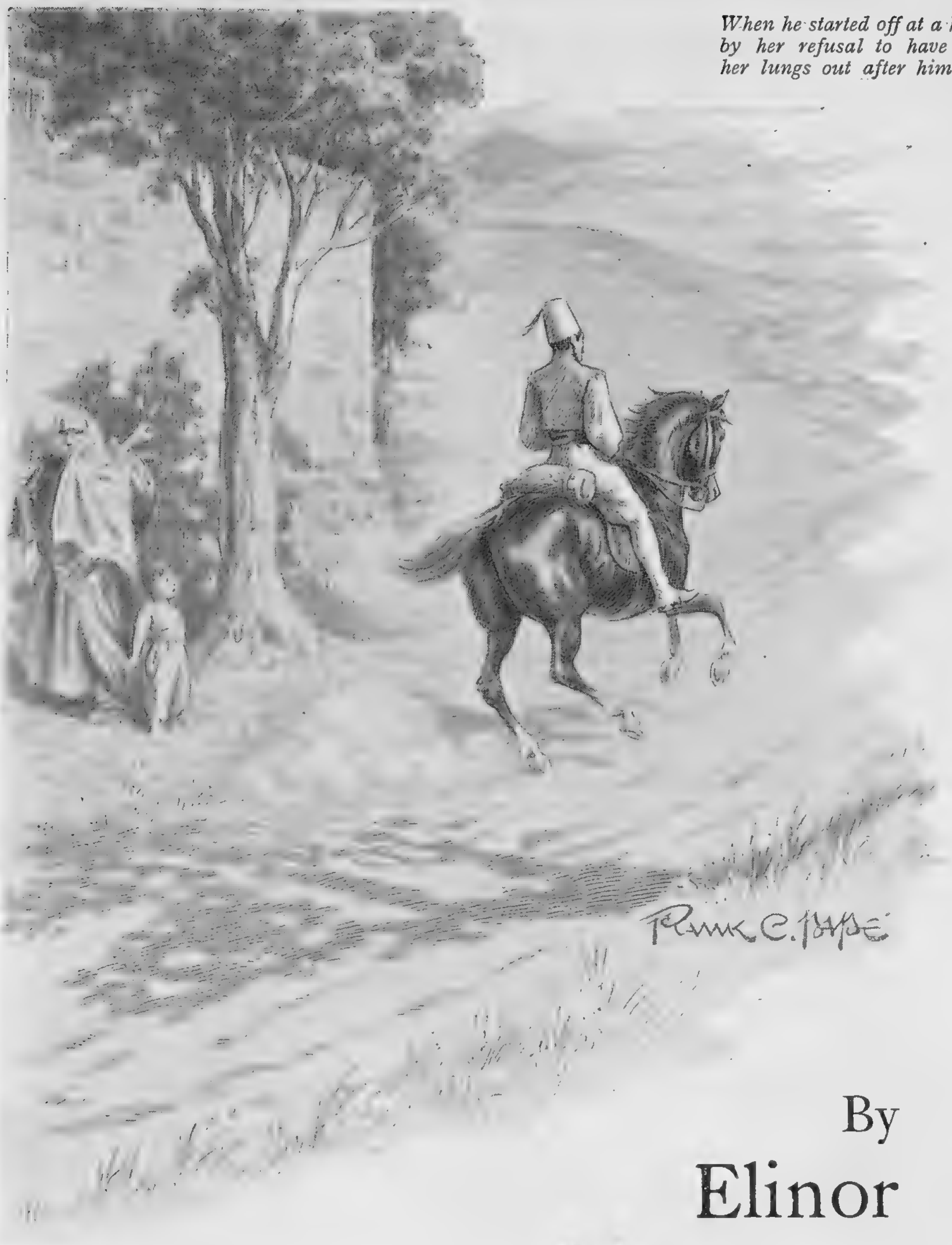
There were, indeed, but two women who went unveiled and mixed freely with the men in Valona. One was Adèle Grazzia, one of that sort of women concerning whose nationality no one is ever altogether certain ; small, dark, shrivelled, bright-eyed and tragic-eyed, any-aged, diabolically clever, and possibly a spy of some sort—or many sorts, for one country or many countries. The other was an Englishwoman of the name of Margaret Harte, a traveller and newspaper writer, the female of a gentleman adventurer, with less of the adventuress about her than any woman I have ever seen. For she was frank to bluntness—a bluntness buffed over by her almost childlike beauty—the utter candour of her.

Not that she was childlike in any other way, for she was tall and rather grand-looking. It was her eyes that did it ; eyes that, as Terence McCreedy used to say, or rather sing, in his rollicking baritone : " Knocked you down in the Market Town . . ."—you know the song ? " The low-backed car " they call it—large, innocent, grave eyes ; iris-blue and black-fringed.

Apart from her eyes Margaret had a too short nose, too wide cheek bones and too big a mouth. But her hands and her hair were lovely—are lovely, while she was that rarest of all things—a real human being, generous and large-hearted, fair and delicate-minded.

SHE used to ride out into the country alone, a thing that no single one of us would have cared to do. Not even McCreedy, the only other semi-English speaking person apart from us two. But it seemed to me that she was afraid of nothing and nobody ; friendly to everyone apart from one man—a living enigma of the name and title of Suliman Pasha, who—if one could imagine a stout shadow—came and went like a shadow among us.

As to Adèle Grazzia, it was obvious that Miss Harte was deeply and protectively attached to her. A fact which



When he started off at a hand-gallop one day, piqued by her refusal to have him join her, she shouted her lungs out after him and raced off in pursuit

By

Elinor Mordaunt

irritated us men; for we none of us cared for the little woman with the eyes and forehead of a sick monkey, and a way of poking her nose into everything.

There were two Turkish hotels in the town. But the only European hotel, fit for a European, was kept by a Frenchman named Boutillier—a good name for an innkeeper.

It was so full of men of every nationality that there were beds in the hall, and you had to climb over these to get to the dining room. Margaret had lunch and dinner there, climbing over the beds as unconcernedly as the rest of us. But she lodged at the house of a Turkish man with two Albanian wives, both of whom worked hard for him, while he himself did no more than sit nursing and caressing a large white cockerel. As for the Grazzia, she had a room at the convent, where they could not get rid of her.

Pretty often Suliman Pasha would visit Miss Harte's landlord: indulge in long talks with him, though he was essentially Suliman's inferior; while both men were fond of questioning her as to our sayings and doings, little as they got out of her. Not that she was secretive, rather that she was a lady and objected to discussing the people she was living among and liked.

There was one long narrow table in the dining-room at the hotel, holding thirty upon either side, and for the most part fully occupied. Margaret sat at the top of it. If she were not there no one else took her seat. On one occasion a Jewish-German drummer seated himself there—innocently enough, I believe. But one of the young Dutch officers had him out of it by the scruff of his neck before he had time to so much as tuck in his table napkin: out of the window too.

At luncheon time it was rare indeed that Miss Harte was absent. Where the Grazzia woman ate I have no idea, but she never ate with us unless it was at Margaret's expense. As time went on, however, Margaret dined with us less often—actually dined, I mean.

For there was another room through one side of which we were obliged to pass to get to our own place: a room less long, but wider. In this room there were rarely more than six people seated at a round table as far as possible apart from our passage way: these were the five Albanian Beys, and—more and more often—Margaret Harte herself.

I shall never forget the first evening she sat there, for it was then that I received the most complete snub I had ever let myself in for during the course of what I now conclude must have been a pretty pampered life.

For I, too, was a newspaper correspondent out on my first job as the representative of a New York paper, and there was nothing on earth that I wanted more than to get acquainted with any one of those five men who so persistently looked through me.

That evening there were only three of them present; and feeling far less fresh than I must have appeared, I said good evening to Miss Harte, bowed to them, and making my way to an empty place remarked that I supposed I might just as well sit there as anywhere.

Now see here. It was in no sort of way a private room, how could it be in a place like that? We all had to pass through it on our way to our meals and it might have seemed that it belonged to us all, more or less equally.

It was, indeed, the men themselves, sitting at that round table, who made and kept it private.

How? Well, search me! It is certain that I had, and have, no sort of an idea on the subject.

Only as the man sitting at the end of the table—a man rather more heavily built than is usual with his race, grey-haired and grey-moustached, with piercing dark eyes, deep-set under heavy, yellowish lids—fixed me, and remarked in French, with perfect equanimity, perfect courtesy: "Monsieur, I regret to say that the table is completely filled," did I feel myself shrink to nothing, less than nothing; like one of those inflated squeaker things that kids play with.

Now, the table was by no means full. If all five had been there, with the addition of Miss Harte, it would have still been no more than one third full.

But for all that I was whipped; muttering some apology and retreating furious and ashamed, to my own place.

LATER on I saw Margaret sitting on the edge of one of the empty beds in the hall talking to a group of men, an Austrian of the name of Von Eckhardt, the Dutch colonel, a couple of young officers, McCreedy and some others.

She was wearing a pale blue smock, which suited her to perfection; open at the neck, and embroidered native fashion with many colours. Easy and friendly as she seemed, sitting there on the edge of that bed smoking a cigarette, among all those men, there was something queer-like about her; while it is certain that no man present would have dared to return her friendliness with any sort of liberty.

She nodded and beckoned to me, indicating a place at her side. But, stupid and sore as I was—sore at the memory of her having sat in the place of honour, likely enough getting copy for which I would have given my ears; sore at the thought of the snub she had seen me accept so tamely—I made no response to her kindness; merely bowed and passed out through the garden into the open market place; the huddled houses with the storks on one leg atop of them; the moonlight and the silent, watchful mountains.

Watchful I say—well, look here, I believe that those Albanian sharpshooters picked people out for the mere fun of the thing. No more than a week before an innocent young German commercial man, crossing that small open space on his way home to lunch at the hotel, had bowled over like a rabbit, with a bullet through the very centre of his head.

I suppose Miss Harte spoke to that most dignified of all the Beys on my behalf and I resented it accordingly, as all small-minded people would. Anyhow the next time I met him he nodded and smiled; again he stopped to speak. Baron Von Eckhardt also showed himself friendly disposed, and others of what I had thought of as "the swell-head group"—pretended to sneer at—drew me into their circle; so that, after a little while, I recovered; the more quickly as I noticed that no outsider apart from Miss Harte herself ever dined at that sacred table.

It was spring, and already growing warm but not yet hot. Thousands of pink-legged storks were teaching their young to fly from off the flat roofs of the houses; bells rang out continually from the whitewashed mosques and churches, bells for prayer and bells for mourning.

Already there were roses and stocks in the untidy garden of the hotel, with the sealing-wax red of pomegranate blossoms.

Times were troubled. There was no actual war, and yet there was no peace. People were continually being shot or disappearing or getting themselves dragged off to prison on some trumped up charge. And believe me, if ever there was a hell on earth it was the prison at Valona.

With no sense of security anywhere, with this continual feeling of suspicion all around, a small knot of us drew together, kept close. Among us was the Archbishop, Kalitzka, who had spent as much as five or six years—two years on end—in Turkish prisons; a still rosy-faced man of sixty—and it's a puzzle to me how he did it—with roguish eyes, a good word for everyone; and nothing of the namby-pamby, mealy-mouthed saint about him. As the story went, indeed, he had killed his man like the rest of them, and maybe more than one.

For this, mind you, was one of the countries where life counted for little. Other people's lives I mean, for it sent a nasty shiver down one's spine to have one's hat pierced by a bullet from the rifle of an unseen and far-away marksman, as mine was on a still and seemingly peaceful evening.

And I remember well how the ridiculous idea of appealing to my own country, making an international fuss about it came to me; and how through mere shame, I calmed down at the Archbishop's smiling remark upon the pains someone had been at to keep my head cool.

The devil of it all was that we foreigners, so-called diplomats, newspaper men and commercial men—gathered there with an idea of exploiting the country—those Dutch officers who had been called in before the trouble began, with a notion of training a properly organised Albanian army—had no idea what it was all about.

If there was one among us with any sort of inside knowledge it was Miss Harte. For the talks round that intimate dinner table at night became more and more engrossing; three or four men, sometimes all five, bunched together in the candle light at the further side of the table, leaning close towards each other talking—talking—talking. With Margaret's fair head among them—and the Grazzia flitting to and fro like an uneasy grey moth; trying to hear, and yet always trying not to appear to be trying to hear, the endless low-toned talk which went on and on and on so interminably as it seemed; taking no notice of Margaret's smile or beckoning hand, appearing in her sliding way not to see her.

And how those talks infuriated me! For I was madly jealous of the woman sitting cheek by jowl with those five men. At the beginning in a professional way alone; later on in an altogether different fashion.

For though I felt myself unfit to touch so much as her hand—exasperated with her as I was, filled up with the meanest sort of thoughts and petty jealousies—I was very soon in love with her, so deeply in love that it was an agony for me to see her so intimate with these men whom I regarded as little removed from Orientals.

THERE was one in particular whom I hated. A man of, maybe, the highest rank of any of them; young—at the most twenty-eight—and amazingly good-looking in that eagle-like fashion of the best-bred Albanians; small aquiline nose, jet-black eyebrows—with a sort of sweep about them; pale olive skin; firmly cut mouth, with a small black moustache on the upper lip; a flair, and a gallantry too natural to be called swagger.

The other four men dressed in modified European fashion. He alone kept to the costume of the aristocrats of his race: riding breeches of white cloth, ending in tight leggings, fastened with gold hooks and eyes; a crimson sash lined with leather to hold his pistol, a short, pale blue zouave embroidered in silver; full white lawn shirt and high white fez.

The very sight of this man, Flores Bey, and Margaret—in her white dress and broad-brimmed white hat—crossing the market place together, deep in talk, filled me with fury. But the deeper pain was when I saw them sitting talking in the arbour at the end of the garden; Margaret—and I could think of her by no other name—with her gallant head bare, her elbows on her knees, her chin on her hands, staring straight in front of her; the young Albanian leaning forward arguing, entreating.

There were times, however, when the rôle seemed to be reversed, and it was as though it were she who begged him to do or not to do—what—what?

I asked myself that question again and again.

Sometimes one or other of that inner circle would join them, while Flores Bey leant back smoking, his knees crossed, as though he had all the time in the world to spare. After a little the others, whoever they were, would move away, and the whole thing began over again.

Adèle Grazzia, too, came and went—drifting, waiting, observing; never so much as attempting to intrude, though she would have long talks with Margaret alone.

And that, too, angered me, for I thought: "The little jackal, spying and prying," while I wondered how Margaret could bear to put herself in such a position.

Once I joined them, and this time it was Margaret who broke the spell, saying that she must go back to her room and write letters, while I suppose that no woman ever left a queerer mixture of hatred and amused contempt behind her.

They had been talking of Suliman Pasha when I joined them, and after a little it seemed to me that his name was forever on the lips of that small group—half-formed, murmured, or maybe merely guessed at.

Suliman himself came and went, urbane and exceedingly polite. A stoutish, good-looking man of somewhere about forty-five years of age, with the ribands of a number of foreign orders pinned to his coat.

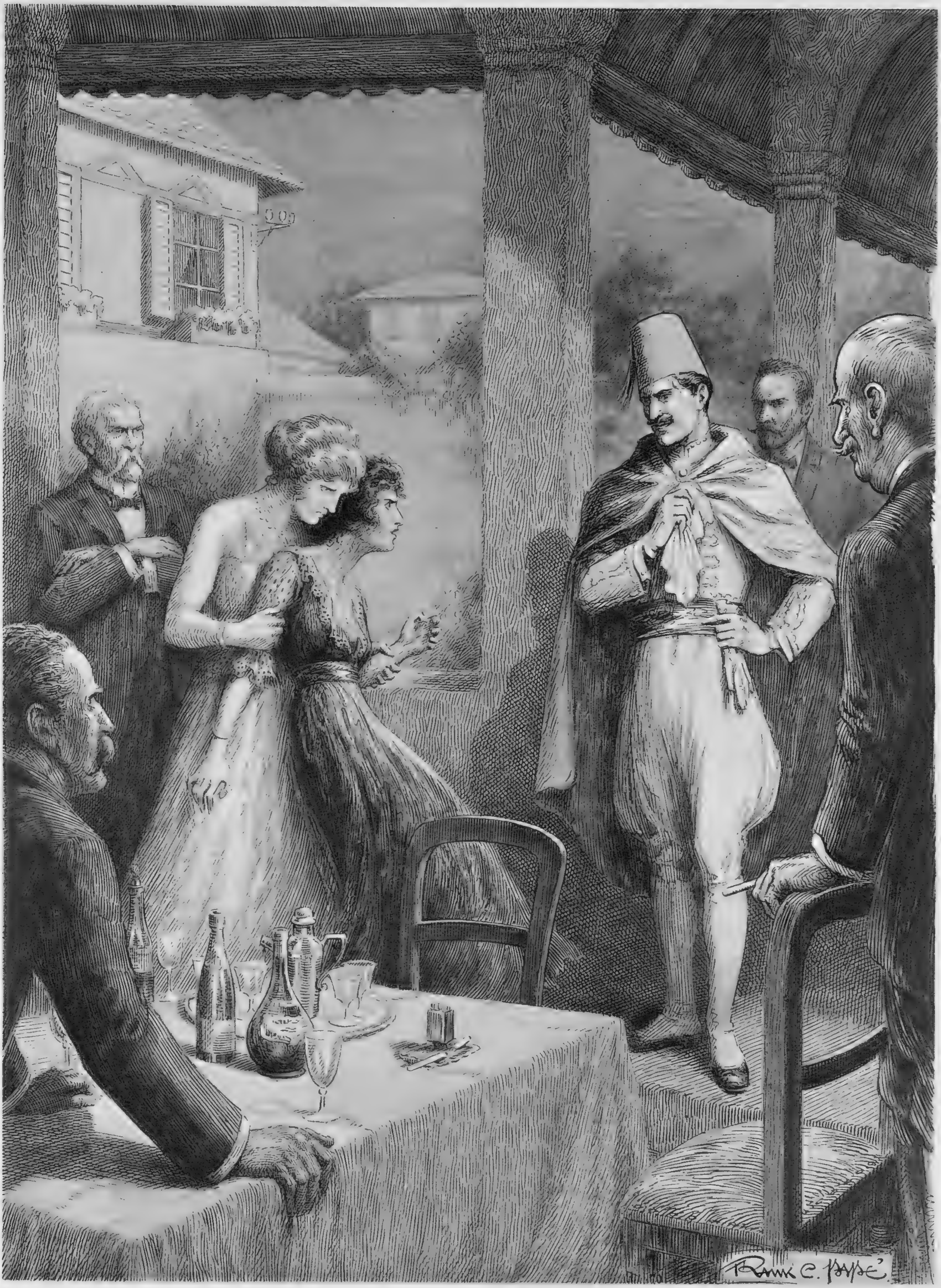
He never took meals at the hotel, however, for the reason, I suspect, that he did not care to sit with the common ruck of us, and the five would have none of him. But there was no single day during which he did not drop in for an apéritif or cup of coffee. I seemed, indeed, to be forever running across him, noticed the anxious politeness with which Boutillier treated him. I believe, too, that the Germans liked him, and he and the Dutch colonel had certain rather serious-looking talks together. But no one of the five Albanians did more than acknowledge his salute, in the most formal sort of way. And because of this alone, I would have eaten from his hand.

Apart from this, however, Suliman Pasha was, to my mind, the most intellectual man in the place, and at that time I was your true intellectual snob. Also, though he never so much as mentioned Flores Bey by name, it pleased me to think that he somehow belittled the younger man; accused him by his slighting glance of a sort of puppyhood.

And yet, all the while, I knew that I was wrong there. The very fact that Flores Bey accompanied Margaret on her long rides into the country cleared him of any suspicion of that sort. For safe as she was, he knew—and she knew, for I had often heard her beg him to desist—the sort of risks he ran.

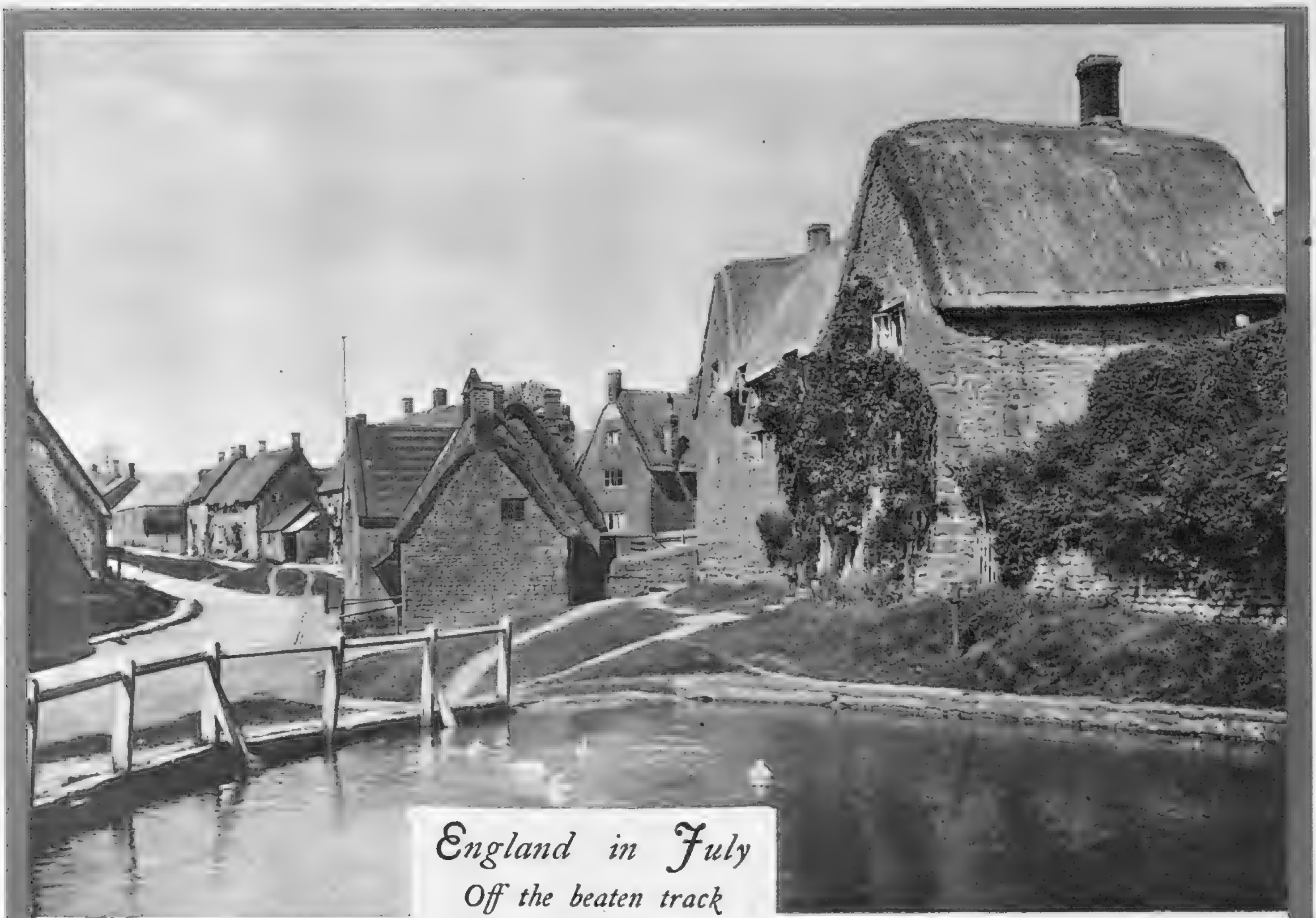
MORE than once, indeed, she had given up her ride on his account. And again, when he started off at a hand-gallop one day—piqued by her refusal to have him join her—she shouted her lungs out after him, while for the first time I heard her swear: "Damn the man," as she remounted her own horse, and raced off in pursuit. For it is certain that he would be even less safe from any one of the sharpshooters without than with her.

Suliman saw them (*Continued on p.* 110)



B

"All the same, he has not sailed," he repeated calmly: then paused; and added in a light high voice: "Who should know better than I, Madame? . . . though you were—were, I say—his wife, his jackal—his spy"

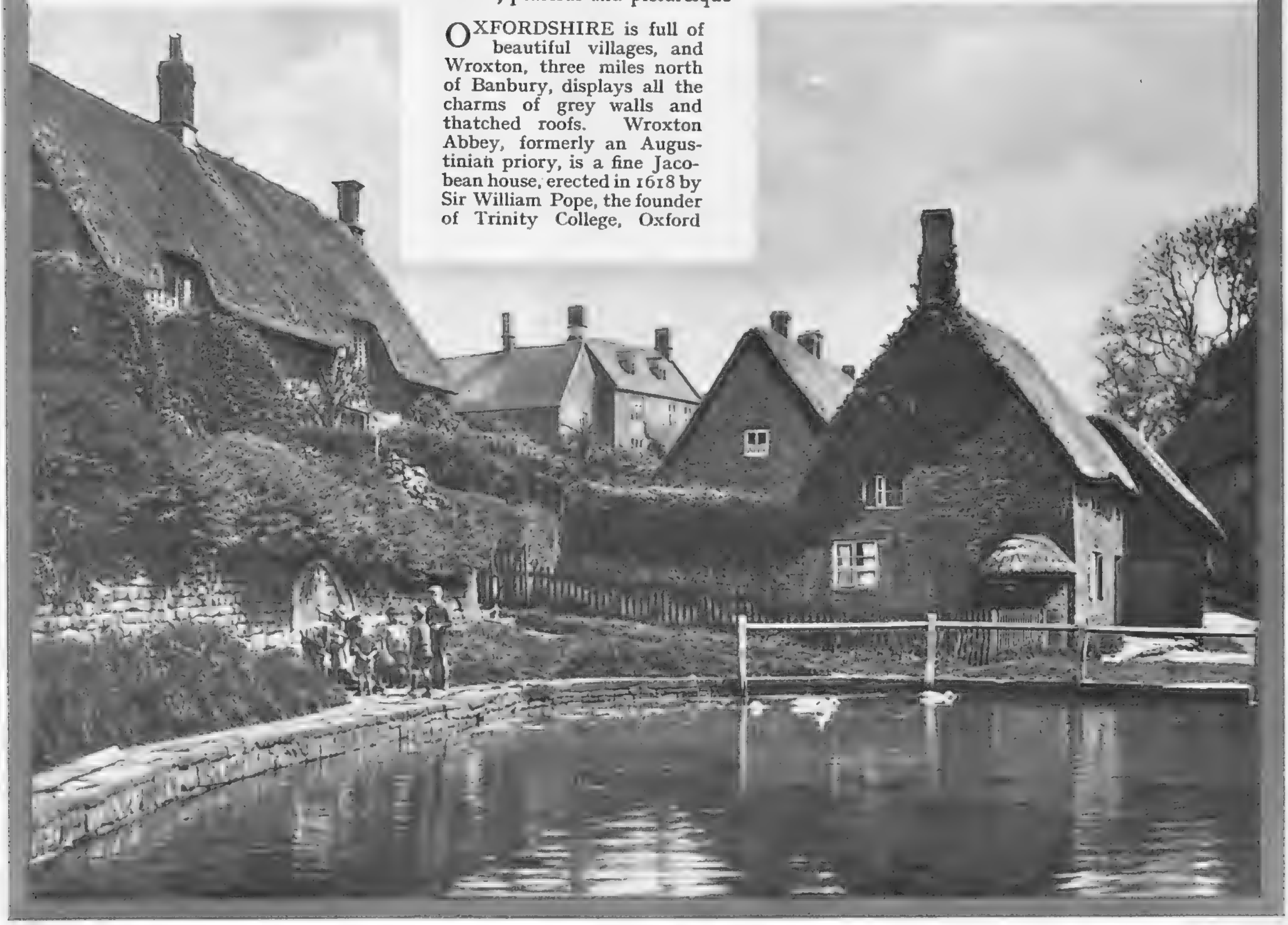


England in July

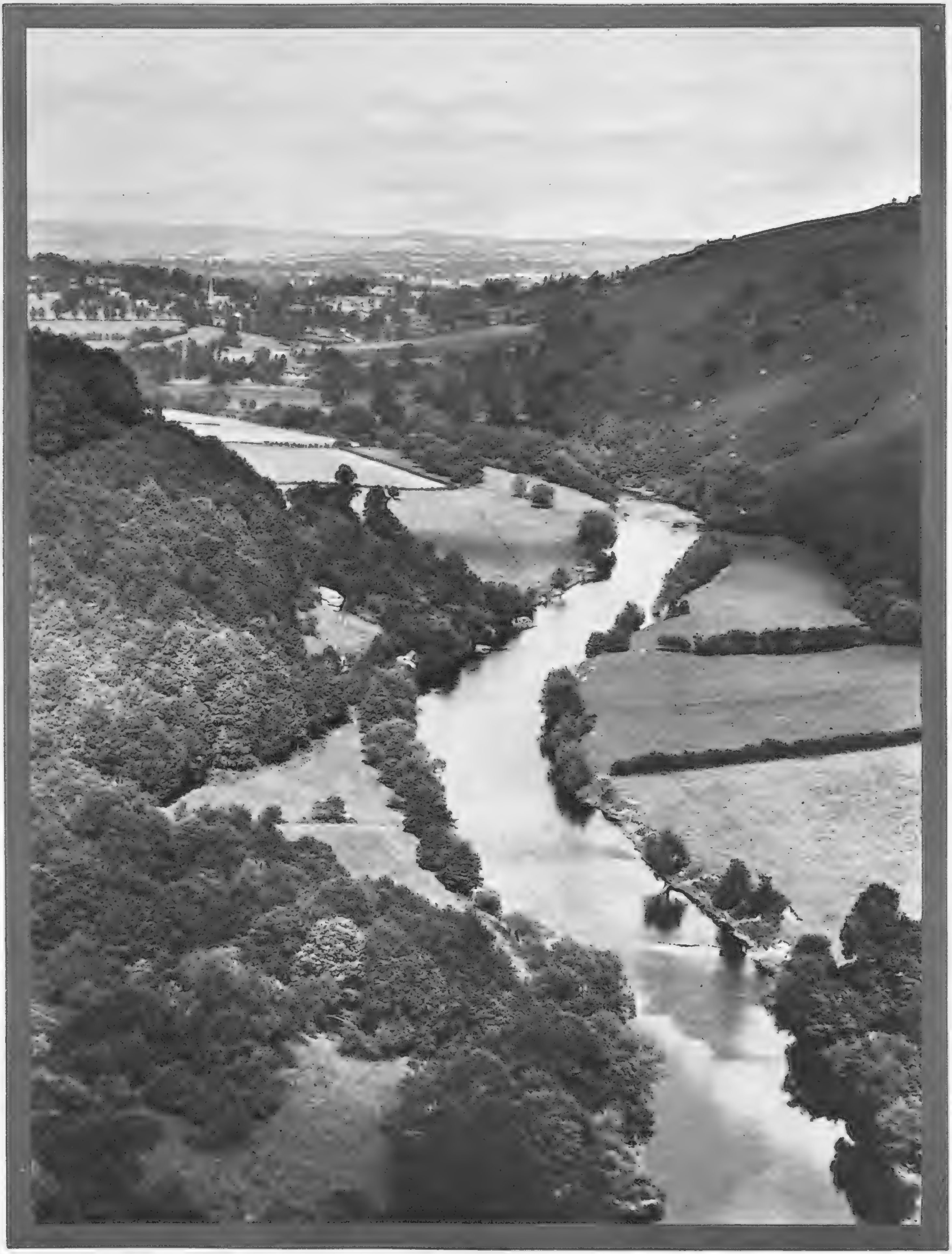
Off the beaten track

An Oxfordshire Village: Wroxton, peaceful and picturesque

OXFORDSHIRE is full of beautiful villages, and Wroxton, three miles north of Banbury, displays all the charms of grey walls and thatched roofs. Wroxton Abbey, formerly an Augustinian priory, is a fine Jacobean house, erected in 1618 by Sir William Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford



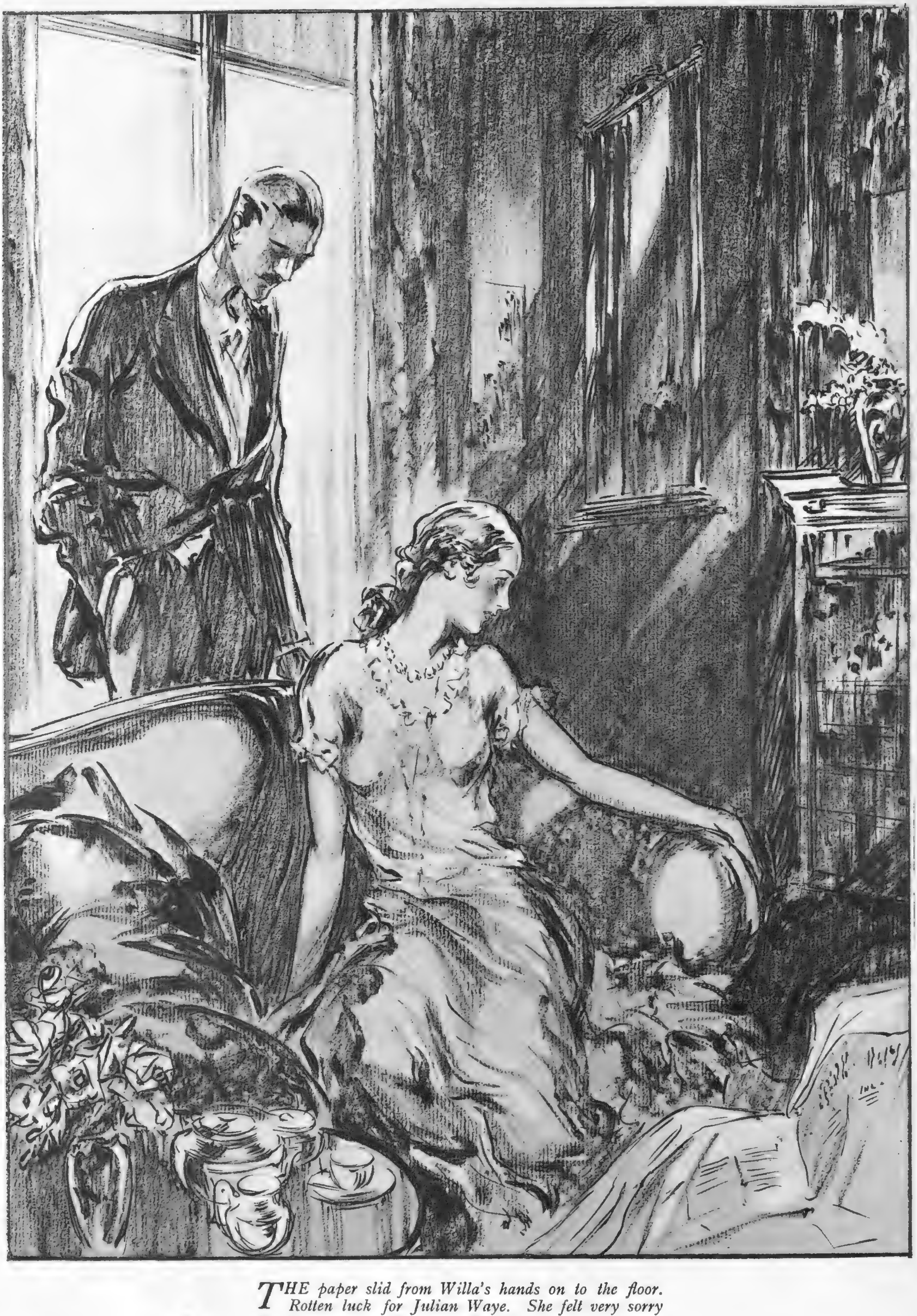
Photographs by Humphrey Joel



Scott Dixon

England in July: a Valley with a View as lovely as it is familiar to hastening motorist or leisurely "hiker"

WHAT a picture-gallery of beauty could be gathered together under the title of "The Valleys of England"! On the loveliest of all those vistas of green fields, wooded uplands, and unhurrying streams it would be hard to agree. But this famous panorama of the Wye Valley, looking towards Hereford and Ross, and seen from the Yat Rock at Symonds Yat, has just claims over its rivals



THE paper slid from Willa's hands on to the floor. Rotten luck for Julian Waye. She felt very sorry for him and hoped that death had been instantaneous

Barbara Hedworth relates

How Mr. Real stepped into the vacant Shoes of Mr. Make-Believe in the nick of time for

The Fourth Bridesmaid

Illustrated by A. K. Macdonald

WILLA saw the golden glow of the opal on the third finger of her left hand blend into deep shades of orange and blood red, as she took the bride's bouquet and gloves from her. She thought inconsequently, "It's a very fine opal. Quite good enough for an engagement ring."

When she had stepped back to her place in the aisle just behind the bride, still holding Dolly's flowers and gloves, she continued to stare at the stone. Willa's engagement ring. There was a hard humour in the grim twist of her lips.

"Willa engaged. Just fancy. Good old Willa."

Later they'd be saying things like that. Trying not to let her see their surprise.

Her teeth almost met in her underlip, and her eyes, small brownish gray slits, slightly Chinese in shape and set too far apart, held a quality of fiery desperation—like those of a hunted animal. It had always been the same. Good old Willa. Big ungainly Willa with a white frightened face and burning eyes. Willa angular and loose limbed. Always a little different from the others, even at school. Independent Willa, who went with a carefully assumed nonchalance from one relative to another or to school friends during the holidays, because she had no home. Parents in Ceylon. She had faint, heart-stirring recollections of someone very lovely and illusive whom she had addressed as "Mummie." She remembered very dimly too "Daddy"—but he was even more unreal and illusive. His features were blurred in her mind like those in a faded photograph. She knew that he was tall and wore a silky beard. But it was so long ago. Willa was only five when they went to Ceylon and left her at Miss Tracey's boarding school. People, the girls at school and the teachers, had been a bit sorry for poor Willa who never saw her parents.

It was, primarily, she decided later, pity which had caused that gay, irresponsible trio, Dolly, Pauline and Theo to admit her to their charmed circle. For Willa was not gay and amusing—she had not sleek, glossy, gold plaits and Madonna blue eyes like Dolly had, nor did she possess the sharp wit of Pauline or Theo's fine, clear-cut, unemotional brain. Yet they were friends—Dolly, Pauline and Theo—and Willa who was different, dull and rather plain. When they left school they remained friends. Theo was the first to get married, and the other three were bridesmaids—then Pauline found her Tommy and Dolly and Willa stood by her at the altar. Now Dolly . . . Dolly who was so pretty, the sweetest of them all, Willa thought.

THE clergyman was talking in a low voice to the couple he had just married. Willa heard him say something about happiness. She gave a quick vicious twist to the ring on her finger. *Happiness*. They had talked about it at school, meaning, of course, happiness in love and marriage. Babies—a home of your own and a man who worshipped the very ground you trod.

At Theo's wedding and at Pauline's you had felt happiness in the very atmosphere. The conventional nice kind you talked about at school. Getting married.

"Your turn next, Willa."

In their kindness of heart people had tried to comfort her. It made her laugh. Big, gawky Willa finding happiness in the love of a man. It was not even as though she were clever. Only big, white and clumsy, and always a little afraid of herself. She had not wanted to be Dolly's bridesmaid. Not to go through it all again.

"Your turn next, Willa."

Sitting there a little apart from everyone else and hoping that perhaps one of the bridegroom's friends might think to bring her an ice or a glass of champagne. Feeling so big and stupid in her bridesmaid's clothes. Wanting to apologise. "It isn't my fault that I'm dressed up like this. But the others—my friends—they insisted."

She had argued with Dolly in that low gruff voice of hers. "I'm too old, darling. Why not have kiddies."

But you couldn't hold out long against the pleading of Dolly's moist blue eyes—you had simply nothing to say when she reminded you with an adorably petulant pout. "But you did it for Theo and for Pauline. And I want you to be my chief bridesmaid, Willa dear."

IT was last night, sprawling untidily in front of the fire in her flat in Bloomsbury that the wild, crazy idea had come to Willa. Savage with pain, she had made her plans without thinking very far ahead. An obsession storming her brain so that she was not quite sane. She could not—it thundered angrily—sit again at the edge of the fun, waiting for people to comfort her.

"Your turn next, Willa."

She must not allow herself to be kissed by Pauline, Theo and Dolly in turn, and be told how wonderful it was to be married.

"You should have a shot, Willa."

Big gawky Willa smiling bravely and carrying the wild pain of it all clamped icily in her heart. They were so kind, so gifted, they could not see the cruel irony of it, those three. They did not know, as Willa knew, how it felt being so completely alone in the world; you couldn't count parents in Ceylon who considered they did their duty by you in paying a thousand a year into your bank. In their ignorance those friends of hers envied her the flat in Bloomsbury, her complete independence.

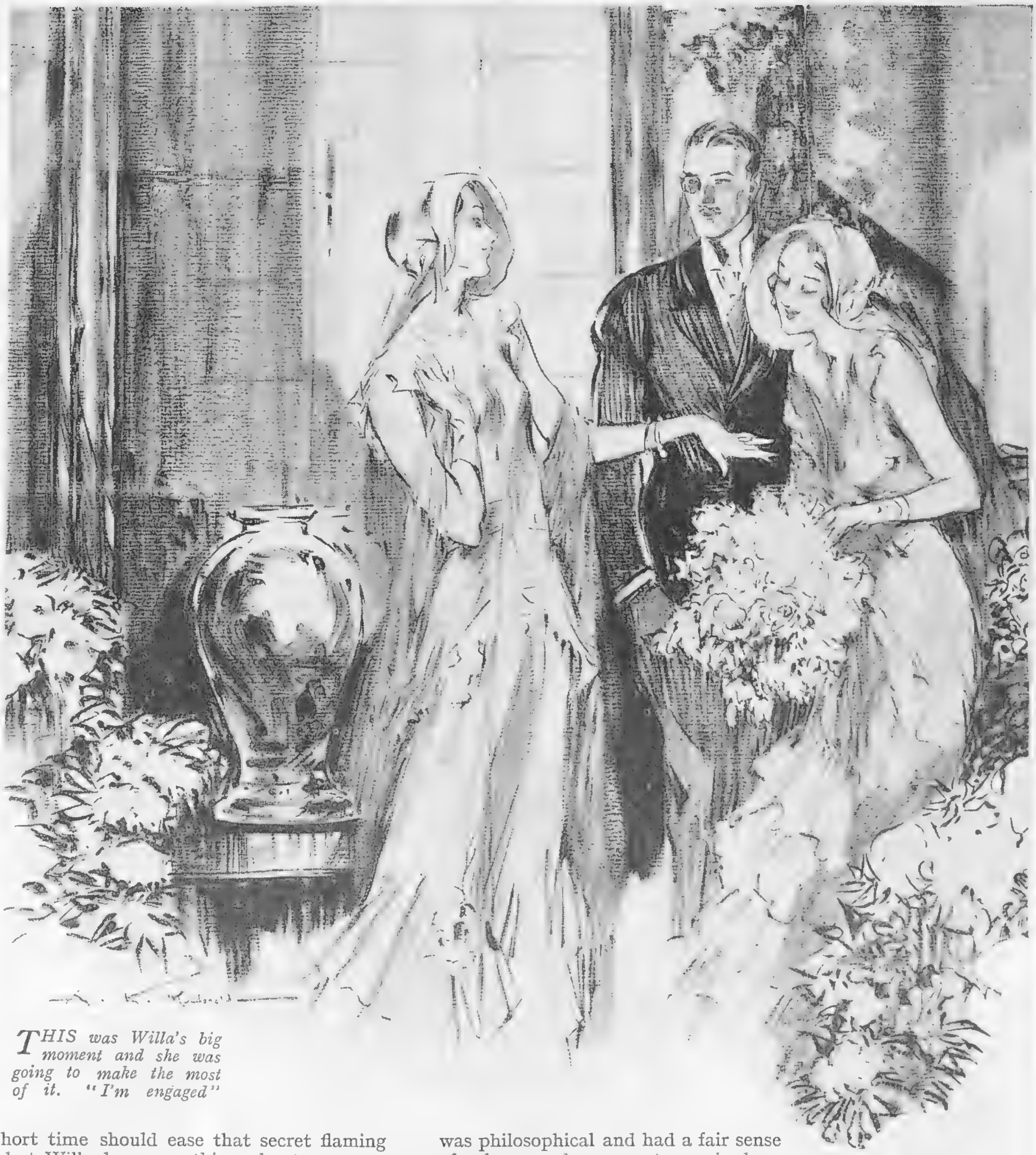
"Willa, darling, you can do exactly what you like and nobody worries. Isn't it fun?"

Nobody worries. No, not if Willa threw herself into the sluggish brown water of the Thames, dragging itself wearily under the London bridges towards the sea. Not if she were ill—unhappy. Willa was independent; she could do as she pleased.

The congregation had risen to their feet. The choir sang a hymn and the organ broke into the joyous peals of the wedding march. Dolly walked down the aisle holding her husband's arm. People were murmuring "A beautiful couple." Willa began to giggle. She loved the way the sun brought out the colours in her opal. It was sparkling quite as gamely as Dolly's diamond, and Pauline's emerald, and Theo's sapphire.

BACK at the house, when the bride and bridegroom's health had been drunk, she told her news. She had kept her left hand hidden until now. She did not want them to just catch sight of the ring. She wanted to say it aloud when the excitement began to lull. This was Willa's big moment and she was going to make the most of it.

"I'm engaged." She held out her hand to Pauline, who was standing near with her husband, and lowering her eyes, she went on: "To an artist. Julian Waye.



THIS was Willa's big moment and she was going to make the most of it. "I'm engaged"

Perhaps you have heard of him. He's just gone to America for a few months."

Mad, crazy idea. She let Pauline kiss her and drag her over to Theo—then right through the crowd of relations and friends to where Dolly was cutting her cake with her husband Lionel's sword.

Madness, but so very sweet while it lasted, and there was no point in thinking ahead. The paper had said: "*Mr. Julian Waye, the promising young portrait painter who is sailing for America on the 'Aquitania' . . expects to be away for three months.*"

A small paragraph tucked away on an unimportant page. An indistinct photo showing the profile of a dark young man with a rather brutal face. The man Willa had chosen recklessly, with glorious haphazardness, to be her fiancé, to stand by her in spirit and uphold her bruised pride at Dolly's wedding, Julian Waye, who for a short time should ease that secret flaming pain which no one but Willa knew anything about.

It had, she reflected now, been so ridiculously easy, even the unearthing of the opal ring which her mother had remembered to send her one birthday and which she had never worn because she disliked jewellery. The kind of ring a promising young artist might give the girl he loved. Expensive and rare.

Willa could never be certain whether she was pleased or hurt to the heart at the surprised commotion caused by the announcement of her engagement to Julian Waye.

"Good old Willa." They meant to be nice, but you guessed men were asking each other—"What can he see in her? An artist too!" And the women—"Is it for her money, do you think? They say her people are fabulously well off and Willa is the only child."

Dolly had gone up to change and the crowd was beginning to thin out, when Anthony, Dolly's brother, came over to speak to Willa. He was tall and slimly built with moist blue eyes like his sister's. Anthony—who was Willa's secret pain—had been—Oh! for more years than she cared to remember.

"May I congratulate you." He held out his hand and she knew a queer gripping feeling inside her as their fingers met. She could recall Anthony as a rather lovely little boy in an Eton suit, then jumping like a young Apollo in white flannels about the tennis courts at his father's place at Bray. She had seen him twice only since he came down from Oxford. At Pauline's and Theo's weddings. When they were children, he had been kind to Willa and took her ratting with him once, but since they had all grown up he had barely noticed her. Good old Willa. Well, Willa was philosophical and had a fair sense of values, so she was not surprised.

You could not seriously imagine Anthony wanting to bother himself about a big gawk with a white face and silly colourless eyes. Not Anthony who, by the sheer force of his physical beauty and his charm, had the world at his feet. No, she was not in the least surprised. It only hurt—unceasingly with the dull remorseless ache of the malignant cancer in one's soul.

She felt now hot and uncomfortable in his presence. She wished he would go away and not attempt to be kind to her. It was unbearable having him here so near to her—and yet so many miles away. She got up.

"I ought to go to Dolly," she told him. Anthony laughed. She noticed he still threw back his head in that quick, defiant manner.

"Stacks of people are helping Dolly," he assured her. "Mother—Pauline—Theo—"

"Still it's one of the chief bridesmaid's jobs."

Willa moved uncertainly towards the door. Anthony held her back. His light touch on her arm made her tremble violently.

"Please," he pleaded. "Stop and talk to me. I want to hear all about you and Julian. I used to know him."

Willa drew in her breath between suddenly clenched teeth. Her eyes looked even more frightened than usual. She asked in a low voice—

"Do you know Julian well?"

"We were at Oxford together. He always seemed a nice chap, I thought."

Willa sat down again. "He is—at least I think so." Her

lips widened into a slow, scared smile. She was beginning to wonder why she had done this thing. This monstrous, unforgivable pretence of being engaged to a man she had never set eyes on.

BEFORE talking to Anthony it had seemed at worst a rather stupid joke. She had not realised that it would mean lying to Anthony. That was awful—impossible. Oh! to everyone else—even Pauline, Theo and Dolly—it was just a matter of warding off pity and preserving one's self respect. But with Anthony it was so different—the joke—they would see it thus—took on all the ugliness of a rather cheap swindle.

He seemed to sense that she did not want to talk about Julian, for he changed the subject and asked her if she were still living in town.

"I hope you'll let me see you a bit if you are," he said eagerly. "You see I'm just back on leave from a two-years job in Vienna—diplomatic service." He looked boyishly important. "And I'm going to be lonely without Dolly."

Willa had not known that Anthony had been abroad. They never spoke of Anthony—she Dolly, Pauline and Theo—sometimes Willa wondered if Dolly guessed. She had very strong instincts where love affairs were concerned and she was terribly tender hearted. She supposed she must have been told of his appointment at the time. "Anthony's going to Vienna—he's in the diplomatic service." His mother—or father—Willa could really not remember. But then being alone so much was apt to make you vague and inattentive, and she had not stayed at Bray since she left school.

Besides hadn't she resolved at Pauline's wedding—that must have been just before he went away—that she was never going to think of Dolly's brother Anthony. Not since it had come to her in a swift—almost blinding flash of misery—the realisation when she saw him first in his fully fledged manhood at Theo's wedding three years ago. "If ever I were to marry, that would be the man. . . ." Loving Anthony. So silly, so wasteful emotionally. Loving Anthony for so many years—ever since she saw him as a lovely little boy in his Eton suit. Letting the others tease her. "Willa doesn't know anything about love. She's much too superior," when all the time she fought with her passion, which made her loneliness all the harder to bear.

"Willa, do come and dance with me one evening this week." He was looking at her with shy wistfulness. "Please, Willa——"

Better say no. Oh! it would be sheer insanity to see Anthony again. To dance with him. For God's sake, her reason urged, be sensible and say no.

"I shall miss Dolly so much." His tone was almost fretful. Willa's lips hardened into the bitter smile of a disillusioned woman. Sitting there so big and determined-looking, you would not have believed that she was not quite twenty-five.

"I'll come," she told him brusquely. "I like dancing."

Her voice was hard, too, with the sharp metallic ache of it. Her soul swaying and staggering with the subconscious insult. Anthony treating her like a sister. Knew each other as kids and that kind of rubbish.

"To-morrow night—are you free?" He leaned forward. "Do manage it if you can, Willa."

Willa went on smiling. Her fingers twisted the opal ring round and round. It threw out little shafts of red and gold flame.

"Of course," Anthony went on as an after-thought, "don't come if you think Julian would mind. I'd forgotten you're just engaged and all that."

Willa's laugh was more natural this time. "I promise you Julian won't object," she said lightly.

"Then I'll call for you about eight."

She nodded and said that would do nicely.

There was a sound of voices coming from the hall. Willa got up.

"We must go and throw confetti at Dolly."

THEY arrived in time to see Dolly coming down the stairs. She was laughing. So were Pauline and Theo, who followed her. Glad laughter which held the triumphant note of achievement. We're married. Theo—Pauline—Dolly—and dear old Willa, it really will be your turn next.

Willa was laughing too—twisting the opal ring round into the palm of her hand so that only the thin line of gold showed. She laughed very loudly and defiantly when she remembered that one day—within a few months—Julian Waye would be back in England.

Anthony asked: "What's the joke—do share it?" But Willa was pushing her way through the crowd to say good-bye to Dolly and did not answer.

People began making a bit of fuss at Willa. Pauline gave a wild kind of sandwich, dancing and champagne party for her in her charming low-ceilinged studio flat overlooking the river on the Chelsea Embankment. Lots of well-known artists and writers turned up and said very nice things to Willa about Julian's prospects.

True, she knew a moment of blind panic when someone suggested that a cable of congratulation should be sent to him, but she kept her head and explained airily, "But Julian is out of touch, travelling all over the place, don't you know; even I haven't an address." And she felt an undying gratitude to a pale-faced young man who backed her up. "Isn't that just like Julian, he always hates letters, doesn't he?"

Theo entertained in a more sedate manner. You went to dinner at her slim house at the back of Woollands and played bridge afterwards with the fringe of society. Willa, whose gaze rested so often upon that quivering yellow opal, found that she was becoming a mild success. People took pains to introduce her to their friends.

"Miss Willa Gayner—she's just become engaged to Julian Waye, the artist, you know."

They were giving up speculating what he saw in her apart from her wealthy parents in Ceylon and talked about her "mysterious charm" and her elusive personality which was so rare. That sensuous whiteness of her. Those who had once called her shy, put down her quietness to an unusual depth of feeling. So Willa's frightened eyes took on an expression of almost hard craftiness and sometimes she laughed to herself wondering what was going to

(*Continued on page* 109)

A BATTALION of the Foreign Legion at a ceremonial march past

MEN of the Foreign Legion dressed in the six different uniforms worn by the Legion during the 19th century

After a Hundred Years . . .

This IS the Foreign

EARLIER this year I purposely went down to Sousse, in southern Tunisia, to see what the Foreign Legion really amounted to. I was staying quite comfortably in Tunis at the time. It was a post from home, that included an article purporting once again to tell the truth about the Legion, which put me in the desert train for Sousse, depot of the Third Cavalry. I hate rubbish; believe that half our current troubles are due to rubbishy dissemination in print, on the film, this way, that way; and that portentous article struck me as a combination of rubbish, a salad derived principally from three sources: German propaganda, *Beau Geste*, and Hollywood. I intended writing nothing whatever about the Legion—just to satisfy my own curiosity, for future reference, being near the scene. But subsequently I received a letter from an Englishman. Here it is:—

"Sir,—You seem to know a good deal about French matters. Can you tell me where to join the Foreign Legion? I am a down-and-out in every sense of the word and I *wish* to join same. I was wondering if you would be so kind as to let me know where is the nearest recruiting office. You may think that I'm writing nonsense, but I'm not. I mean everything I write. I want to get out of the country as soon as possible: the sooner the better. That's why I don't want to join the British Army. I want to get away from everybody. I'm not a crook. But I seem to get on the wrong side of everybody. I can see nothing else in front of me in this country, only misery and workless years, so *please* for *God's* sake, if it's in your power to do what I ask, let me know as soon as possible. You will find a stamped addressed letter for your reply. Please keep my name out of it, as I see you write you might mention me. But there are certain people I wish to keep in ignorance until the proper time comes. I hope you will not fail me in my plea. I remain, yours truly ——."

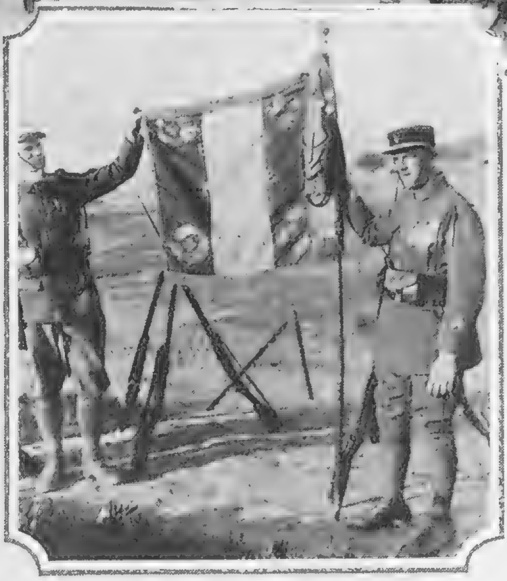
Now that letter seemed to me a *cri de cœur*; so I did a thing for which I take not the slightest credit, since 99 out of a hundred in my situation would have done the same. I wrote four typewritten pages to my correspondent giving him the absolute "low down" on life in the Legion; and I concluded by sending him a stamped addressed envelope and inviting him to write me again, yes or no, did he still intend to join the Legion, when

FOR a Hundred Years France's Foreign Legion has fought, drunk, marched,
have crowned this famous fighting machine of Desperate Adventurers with
has followed it to Morocco and given us—Marlene Dietrich. What are
and the life of the Legionnaire? In this remarkable article Mr.
sacrificial corps where men can be forgotten even if they cannot

Above:

A BATCH of recruits for the Legion arriving at Sidi-Bel-Abbès station

THERE are at least thirty different nationalities in the Foreign Legion. This legionnaire is an Alsatian



Left:

THE colours of the third battalion decorated with the highest honours of the French army

Left:

A SCOTSMAN who has joined the Legion the most cosmopolitan corps in the world

Legion . . .

I would forward him particulars as to how to go about it ? He has joined the Legion. And it has now occurred to me, in view of the vogue of Marlene Dietrich love-and-romance-in-the-desert films, to set down here, for what it may be worth, my version of what the French Foreign Legion amounts to, as culled from those four typewritten pages. Unfortunately I have no copy of them. Or, perhaps, it is not a case of " unfortunately " since, quite frankly, there are things I wrote to that Englishman which I could never hope to write for a London publication. There are things which no films or *Beau Gestes* or Press articles give or can ever hope to give, yet which eat into the life and soul of the Legion. Omitting this aspect, which will be well understood by those qualified to understand, if I were asked this moment what is the keynote of the Legion, its outstanding feature, its guiding influence, its *leitmotif,* I should not reply cruelty, or hardship, or lust (love !), or forgetfulness, or glamour (!), but unhesitatingly—DRINK.

---

and died. Novelist and playwright
the false halo of Romance. The Film
the cold, hard facts about the Legion
Tuohy strips the glamour from " the
forget," and tells — the Truth

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THAT is the impression I carried away, the dominant note thrust upon me during three days and rethrust upon me on the voyage home which I spent in the third class company of a brace of Legion N.C.O.'s visiting France for a month's leave very much as ticket-of-leave men. But of that, later. Drink is the besetting passion of the Legion, heavy, 15 per cent. alcoholic, red Algerian wine at tuppence a litre and answering to the well-remembered call of *pinard*. And, on the fiercer occasions, Arab *raké* thrown in, a spirit that maddens. Your true Foreign Legion film should show the supers drunk whenever there's an off-duty chance of getting the wherewithal. Six litres of pinard a day can be easily put away in stiff cases. Sometimes drunks last a whole fortnight during leave in North Africa. It makes me tired to read Centenary articles written on the strength of gala visits to Sidi-Bel-Abbès, where, of course, everything was "poshed up" for the foreign visitors' computation. For fact, I much prefer the company of my Breton taxidriver of other days whose confederates in a smash-grab-shoot raid on the Paris boulevards were nabbed, who was able to drive away, and who is now doing five years in Africa instead of the ten he would probably have got at home. Having said as much—and perhaps slightly cleared the air already, since no one that I have read has thus far laid sufficient stress on the *drink* side—it may be opportune to retrace a little of history prior to approaching the Legion as it is to-day, or, rather, as it appears to this witness——

There have been foreign legions in the service of kings since Marlborough's day and possibly before, but there has never been anything in history like *the* Foreign Legion of to-day, wherein men can be forgotten if they cannot forget, and which contemporaneously attracts, all told, 23,000 of the toughest, roughest, most heterogeneous customers in creation. Other legions were usually solid mercenary phalanxes from a given country—such as the German Legion, the Polish Legion, and, far from being excluded from European soil, they paraded the best battlefields, were honoured and garlanded. There is no parallel to the mob which Louis Philippe called into being in 1831. Officially the French king summoned the Legion into being as "a refuge for foreigners who, by reason of the troubled state of Europe, have come within our borders and whose presence, unemployed and harassed by necessity, may become a public danger." Actually, rather what transpired was this: a Belgian adventurer, calling himself a lieutenant-general and a Baron de Boegard, sought audience and pointed out that he was ready to raise and command a legion of foreigners who could be made to do France's dirty work in Algeria, then just occupied and where French troops were being badly cut about. The King saw the potential value of the scheme, in a France thoroughly fed up with losing men after the Napoleonic *épopée*, and the first 4,000 of the Legion took oath to the Tricolour at Marseilles on March 10, 1831, sailing presently in seven battalions for Algiers. The first three of these battalions were composed of German-Swiss.

The fourth was Spanish. The fifth Italian. The sixth Belgo-Dutch. The Seventh Polish. The men departed more or less as convict scum—the Chamber of Deputies among other things decreeing that never could they be brought back to France to fight—and, arrived in Algeria, they at first provoked the same contempt even among the Arabs. This initial disdain they soon turned into admiration by reason of their aptitude in plundering. During seventy-five years following—up to 1914—the Legion was almost incessantly on some form or another of active service. In the new French colonies. In South America. In North Africa. In the regimental museum at Bel Abbès every weapon is on view, from scimitars to poisoned arrows, which the Legionaries encountered in their 48 battles leading up to the Great War. Notable milestones were the Crimea, where they were known and avoided as "the leather bellies" on account of the huge pouches they wore. The Paris Commune, where they were hated (already that Chamber decree had become a dead letter). In Mexico, where they left 3,500 dead, chiefly from fever, and where a famous little action—akin to Rorke's Drift—was fought by a body of 65 Legionaries at Camaron. The Legion is very proud of Camaron, the tale of which is read on parade every anniversary everywhere. It still preserves in its museum the mummified right hand of Captain Danju, commanding the little force, and which was found severed beside his dead body. On another occasion the Legion was lent to Spain for the Carlist wars at a fee of £800,000. They left 4,000 dead in the Peninsula and their hiring fee was never paid. In Tonkin, Dahomey, Madagascar, the Legion bore the brunt of first French contact with the natives. They were tortured, they went out with fever by the thousand, they carried on. Life was always squandered in the Legion, and it is computed in records that just about 100,000 had passed through it to their deaths up to the outbreak of the Great War, which was to add a further 40,000 to the death roll just commemorated in a typical piece, "Le Légion à ses Morts" at Bel-Abbès. The net literary result of all this long-drawn-out, hard-boiled slaughter was *Under Two Flags* by Ouida, and which held the stage as representing the glamour of the Legion until the coming of *Beau Geste* and successors. We are now, and not too early, engaged in debunking (lovely word) the whole. . . .

ALL recruits pass through Sidi-Bel-Abbès. This picture shows a party of recruits who have joined the mounted company arriving at Bon-Denib

(*Above*)

THE barracks of the Foreign Legion at Sidi-Bel-Abbès

(*Left*)

THE interior of the Redoubt at Bon-Denib, Morocco

About the end of the century a noted French author referred to Ouida's heroes as "human rubbish converted into useful dung."

To-day the fashion in Paris is rather to picture the Legionaries as "big woundeds of life delivered from themselves" (Maurois). Another popular *cliché*: "They are marching from yesterday."

We shall not tarry, but proceed to the Great War and after—

An American Colonel, a close friend and who served for the first two years in France in what came to be known as "the sacrificial corps," often told me about things. The first regiment to be sent to

France was almost completely annihilated—4,000 men—before 1914 was out. The Legion was put in everywhere for those hopeless attacks which came to be known as "Joffre's nibbling," while it also stood at Foch's disposal for his murderous and vain slashing in Artois and south of the Somme (1915-16). The Legion won every honour. It was more or less studiously avoided even by the French themselves. But it could and did fight, and some 30,000 died to tell the tale. On the Western Front alone. A further 10,000 left their bones chiefly in North Africa and Syria. Marshal Lyautey, who managed to preserve Morocco for France with a skeleton force through the critical years, relied greatly on such Legionaries as had not been shipped to France. An odd situation arose in this regard. Nearly all his Legionaries were Germans who had joined up as a way of saving their property in France where they were resident when war broke out. France could not use these Germans against Germans in France—if captured they would have been immediately shot—so she sent them to Africa. This circumstance accounts in the main for the very high average of Germans to this day in the Legion: many have stayed on and are now valuable, bellowing N.C.O.'s.

CAME the Peace, and France was wise. She did not send her hard cases to the Rhine, as she stupidly did coloured troops, but strewed them over her oversea possessions. The Legion has lost a further 10,000 dead since the Armistice, of which 3,000 men and 100 officers fell at Taza alone, in 1923. A similar mortality was registered in Syria against the Druses. And there was always fever, accompanying the Legion wherever it went—and goes.

But a truce now to battling and let us contemplate this much-talked-of force as it is to-day. Much to the fore not (in reality) because of films and things, but because France is inundated by offers of recruits from "harassed and unemployed" Europe. She has even had to put a stopper on things, although she has increased the Legion from 23,000, the official figure, to 32,000, the figure I was given in Africa and which I have small reason to doubt. The Legion is also to the fore because of the desire to escape this civilisation: anything that smacks of awayness is acceptable for conversion into "romance." In actual fact, whatever fractional attraction may once have lurked in service in the sandy, sun-beat wastes, clean away from the competition and convention and artificiality of cities, is fast fading out. This, also, has not been sufficiently stressed. Once one really *was* off the map, in the Legion. Which, one gathers, was something. To-day units of the Legion are practically in all cases hitched close to "civilisation" by the motor and wireless and the other set appurtenances of the time. They even have jazz bands, one reads, and have taken to rugger. They are also being mechanised—for sand no less than for Continental fields. Not very far ahead even the blue-sashed, scarlet-cloaked cavalry on arab steeds may find itself in motor tractors. But that is a picture of slightly ahead, albeit France is bringing it on the scene as swiftly as she may, being dead set on employing this crack killing corps to the last lorry-load in certain conceivable eventualities.

AT the present time General Rollet commands the Legion from Sidi-Bel-Abbès, some 60 miles inland from Oran, Algeria, and it is split into four regiments counting 18 battalions in which are serving 30 odd nationalities. The 1st Regiment has half these battalions, five of which are located in Algeria. Three other battalions are in Indo-China. The 9th and last mounts guard on the Euphrates edge of the Syrian desert. The 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Regiments, totalling the remaining nine battalions between them, are in Morocco and spasmodically at grips with the dissident tribes of the Atlas. The radiating centre of the whole affair is "Colonel's Parade"—a tarred road cleaving through the bare, dizzy-white barracks made familiar in *Beau Geste* and which are in the middle of equally glaring, geometrically-cut Bel-Abbès. There is no mystery whatever about this latter. Leaving Victoria by the 10 a.m. boat train you may embark the following afternoon at Port Vendres and, after an 18-hour crossing to Oran, proceed by autocar up to Bel-Abbès. Soon there should be handbills out. And while on this demystification, before I forget it

(*Continued on page* 132)

THE Legion as presented on the stage. The wine shop scene from "Beau Geste," which was lavishly produced by Basil Dean at His Majesty's Theatre in 1929

(Left to right)
LAURENCE OLIVIER as "Beau Geste," with his two brothers (Jack Hawkins and Robin Irvine), and the cruel adjutant, Lejaune (Edmund Willard)

The CIRCLE of Green Chalk

Fate spins a thread in a tangled skein of Mystery and Murder

By Gilbert FRANKAU

"ON principle," declared the middle-aged professor who was returning to Pomona University, "I'm opposed to capital punishment."

"But on what principle, sir?" asked the young newspaper-man, who had been steering the conversation.

"On the principle, sir, that punishment, in a state of true civilisation, must be left to the individual conscience."

"Like hell it must be," interrupted the only man in the observation car who had not yet spoken; and with a glance at the young newspaper-man felt for his fifth, or it may have been his sixth, cigar.

All morning the long, long Santa Fé trail, made by those old Spaniards who first trekked, red-hatted and a-muleback, to discover what is now California, had been sliding West from Albuquerque past the windows. All morning, while he talked with the middle-aged professor, and the Methodist clergyman from Kansas, and the Los Angeles book-dealer, the young newspaper-man had been hoping for that interruption.

Now, having got it, he subsided into silence—his eyes, or so it seemed, interested only in the interminable desert of sagebrush and red sandstone; in the occasional *mesas*, with the wooden ladders leading up to their unglazed windows; in the rare cars and the rarer horse-wagons—solitary quadrupeds driven by solitary blanket-wrapped Indians—along the trail.

"Like hell it must be," repeated the cigar-smoker; and withdrew, still smoking, to the outside platform, where he remained, a grim, heavy, inscrutable figure—till lunch.

Lunch, however—and not entirely by hazard—found the two at the same table; and half-way through it the newspaper-man, who was slightly girlish of face, though with a chin that somehow belied the girlishness, said: "Excuse me, sir. But that one remark you made this morning happens to interest me."

"Is that so?" retorted the other—and his eyes were cold.

"Sure. You see, I don't agree with the professor. The only trouble I see about capital punishment is its—er—irrevocability."

"Irrevocability?"

"Precisely. Irrevocability. It's the only form of punishment that can't be—er—revoked subsequently."

"You mean—should it subsequently transpire"—the other's eyes were colder than ever—"that there has been a miscarriage of justice."

"Precisely."

And after that the two stared at each other—till the cold eyes looked away.

"I've got a drawing-room as far as the Canyon," remarked the newspaper-man a little later. "And I fancy there's a bottle in my suit-case. We might continue our discussion after lunch, don't you think?"

"If it interests you so much."

"It interests me enormously," admitted the newspaper-man; and when they had settled their lunch-checks, the middle-aged professor from Pomona, and the Kansas City clergyman, and the Los Angeles book-dealer watched them make their way out of the restaurant-car—the newspaper-man leading, the other behind.

"Looks like that fellow might be carrying a gun in his hip-pocket," remarked the book-dealer.

"Probably only a flask," laughed the professor.

"The curse of modern America," said the Methodist clergyman—and their talk turned to the Volstead Act over their cigars.

IN the newspaper-man's drawing-room, also, cigars had been lighted. There was a bottle of whisky on the table, for the dilution of which the darkie attendant had just brought ice and ginger-ale.

"Drawing-rooms," said the man with the cold eyes, sipping, "aren't exactly the cheapest way of travelling."

"They're convenient, though"—the young newspaper-man spoke slowly—"especially for private discussions."

"But is there anything we need discuss?" interrupted the other, and this time, as their eyes clashed, it was the newspaper-man's which fell.

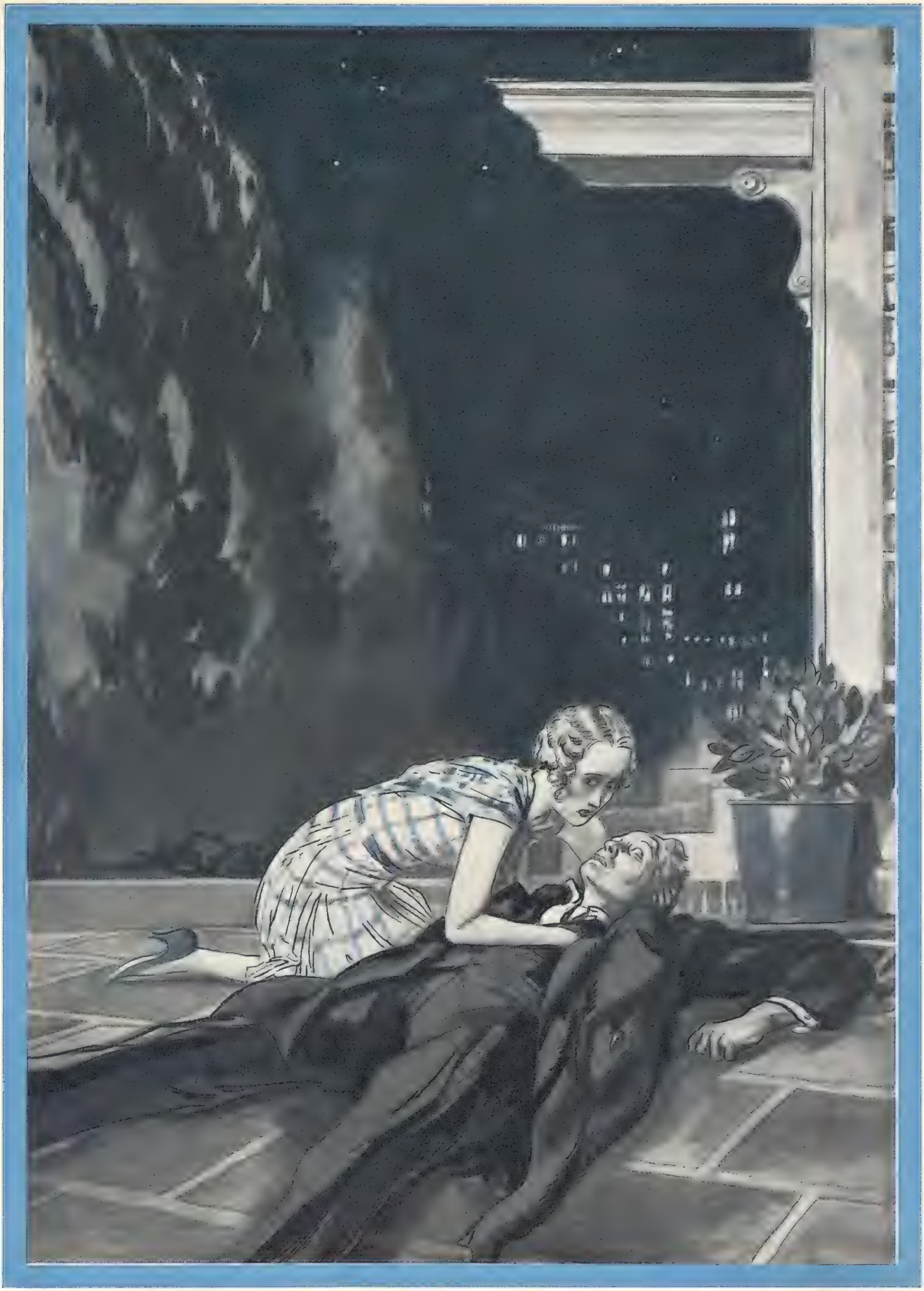
"Richard Dakers has been dead two months," went on the other. "And the world's a better place for his not being in it. Richard Dakers was criminal born. As a kid—I'm from the same town, so I ought to know what I'm talking about—he led one of the toughest gangs our police had to deal with. From the day he was sixteen to the day they arrested him for the murder of Jack Dyson, he always carried at least one gun on him."

"Just carrying a gun," put in the newspaper-man, "doesn't make a man a murderer."

"It may do." The other's big hand gripped on his glass. "But don't let's generalise. If we must have this discussion, let's stick to our point. The point I make is that Richard Dakers was forty when they strung him up; and that he'd never done an honest job of work from the minute he drew his first breath to the minute the rope choked out his last."

"He was in France, though?"

"Only because he couldn't dodge the draft."



HIS wife, who had run out to the sound of the shot, was still bending over him in the rain and the darkness of the New England winter's evening. . . .

"But at least you'll grant that he had a certain amount of courage."

"Yes. I'll grant that. I'll accept"—the grim voice of the man with the cold eyes hesitated—"the newspaper version of his courage. But that doesn't alter the fact that, as a citizen, he was worthless. Just about as worthless as . . . as a certain woman."

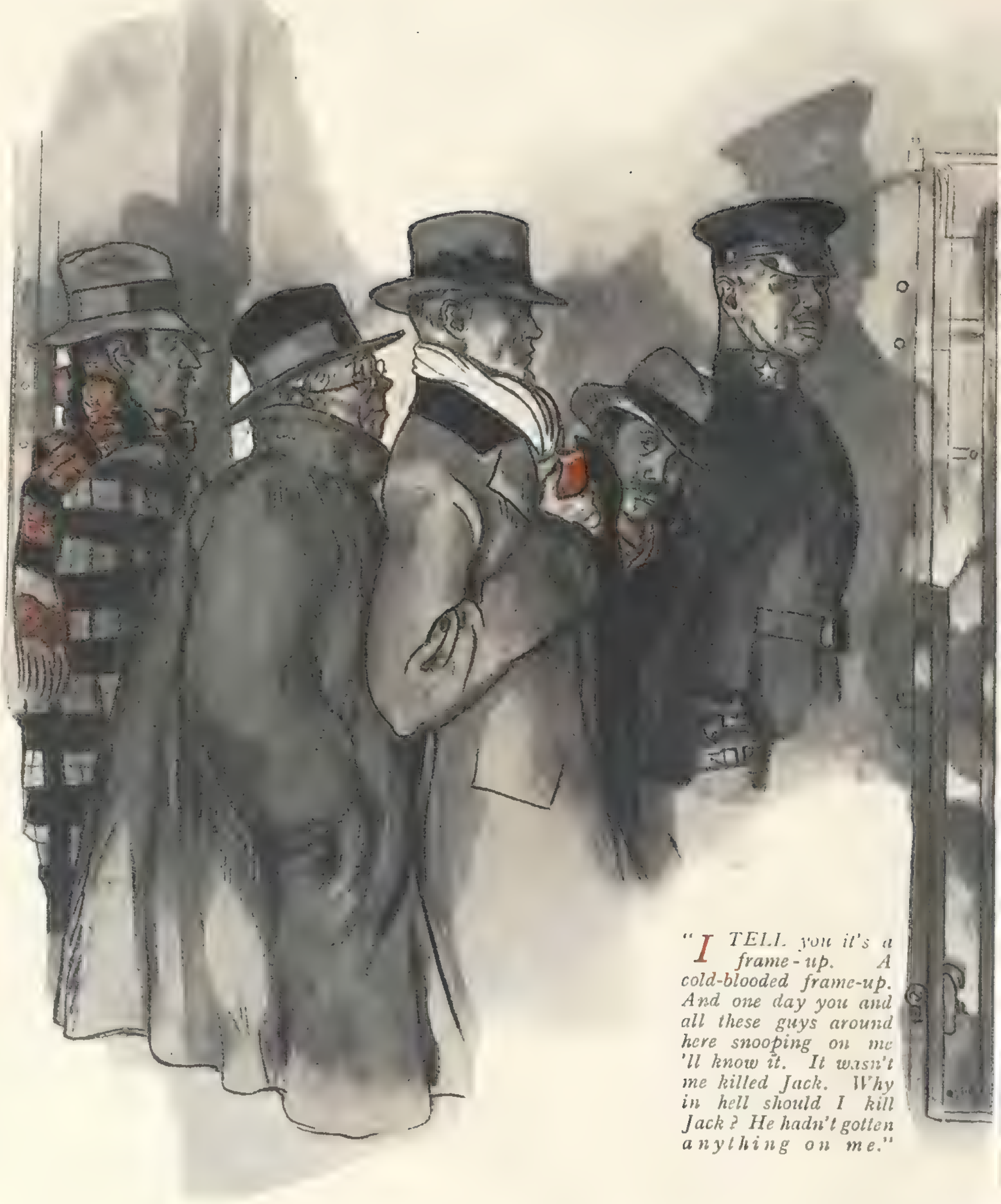
"Meaning?" put in the newspaper-man, blinking twice with his light eyelashes.

"Meaning—any woman *you* might have been thinking of," said the other; and his cold eyes switched to the trail, still interminable at the railway wheels, while his mouth—which was more like a pike's than a human mouth—shut tightly over his pointed teeth.

In that moment, as he half turned to look out of the window, the square coat he wore—and wore buttoned, despite the heat in the drawing-room—creased itself away from his silk shirt-front, revealing, under its lapel, a tiny point of silver—one point of that star which betokens, from East to West of the United States of America, an officer of police.

THE newspaper-man, however, had known all along that the man drinking with him was an officer of police. He knew most other things about him too. And the few things he did not know he had been seeking very diligently, till unexpected promotion—the newspapers he served being a chain all across America—had called him from East to West.

The few things he did not know, nevertheless, had hitherto presented an insoluble puzzle to the newspaper-man. But what puzzled him most, what had been puzzling him ever since he had first caught sight of that other standing by the big Fred Harvey book-stand in the marble station-hall at Kansas City, was why that other should be on the Santa Fé.



"I TELL you it's a frame-up. A cold-blooded frame-up. And one day you and all these guys around here snooping on me'll know it. It wasn't me killed Jack. Why in hell should I kill Jack? He hadn't gotten anything on me."

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

"Is it just a coincidence?" thought the young newspaper-man. "Or is he following me deliberately?"

And with that second thought came his first twinge of fear.

"Jack Dyson was in France too." The other's lips had opened; but his cold eyes were still on the trail. "And *he* wasn't a draft-dodger. Jack was a white man. And no fool either. Except about Richard Dakers. They went out with the same lot—and, what's more, came home with it. *I* didn't. I got a machine-gun bullet in the shoulder. Very glad I was about it, too. Because . . . because of a certain woman. Girl, rather. At least she was then. In a case like mine, when there's a woman—or rather a girl—a fellow hasn't got much stomach for fighting. He's apt to get dreaming, you see. Especially at nights. I did quite a lot of dreaming. Marriage and all that. But I'm not a married man yet—thank God. And never will be. You aren't thinking of getting married by any chance? Or are you? Not that it matters much, either way."

And with that the pike-like jaws shut; but the cold eyes met the newspaper-man's again, while the spatulate fingers of the big hand reached once more for the glass.

As it happened, the newspaper-man, whose own hands rather matched his girlish appearance, disliked spatulate fingers. And these, in that moment, seemed especially dislikeable. So he forbore to look at them, till, with an audible gulp—the last of the whisky and ginger-ale disappeared.

"Another?" he hazarded then.

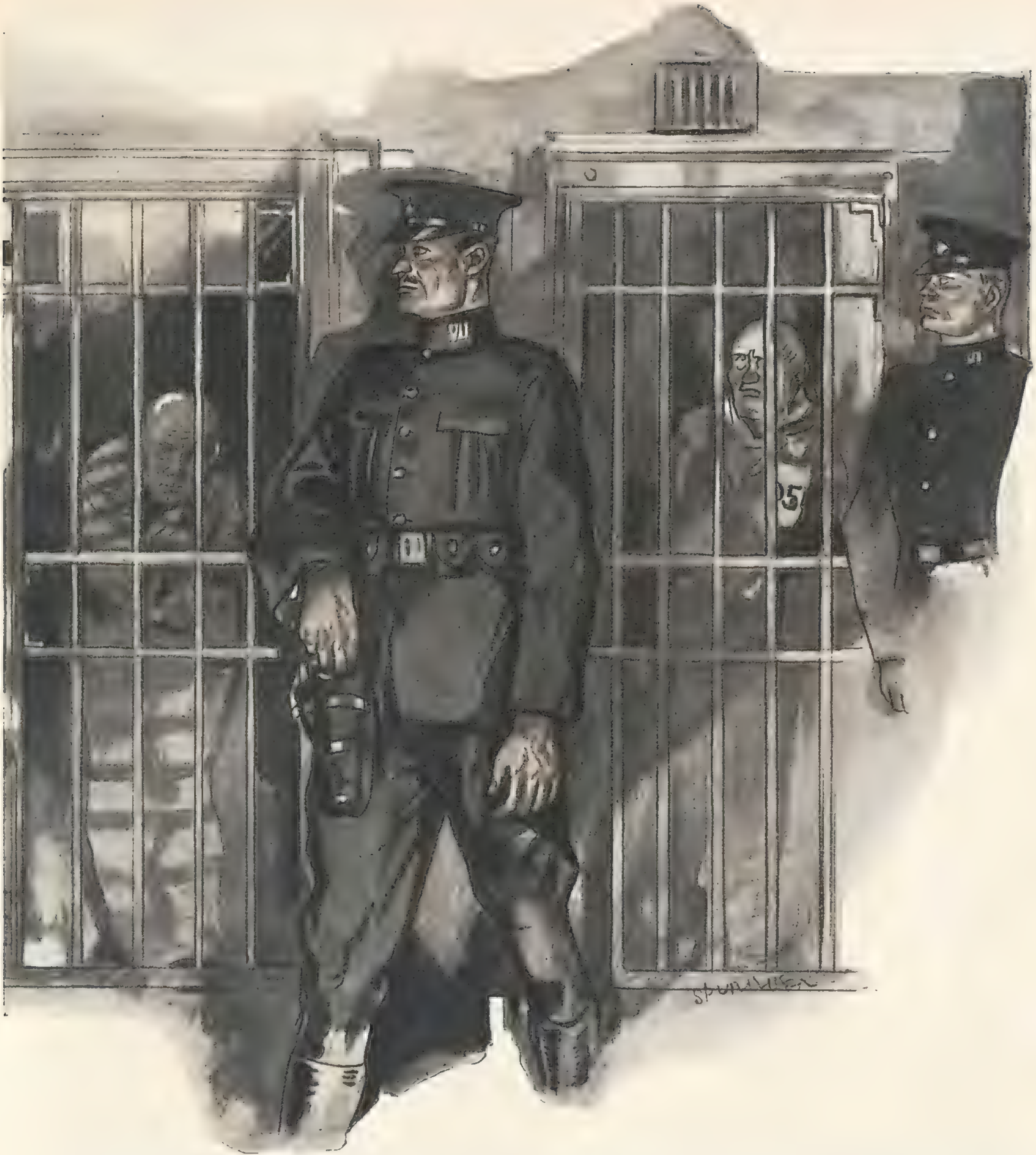
"I don't mind. Only make it neat this time. Let me see, what was I telling you about?"

"You were talking about"—the newspaper-man blinked again—"marriage."

"So I was." The neat whisky followed the diluted. "I wonder why. Jack Dyson was married, of course. And Richard Dakers wasn't. Possibly you knew that. Richard Dakers, let me remind you again, was a crook. About the worst in town. His boot-legging business was only a blind. Though he certainly made all sorts of money at it. Used to wear silk shirts and ride around in a silver-fitted automobile. Usen't to ride around alone either. Mostly he'd have a certain woman with him."

"A certain woman!" The newspaper-man's cigar had gone out. As he sought to relight it, his hand seemed to tremble. "But that didn't come out in . . . in the evidence."

"No. The Chief thought it better hadn't. It wouldn't have helped the prosecution any. Or the defence either. Nothing would have helped Richard Dakers. He was a real crook, you see. And always had been. That came out in the evidence all right. It'd have come out sooner if I'd had my way. But Jack was always for giving him his chance. There was a reason for that too—though *that* didn't come out in the evidence either. Jack always said we hadn't really got anything on Dakers—except the boot-legging. And I—we—couldn't very well run him for boot-legging. Sentiment would have been too much against it. Sentiment—hell! There's too damn much sentiment in America these days. Law's law, I say. Whether it's God's law or man's. Whether it's written or unwritten. And if a man goes behind the law, he's apt to get what's coming to him. See? He's apt to get what's coming to



him. Sooner *or* later, he's apt to get what's coming to him."

On which the pike-like jaws shut again, but the eyes continued staring, and the newspaper-man felt himself flinch before them, flinch and shudder before the stare of those cold, grey, utterly unemotional eyes.

THE eyes, despite all the suppressed passion in the other's voice, were utterly unemotional. No fire glowed in them as they stared and went on staring; till the newspaper-man's, in their turn, averted themselves to where, beyond the dust-flecked window, the long, long trail (which had been of blood also) from Santa Fé to San Francisco went clacking by.

And watching the trail the newspaper-man experienced—both because of the things he already knew about that other, and because of the further knowledge which that other, or so at least it seemed, was now permitting him to gather—his second twinge of fear: of a fear so definite that, for a moment, he felt the index-finger of his right hand itch towards the little black bell-push which would summon the darkie attendant.

But somehow—possibly because the pursuit of knowledge was his trade; possibly for the sake of something said, a promise given, to a woman; or possibly just because the greatest fear of all is the fear of showing oneself frightened—the newspaper-man did not touch that bell-push. And presently the other went on.

He lit himself yet another cigar before he did go on; and offered one to the newspaper-man—eyeing him, with a look that seemed to run the whole gamut of human perceptions, when he refused.

"Talking of man's law," said that other, wrenching sideways with his pointed teeth at the soft wrapper-leaf, "you can believe it or not, but this liquor of yours is the first I've touched since . . . since I decided there were reasons for my not getting married. And, for all you know, it'll be the last liquor I ever shall touch. I've got Puritan in me. The old strain. A generation or two back, maybe. But it's still there all right. I believe in the individual conscience too—same as the professor was saying. But the trouble with most people is they haven't got any. That's where the law comes in. Law's law for them. Whether it's God's or man's — written *or* unwritten. And if they break it, they've got to pay the penalty. Richard Dakers broke the law all right. Both God's and man's. Both the written *and* the unwritten. And if Jack Dyson hadn't been a fool, every kind and sort of a deaf and blind fool, Richard Dakers would have paid the penalty a heap sooner than he did pay it. And . . . and a certain woman would have paid, too."

The cigar was alight by then, and the smoke of it curling up out of the pike-like mouth and down through the dilated nostrils. The newspaper-man, too, wanted to smoke. Smoke, he felt, would calm him. And he needed all his calm to listen, and go on listening, while that other with his hints. . . . For they weren't true, those hints. They couldn't be. He'd stake his soul they couldn't be.

"She'd have paid too," repeated the other. "But Jack wouldn't believe. He said he'd trust her anywhere. He said she was a clean woman. Clean! Like hell she is!"

And with that the pike-like jaws closed over the soft cigar-butt; while the newspaper-man's mind, despite all his fear—or perhaps it was that very fear which started the mental process—began to revisualize, as he had first read it under the scare headlines of his rival paper, the story of Jack Dyson's death.

JACK DYSON had died—and the young newspaper-man's mind saw very clearly the pleasant-faced photographs of him, in the ordinary clothes he had been wearing when he died, in his police uniform, in the khaki of the overseas "doughboy"—halfway up his own garden-path. One shot, between the eyes, had killed him. His own automatic had been unfired;

had not even been drawn from his hip-pocket. . . . And three minutes later, while his wife (and her photograph, too, with the perfect oval of a face, the newspaper-man saw clearly), who had run out to the sound of the shot, was still bending over him in the rain and the darkness of the New England winter's evening, an automobile—identified and re-identified as the silver-fitted automobile of Richard Dakers—had been driven hell-for-leather away.

A clear case, it had seemed to the public. But to the newspaper-man's mind, it had never seemed quite clear. Not even at the time. Certainly not when he read the report of the trial. To him, reading the report of the trial, there had been an obscurity, two obscurities, in the case. To him the murder had seemed motiveless. Cowardly, too. And whatever else Richard Dakers might have been, he was no coward—as the newspaper-man, sitting still smokeless in the drawing-room which he had reserved, wondering whether the big expense would justify itself, immediately after he had seen that other board the train at Kansas City, had better reason than most to know.

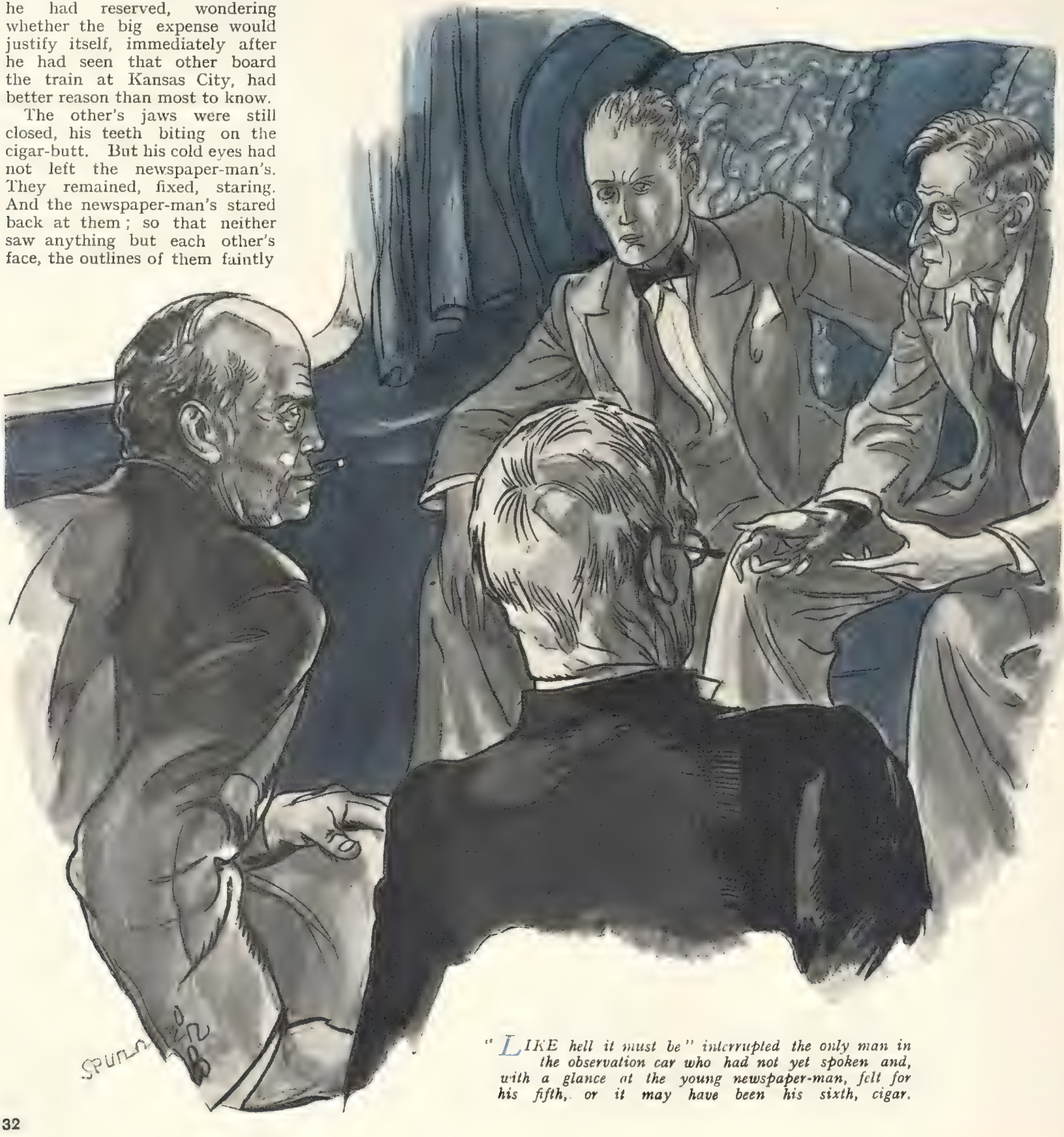
The other's jaws were still closed, his teeth biting on the cigar-butt. But his cold eyes had not left the newspaper-man's. They remained, fixed, staring. And the newspaper-man's stared back at them; so that neither saw anything but each other's face, the outlines of them faintly blurred by the cigar-smoke and the dust-motes dancing across the brassy sunshine which beat in on them from the trail.

"Is that all?" asked the newspaper-man at last. "Because if so, I don't believe it. And even if it were true, it doesn't prove that Richard Dakers shot Jack Dyson. You're not suggesting, are you——"

"*I'm* not suggesting anything." The other's interruption came swiftly. "Except that people who go behind the law are apt to get what's coming to them. I'm not a newspaper-man. *I* didn't write, 'If this is justice, let it be done. But if it is not justice'——"

And after that the two sat on, for a long while, in a silence broken only by the clack-clack-clack of the railway wheels and the whirring of the fan above the door.

Whither the other's thoughts went during that long, long while, the newspaper-man knew not. And never will know. Fear or no fear, he had almost forgotten that other. His mind had gone back—back to a plain room in a prison, where a man with an impassive face sat listening, listening, listening (and the reporters with him), while another man, between warders, a man whose eyes were not cold, but ablaze with all the red fury of the trapped tiger, raved, and went on raving: "Like hell I'm going to ask pardon. From you—or from any other man. I tell you it's a frame-up. A cold-blooded frame-up. It's been a frame-up right along. And one day you and all these guys sitting around here snooping on me'll know it. It wasn't me killed Jack. Why in hell should I want to kill Jack? He hadn't gotten anything on me. Nobody's gotten anything on me. I'm just being railroaded. And I know why I'm being railroaded. But I'm not saying so. See? By ——, I'm not saying so. Not for any ——. Not for you, nor for any other ——. You're



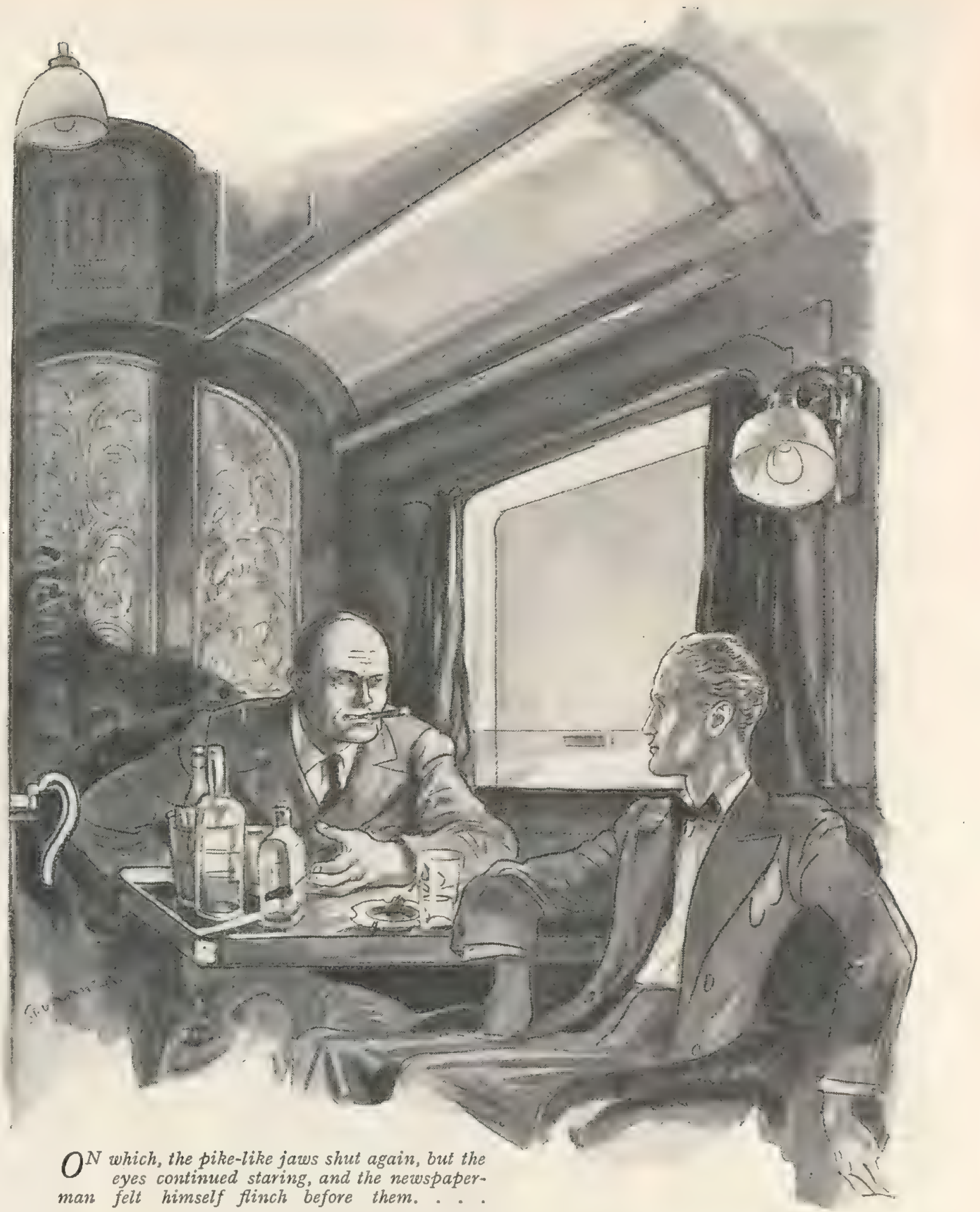
"*LIKE hell it must be" interrupted the only man in the observation car who had not yet spoken and, with a glance at the young newspaper-man, felt for his fifth, or it may have been his sixth, cigar.*

all ——. Every lousy one of you. But you can railroad me for all I care. You can railroad me to hell and back again for all I care. I ain't asking pardon for something I never done. Not from you. And not from any other ——. I'm not that kind."

Nor had that man, with a warder either side of him, flinched when the man with the impassive face said, "If that's all you've got to say, Dakers, it's not much use my listening to you." He had only snarled, as the trapped beast snarls; and gone on snarling, till the two warders led him away to that place from which one takes but a few steps, and those accompanied, to the circle of green chalk.

Since what—thought the newspaper-man, his mind still in the past—what are one live man's ravings against the dead weight of carefully built-up evidence; against a shoe-print in the gravel near a porch, for instance, or the mark of tyres with a certain diamond-shaped cut in them on the thin veneer of mud at the roadside, or a pistol (though there are many ·45 automatics in America) of the same calibre as the bullet in a dead man's skull? And besides—the faked alibi had broken down hopelessly under cross-examination. While as for motive—wasn't the live man a crook, and the dead a police officer, his natural enemy? Hadn't that been motive, and motive enough?

"I'm not a newspaper-man." The other's voice, speaking softly now, recalled him from the past. "And I don't appreciate newspaper-men picking on me, either. Richard Dakers is dead. He's better left dead."



ON which, the pike-like jaws shut again, but the eyes continued staring, and the newspaper-man felt himself flinch before them. . . .

AND after that the pair of them sat on again; till it seemed to the young newspaper-man as though the clack-clack-clack of the railway wheels and the whirring of the fan were the only sounds left in a world of dust-motes and brassy sunshine seen blind through the smoke of a cigar. For, as he spoke, that other's hand had made a movement towards his hip-pocket; and watching the spatulate fingers of that hand—while the toes curled in his shoes, and the index finger of his own right itched for the bell-push—the young newspaper-man felt that fear which Richard Dakers had not shown between the warders, already pointing its steel menace at his heart.

Nor did that fear pass when the pike-like jaws opened again, to mutter through the cigar smoke. "If Dakers didn't say anything when he stood on the circle, others had better not say anything. *Or* write it. *Or* write it, do you understand?"

Because at those words the most secret shutter in the young newspaper-man's memory snapped wide open. And the world of the clacking wheels, of the whirring fan, and the cigar smoke, and the dust-motes, and the brassy sunshine went from him. And once more his mind went back—back to that night in Connecticut when he had stood shivering under the arc lamps, in the icy wind of a New England gale.

Behind him, the glass door-panels of the hotel where he had dined were still revolving. But now no note of music reached him through those panels. Music was revolved away. Revolved away, too, were the feet of the dancers, the silk-shod feet of the sleek young girls, and the happy faces of the boys who partnered them.

All happiness was revolved away. Ahead lay only his duty, his duty to his paper, and to that man of whom he had written, "But if it is not justice——"

In the icy night, under the glare and flicker of the arc lamps, a taxi waited. And into that taxi—with only one last glance at the warm human world shut away behind those revolving door panels—he stepped quickly. For already it lacked little more than the hour to midnight. And at midnight Richard Dakers was to die.

There were other newspaper-men in the taxi; and as they rolled away over the smooth concrete one of these said to him, "Say, that was a dandy last-minute story of yours. Of course, there might have been another fellow in the garden. But Dakers was there too. So I guess Dakers did the shooting all right."

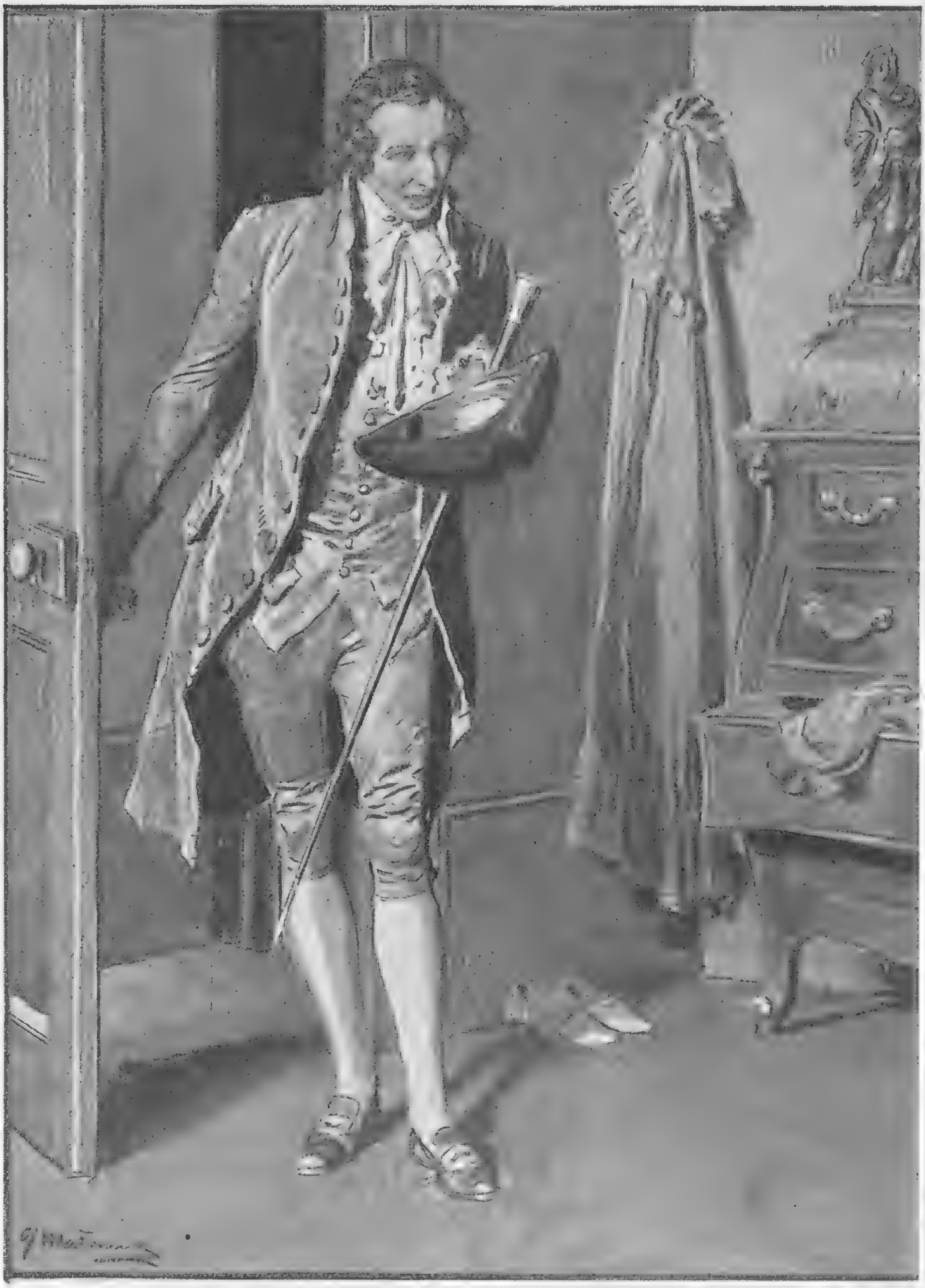
But because the newspaper-man hadn't believed then—any more than he believed now—in the guilt of Richard Dakers, he had made no answer, only drawn his heavy coat a little closer about him, and so sat until they reached the gaol.

TALL trees grew before the gaol. Between the boles of those trees the young newspaper-man saw torches flashing; and behind the torches—or so at least it seemed as the moment came back to him, sitting there in the brassy sunshine—the perfect oval of a woman's face. Then a bell buzzed; and a high door opened; and the perfect oval of the woman's face, or so at least it seemed, vanished; and, once more, his feet carried him into that room where Richard Dakers had stood raving—could it have been but a few hours ago?—till the man with the impassive face had signalled to the warders that they should lead him away.

(*Continued on page 122*)

Tragedies *and* Comedies

No. 7. The Story of CASANOVA



THEY had a saying in old Venice—"*Messeta, basseta e donnetta.*" "In the morning a little mass, in the afternoon a little party, in the evening a little lady." The Venetians rejoiced in pretty and apt phrases. They also have the distinction of being the most successful hedonists in history. In the century of decline which preceded the summary extinction of the island republic, every Venetian was born with a smile on his little face. As he grew up, he lived on laughter and, at the end, he died with a chuckle. No city ever dissipated its heritage of wealth and glory with a greater air than eighteenth-century Venice. Generation after generation of men and women—especially women—lived in the palaces by the Grand Canal with enjoyment for their purpose and happiness for their creed. It was a hundred years of carnival in which the revellers knew they were miming but believed in their pantomime. They realised their city was like a gorgeous robe with the moth in it, but while most nations would have wasted their years in self-pity, the Venetians thought the whole affair a mighty good jest.

Giacomo Casanova was born in this city of laughter and love on April 2nd, 1725. There was something of the care-free gaiety of Venice about his very birth. His father came of an ancient and noble Spanish family who had alienated the affections and goodwill of his own kind by embracing the calling of an actor, a profession which still deserved its sobriquet of rogue and vagabond. His mother, who was said to be "beautiful as the day," was the daughter of a Venetian shoemaker. She was called Zanetta, and after the birth of Giacomo, the baby who was to be the most famous lover of all time, she too became a player.

Her beauty and charm were of more account than a feeble singing voice and doubtful histrionic talent and, as "La Buranella," she travelled the length of Europe, capturing the fastidious heart of London by her performance in the plays of Goldoni.

Little Giacomo, who proved to be the eldest of six, took the road with his mother and father. He endured all the hardships inevitable to the children of strolling players. He was a dull, half-witted boy and his mother was not sorry to be able to send him to Venice to live with his grandmother Marzia.

Old Marzia cared for the half-wit with that womanly tenderness which is occasionally reserved for the physically helpless. She submitted him to the incantations of sorceresses and the charms of black magic and, if we believe the story, these cabalistic practices cured the ghastly hæmorrhages from which the boy had suffered. They did more. They gave the weakling boy an interest in the occult sciences which he was to turn to very good account in his romantic sixty years of lover and bravo. At the age of nine little Giacomo came under the influence of the poet Baffo, whose chief claim to fame was an aptitude for licentious verse.

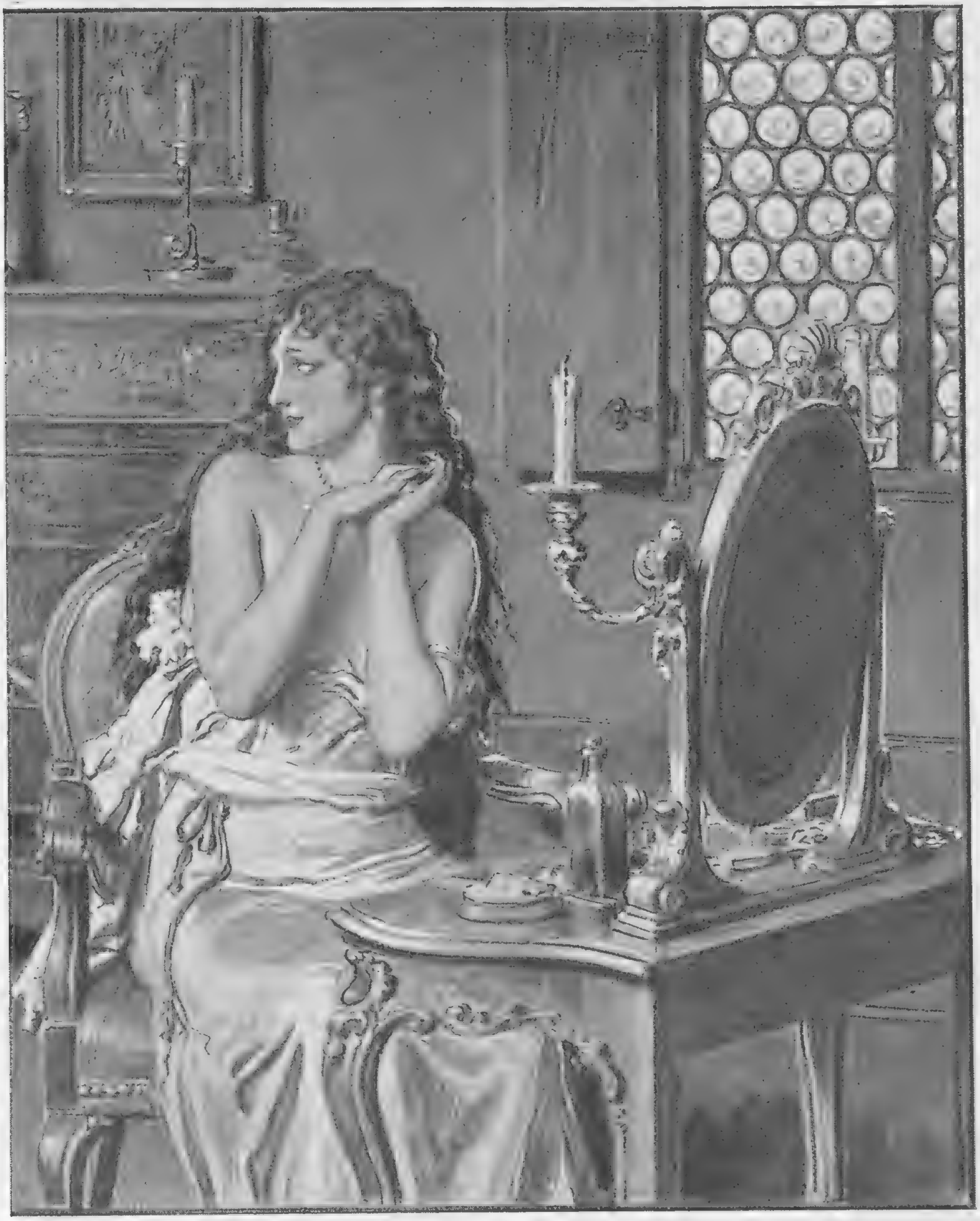
GIACOMO was sent to the University of Padua, where he showed himself unusually precocious and, at the age of fifteen, returned to Venice to study for the Church.

He receives the tonsure and minor orders from the Patriarch of Venice, and

# of History and the Decline of Venice

Described by NORMAN HILL

Painted by F. MATANIA, R.I.



He surprised her in her room as she was sitting in front of her mirror. Her shoulders and bosom were bare and her auburn hair flowed in great waves to her waist . . .

his now aged grandmother croons with delight. He preaches his first sermon in the church of the Holy Sacrament and finds in the offertory box fifty sequins and half that number of *billets doux*. Giacomo Casanova is launched on his career of love.

And into what a world was this romantic and resourceful lover of fortune thrown! He found he had been born at a time when a kiss was of more moment than a battle, and a mask the passport to joys most unbecoming in a young *abbé*. Giacomo Casanova preached his second—and last—sermon and decided to make Venice his playground.

Luxury became the city of the lagoon. Its daughters, who at one time had been the brides of kings, were still lovely. Its palaces, which had bred Carlo Zeno and Vettore Pisani, still rose shadowy from the green and blue waters of the Grand Canal and the tall column of the campanile watched languidly the exotic façade of the cathedral of St. Mark. If Veronese was dead, Venetian women still leaned pensively over carved balustrades waiting for serenader or the chance of a smile beneath a black mask.

It was an enchanted city, mad for amusement. The government in the ducal palace only interfered in the lives of the citizens when they meddled in politics and religion, and the true Venetian thought both subjects very properly dull and boring. The inquisition which had known all-night sittings was left with nothing to do and months passed without a prisoner treading the short passage of the Bridge of Sighs.

Out on the piazza of St. Mark carnival reigned for months on end. In the summer the whole population camped beneath the arcades and the gallants of the city inveigled their masked lovers to the waiting gondolas by the Giudecca. Men and women flaunted their fine robes against a background of tender blue sky and palaces which seemed to be made of coral, beaten silver and mother-of-pearl. No one thought of to-morrow because there was so much to do to-day.

High words were unknown. The Venetian cultivated the humanities and urbanities with an assiduity which would have become the doges of the day when the gold-plated Bucentaur was rowed out to the lagoon and the ruler of Venice wedded the waters with a golden ring and chanted the words: "*Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii.*"

Men only quarrelled over women. Other things did not matter. Tiepolo once had the misfortune to be struck by a gondolier's oar. On arrival home he warned his valet to take care when removing his tunic. "My arm is in two pieces," he said, "so gently, please, gently." Tiepolo had come from a gay party on one of the canals. He would not have disturbed the enjoyment of his fellows by complaining of a broken arm. That was the way of the Venice of Casanova.

CASANOVA was twenty years of age when chance brought him his first serious love affair. He had toyed with the hearts of women for years, for puberty is given to young Venetians very early in life. He had established a reputation in his native city for gambling and folly, and his escapades had more than once sent him to silent meditation in state prisons. He had embarked on the career of a soldier of fortune. He had been coadjutor to the Bishop of Martorano in Calabria, secretary to Cardinal Acquaviva in Rome, a sailor in the waters of Corfu, and finally an indifferent fiddler in the orchestra of the S. Samuele Theatre in Venice.

He had also been expelled from a seminary, learnt whole books of Horace by heart, and robbed a Greek merchant in Naples. Finally he had settled down to a precarious and penurious existence in Venice when his whole being craved for fat purses and pretty women. If in moments of affluence he could fling his gold through the window with an air, he seldom let an opportunity slip by. His actions seemed at times to be almost inspired, and no one was better able to take advantage of circumstance than this young coxcomb.

One holiday he picked up a packet which had been dropped by a senator. Its owner was just pushing off from the canal embankment in his gondola when Casanova leaped on board with the retrieved purse. Before the journey was over, the senator had an apoplectic fit which the unknown violinist " cured " by remembering some of the rigmarole of black magic and calling to mind an imaginary remedy given to him by a hermit who lived on a mountain.

The senator recovered and, in gratitude to the young adventurer who had so brusquely invaded his barge, decided to protect this strange Giacomo Casanova who " undoubtedly was possessed of great magical endowments." He gave him money and advice. " Be sure and enjoy yourself," said Senator Bracardin, as he handed over a bag of gold sequins. Casanova nodded gravely and went along the bank of the Grand Canal looking for adventure.

THE barge from Ferrara had just arrived, and a crowd of rude and unruly peasants had jostled their way through the groups of sauntering and masked Venetians on the wall. There was the bustle of the moment with porters shouldering heavy burdens and gondoliers crying for fares. But presently the little quay was deserted save for the slender form of a woman who hesitated in her step. It was impossible to see her face, for her head and hair were shrouded with muslin veils. She was obviously a woman of quality, and not like the peasants who had pushed their way down the gangplank of the barge five minutes previously. Her figure was pleasing and her body appeared to be young. She lingered like a feather just slightly stirred by a hesitating breeze, unable to make up her mind, and if you had been close enough you would have heard her make a deep sigh.

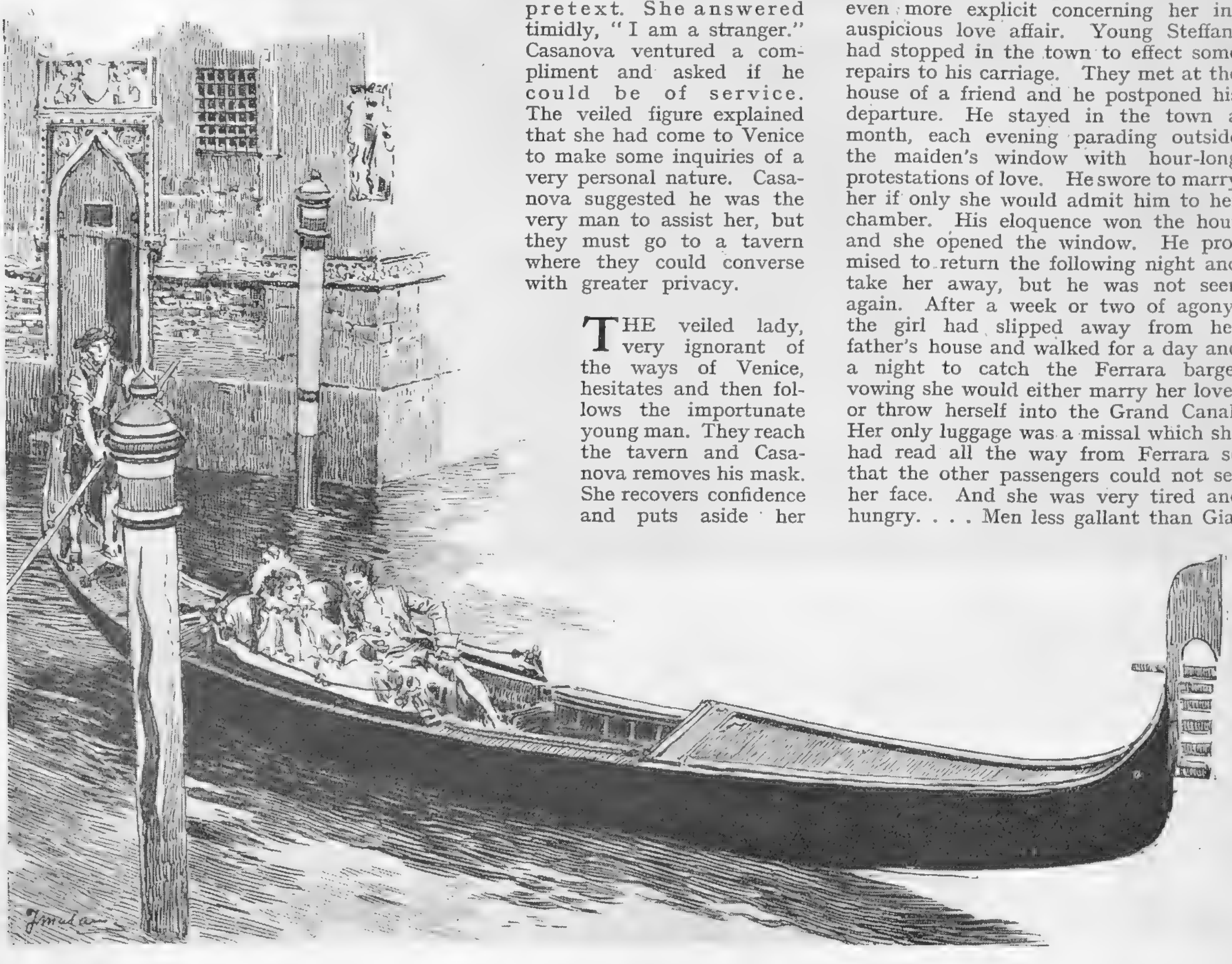
Giacomo Casanova *was* close enough to hear. He often wandered to the quaysides, for barges from distant towns brought strangers, and strangers were the fuel of romance. His face was shadowed by a mask as he spoke with the veiled woman. She was a little startled, for she was not yet accustomed to the ways of Venice, where men spoke to women on the flimsiest pretext. She answered timidly, " I am a stranger." Casanova ventured a compliment and asked if he could be of service. The veiled figure explained that she had come to Venice to make some inquiries of a very personal nature. Casanova suggested he was the very man to assist her, but they must go to a tavern where they could converse with greater privacy.

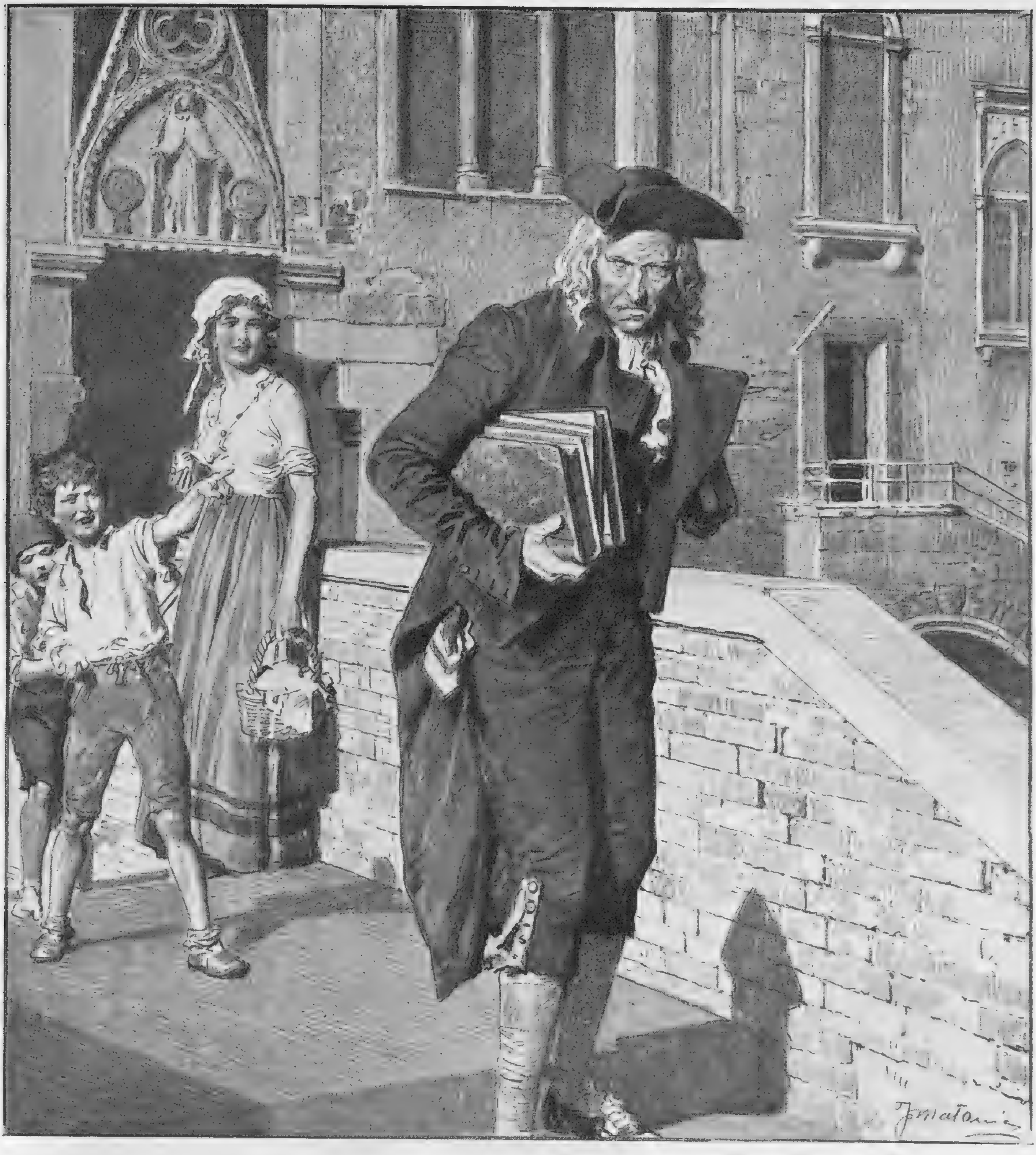
THE veiled lady, very ignorant of the ways of Venice, hesitates and then follows the importunate young man. They reach the tavern and Casanova removes his mask. She recovers confidence and puts aside her muslin headdress, revealing a finely chiselled face of considerable beauty and lovely flowing hair. Casanova feels his heart race. He had come out for adventure and he has found love. The young woman wipes away two large tears which stream down her cheeks and tells her story. She is a woman of noble birth who has run away from her father's house in order to track down a Venetian nobleman who had seduced her and afterwards left her in misery.

By dint of much persuasion, Casanova induces her to reveal the name of her false lover, one Zanetto Steffani, a great libertine well known in Venice for his extravagance and debts. He is employed in the office of the chancellor of the city. Casanova recognises the handwriting of the scoundrel in a letter promising to marry the girl from the south. But he will not permit her to go to his house, for he expostulates that the man's mother is a shrew and might treat her badly, have her thrown into a canal or something equally nefarious.

The noblewoman shivers and looks up with adoring wonder at the young man who appears so honest and true and who addresses her with such gallantry. She promises to take his advice in all things, and even offers to go to his house if he is a married man. Casanova hastens to explain he is a bachelor, but he will see that she has good lodging for the night. He knows a widow who can be trusted implicitly and who has rooms which are both clean and seemly. She must trust him. Everything will be well and justice will be done.

As they go by gondola to the house of the widow, the young countess becomes even more explicit concerning her inauspicious love affair. Young Steffani had stopped in the town to effect some repairs to his carriage. They met at the house of a friend and he postponed his departure. He stayed in the town a month, each evening parading outside the maiden's window with hour-long protestations of love. He swore to marry her if only she would admit him to her chamber. His eloquence won the hour and she opened the window. He promised to return the following night and take her away, but he was not seen again. After a week or two of agony, the girl had slipped away from her father's house and walked for a day and a night to catch the Ferrara barge, vowing she would either marry her lover or throw herself into the Grand Canal. Her only luggage was a missal which she had read all the way from Ferrara so that the other passengers could not see her face. And she was very tired and hungry. . . . Men less gallant than Gia-





CASANOVA lived to a great age. In the end he became a librarian and small boys threw stones at him because he looked so strange

como Casanova have been moved by far less convincing stories.

"You know all now, sir," she sighed, "but I entreat you not to judge me too severely. I have been virtuous all through my life. One month ago I had never committed a fault which could call a blush upon my face, and the bitter tears which I shed every day will, I hope, wash out my crime in the eyes of God."

CASANOVA left his pretty countess at the house of the widow, and that same evening discovered that Steffani had returned to Venice for a few hours but had departed almost immediately for the country. The gondoliers at his mother's palace said he had left no trace. Sitting by the side of a Bolognese *abbé*, in the theatre, Casanova further discovered that the countess had a brother, an officer in the Papal Guard. She was evidently a person of considerable quality and he was glad Steffani had fled from Venice. The gods were on his side. He breakfasted with the countess the following morning and, when he heard she delighted in music, sent her a harpsichord and some books of music. He also brought her three pairs of slippers, for the poor girl had worn out her shoes during her wanderings between her father's house and Venice. She thanked him with an almost hungry look, and Casanova, who had not thought of attaining her love, began to wonder why he was so disinterested. It had satisfied his *amour propre* and self-love to put his services at the disposal of a damsel in distress. He did not expect seriously to engage his heart. Presently they began to talk of the trifles of life and then of themselves, the two opening gambits of passionate love. . She asked, with a certain coquetry, why he had not formed an evil opinion of a woman who was willing to follow a stranger to a tavern. He replied by (*Continued on page* 128)

Twenty-four Hours:

Continuing a New Series, recalling Hour by Hour the most Eventful Days of the last Half-century

"*MRS. BADEN-POWELL acknowledging congratulations*": *from "The Graphic" of May 26, 1900. Her house, 8, St. George's Place, Hyde Park, was decorated with flags and a large portrait of her son*

Introduction

History offers you a choice of two days with which the relief of Mafeking may be said to be identified.

One was the 17th of May, 1900, when Colonel Plumer's force cantered into the little railway-junction town which for seven months had been besieged by the Boers. The history of that siege—in the light of the Great War—was that of a pleasant picnic party, most courteously conducted.

The second day was the 18th of May, 1900, when the news of the relief reached London, and the pent-up emotions of the capital found expression in an orgy of self-glorification which had no real bearing on the minor military siege which had been terminated in Cape Colony twenty-four hours before. One day finds its place in the military history of the South African campaign; the other day saw the birth of a new word, "Mafficking": a word synonymous with patriotic mob hysteria.

THE FIRST DAY. About 9 o'clock on the morning of May 16th, 1900, a carrier-pigeon fluttered and swooped above the low mud-built houses and corrugated-iron roofs of the town of Mafeking.

It had been flying since dawn, and in the tiny carton around its neck was a wisp of paper covered with minute writing. The message was from a Colonel Plumer to a Colonel Baden-Powell, and it stated that the former's two relieving columns had moved off some miles away at daylight.

It was good news for Colonel Baden-Powell, who seven months before had found his small force of 800 men surrounded by an army of nearly 10,000 Boers. Although originally instructed only to protect the border, a defence of the important railway-junction of Mafeking had become inevitable.

The siege was begun on October 13th, 1899.

From the first, Baden-Powell had been forced to reverse the usual order of things: *it was the British defenders that pursued a policy of aggression, not the Boer attackers!*

General Cronje's besieging force were not taking any risks. The affair was conducted in a leisurely style, with Sundays usually off, and visitors' days, when the women friends of the Boers would arrive with picnic baskets from nearby towns and—as a great treat—be allowed to fire one of the guns.

Colonel Baden-Powell, on the other side, displayed all the youthful enthusiasm of the professional fighter which, a few years later, was to be communicated to the youth of the world in his Boy Scout movement.

When there were not gymkhanas in the besieged town, there were all sorts of little dodges to make the Boers sit up and have a little fun at fighting. A series of megaphones through which false orders about the defence were shouted was one of these . . .

The garrison was mildly happy, rather bored and quite healthy on this morning of May 16th. During the whole seven months it had lost only 37 men; but lately, Cronje's successor, General Snyman, had become so apathetic in his conduct that a night sortie by a certain energetic young Boer officer had been almost welcomed.

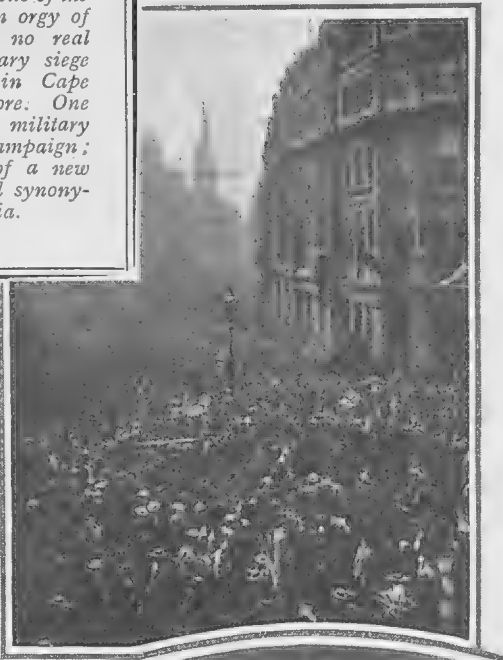
By noon, every observation post in Mafeking was occupied by expectant men anxious to catch the first sight of Colonel Plumer's relieving column.

At 1.30 a shell burst far away to the south-west, and by tea-time the flash of a heliograph told the watchers that the end of their seven months' tedium was close at hand.

Six o'clock saw the first of the two columns actually across the horizon, and by the time that the defenders of Mafeking were ready to settle down to their evening meal, Major Karri Davis—an officer of the Imperial Light Horse—marched in with ten men, to the great delight of the inhabitants and garrison.

By dawn next morning the whole column had arrived, full of congratulations for the smiling-eyed young colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards—Baden-Powell—who had behaved with such discretion and ingenuity since the preceding October.

It was agreed that the siege of Mafeking had been worth while because, at a critical



OUTSIDE the Mansion House the demonstrations were joyfully prolonged

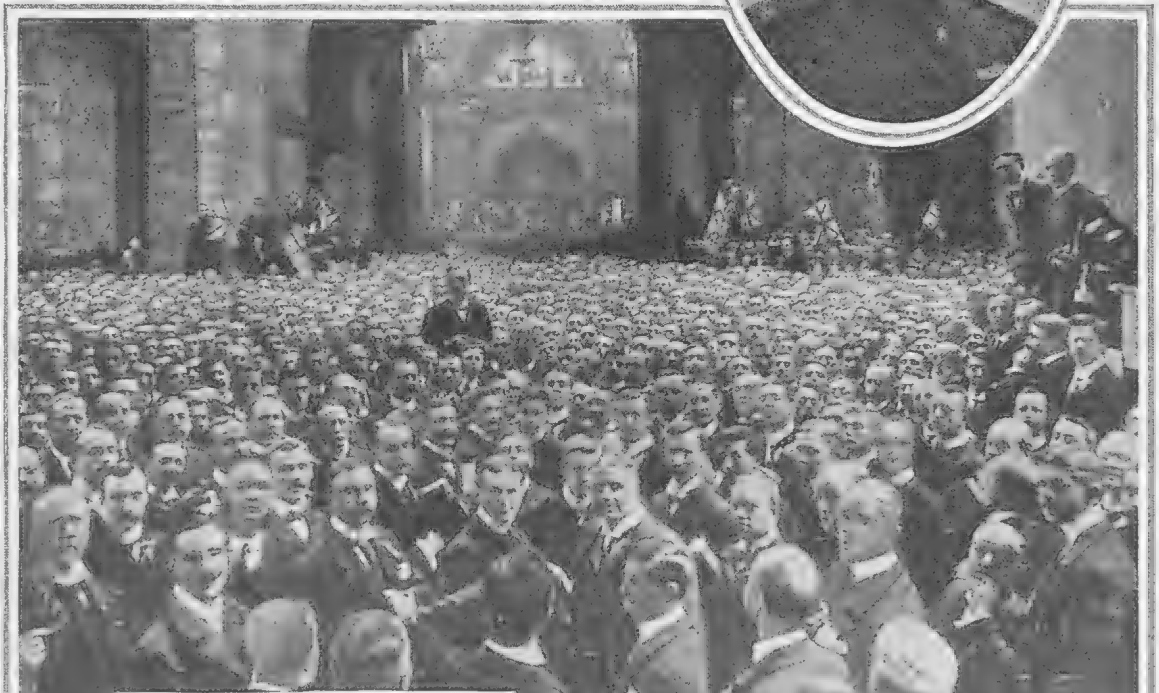
Below: LADY SARAH WILSON (on right of doorway) with some of her patients in the supplementary hospital at Mafeking

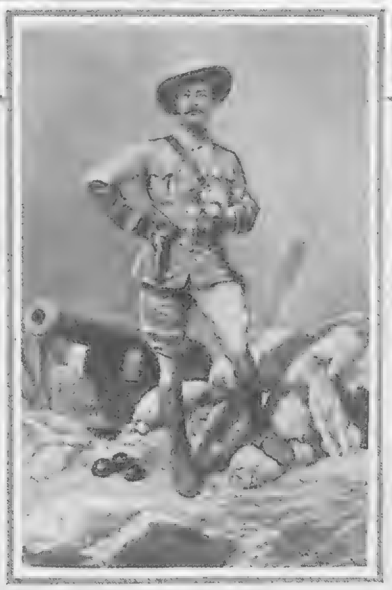
Days that have *made* History

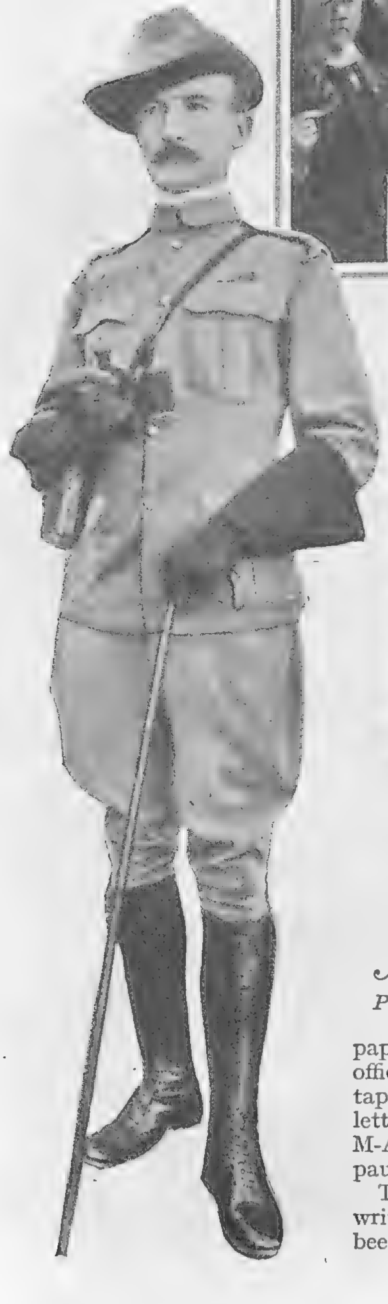
No. 4: The Relief of Mafeking

Described by
Gordon Beckles

time in the conduct of the South African campaign, it had diverted some 10,000 men of the Boer army . . . .







"GOD Save the Queen": Celebrating the good news of Mafeking's deliverance on the Stock Exchange

THE Commander of the Mafeking Relief Force: Colonel Plumer, a contemporary portrait (Inset above)

AN impression of "B.-P." by R. Caton Woodville which formed the frontispiece of "The Illustrated London News" of May 26th, 1900

A PHOTOGRAPH of Lt.-General Baden-Powell taken in Mafeking

THE SECOND DAY. About 9 o'clock on the evening of May 18th—thirty-six hours after Plumer had ridden into Mafeking—the newspaper offices of Fleet Street were not overburdened with news for the next morning's papers. A sub-editor in one office was idly watching the tape when it tapped out the letters S-I-E-G-E O-F M-A-F-E-K-I-N-G" and then paused.

The editors and leader-writers of Fleet Street had been whipping the public interest in Mafeking's plight into a frenzy. Only that morning a great morning paper had said in bold type that "*The Mafeking Mystery Promises to throw the Public Mind off its Balance.*"

Then the ticker machine continued its message. It spelt out the word "A-B-A-N-D-O-N-E-D." And in five minutes the whole of London seemed to know the glad tidings that Mafeking had been *relieved!*

Hundreds of thousands of Union Jacks appeared in a flash; the Strand, from Temple Bar to Trafalgar Square, was packed with hysterical women and drunken men. Top hats were knocked off with impunity, public-houses looted to the delight of their owners! At the Alhambra the great audience stood and cheered for five minutes; in the House of Commons the Members stood and cheered in defiance of the Speaker; on the steps of the Mansion House the Lord Mayor himself led continuous cheering and singing of "God Save the Queen" far into the night; crowds of laughing and crying women packed St. George's Place and cheered the mother of Baden-Powell, lying on a bed of sickness. Even members of the Athenæum roused themselves to cheers!

Complete strangers embraced each other in the middle of Piccadilly; hansom cabs filled with men blowing bugles trotted through the West End until far into the morning. And every man in a soldier's uniform was a deathless hero.

And down in Fleet Street, one of the greatest papers was emblazoning the seven-columns of its principal page with the query, in letters an inch deep, "WHEN SHALL THEIR GLORY FADE?" Followed by the announcement that "History's Most Heroic Defence Ends."

All the belligerent bombast of a generation which had raised jingoism to the level of a religion swept through the streets of London that night. It was a terrible scene . . . far more terrible than anything that Mafeking itself had ever seen!

"Show Business . . ."

By Hannen Swaffer

AT the corner of Forty-second-street and Broadway, the hub of the world of the American theatre, an actor saw another actor run over by a motor car, and killed.

" Show business," he said.

To the actor, everything is " Show business." It is the beginning and the end, the cause and the effect. If the comedian's wife runs away with the third cornet, he says " Show business," and finds another wife.

When the Cossacks came here, a few years ago, to ride and wave swords in the air, and found themselves in a dozen troubles, which involved the people who had brought them, and then had to go elsewhere, leaving behind a trail of trouble—" Show business," said people, paying up and smiling.

When Lord George Sanger was murdered, the thought " Show business " permeated the funeral gathering. He had lived dramatically in the glare of publicity—and died in the same way.

Some people have an idea that the theatre is merely an exclusive place where a few snobs act with their friends to please the stalls.

The hardened professional includes, in " Show business," the smallest wayside fair, a cocoanut shy and a roundabout, the tour of " The Miracle " across the United States, or a gala performance of grand opera, with two or three kings and queens in the Royal Box. It all makes " Show business " the most fascinating in the world.

" Show business " attracts people of every grade and of every kind, people of every colour, and of every size. Some of them have started in the gutter, and some of them have ended in the gutter.

But then, as Oscar Wilde said, " All of us are lying in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars."

CHALIAPINE started as a labourer on a wharf, somewhere on the Volga. He learned acting from one of the last " face-actors " of the old Russian theatre. He learned to sing in a choir.

The time came when he made " The Volga Boat Song," which he had sung, as a youth, with his fellow labourers, one of the most famous songs in the world.

It was known before, in England, of course, but when he sang it with that wonderful bass voice that, blent with his extraordinary powers of acting, makes Chaliapine the most notable singing personality since Caruso died, it swept round the world.

Gramophones carried it, and Chaliapine followed in their train.

It was " Show business " that raised Chaliapine from insignificance to world prominence. You must not think it was just the trick of his voice. He learned his art with difficulty, and now he moves like a king amongst men.

It was all part of " Show business " when Richard Tauber, brought here, at £1,500 a week, to sing in Franz Lehar's operette, " The Land of Smiles," broke down after three nights, rested for a week, sang again, and then broke down for the second time.

In Vienna, when Piccaver, the English tenor, broke down one night, Tauber took his place When, in his turn, Tauber broke down in London, they cabled to Piccaver to follow him.

Franz Lehar and Richard Tauber have been friends for years. " I will write more beautiful music for you," Lehar wrote to Tauber, when he was coming to London.

Their friendship recently survived a test. Tauber did not learn " The Land of Smiles " perfectly, in English, and Lehar was disappointed.

On Tauber's mantel-piece, you will see pictures with such phrases as " You are the other half of me," inscribed by the composer.

For three hundred nights in Germany, Tauber sang, instead of resting. He has been earning too much money by too great labour. No voice can stand it.

I have seen his doctor waiting in the wings to treat him when he came off. The audience did not know.

" Show business."

A few days later, I met little Hella Kurty, the brilliant young actress brought from Vienna to sing with Tauber.

She told me how, earlier in " The Land

of Smiles," her leg gave way. They took her to a hospital, and said she must stay in bed for a month.

"Oh, do let me act to-night," she said, "or I shall die! I won't dance, but do let me sing."

"Show business" gets into their bones, into their blood. Young as this girl was, she had caught the infection, got the fever.

One night, not many years ago, Lee and J. J. Shubert sat in an office, in Shaftesbury Avenue, crying their eyes out because a cable had just come from America saying that their brother, Sam, had been burned to death in a railway accident. He had been going from New York to Chicago to see a show, and the train became derailed.

The three of them, once boys in Syracuse, had built up a big theatre business, but Lee and J. J. depended on Sam, whom they thought the brains of the family.

"Show business" had killed him.

Yet, within a few years, J. J. was producing more shows than anybody in America, and Lee, his partner, was a great owner of theatre real estate.

The Shubert family spread its tentacles right across America, yes, even to England, where they involved even His Majesty's.

Now the slump has hit them badly. "Show business"!

ALL the Stage's a World—a world of its own, tragic, comic, temperamental, Up to-day and Down to-morrow, but always—the Stage

All the plays they took from England last year failed.

They have returned to America.

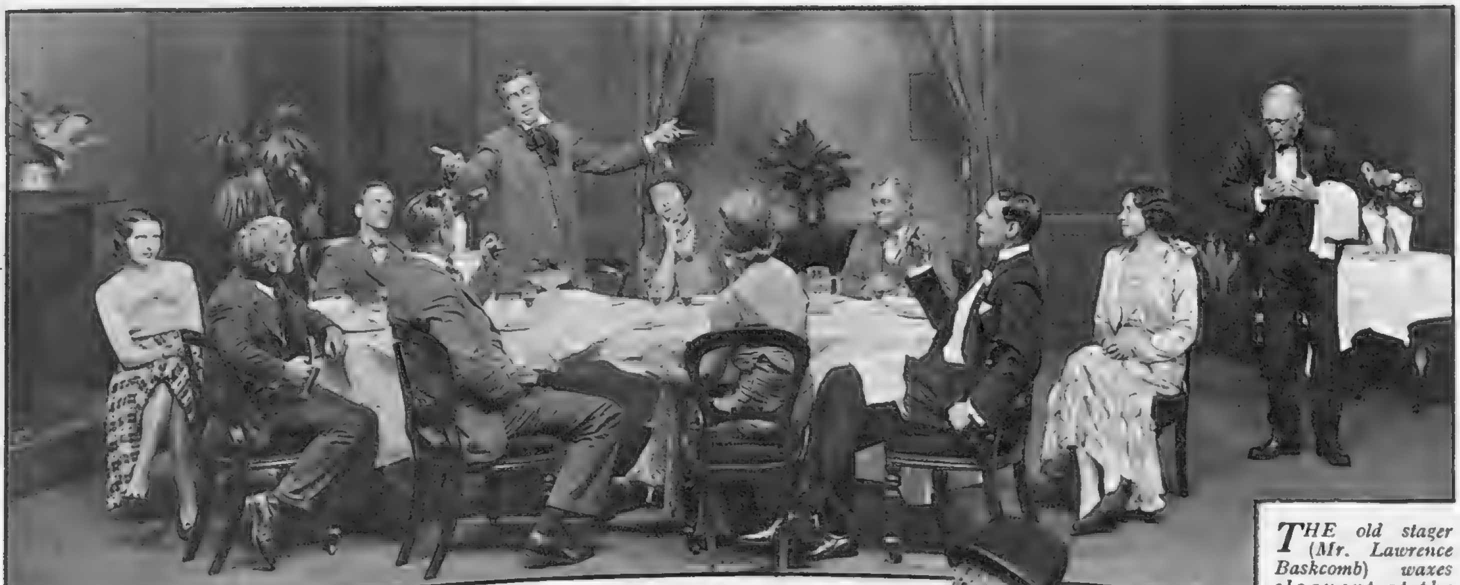
"Show business," they say.

"Show business" will bring them back again.

"Show business" killed Jimmy Tate. He composed "The Broken Doll" and "Jingle Johnny," and scores of songs famous before the

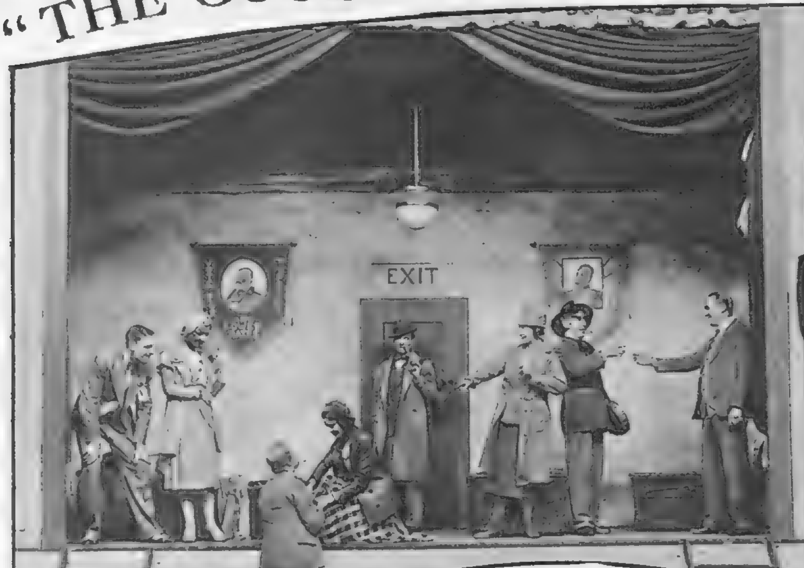
(*Continued on page 92.*)

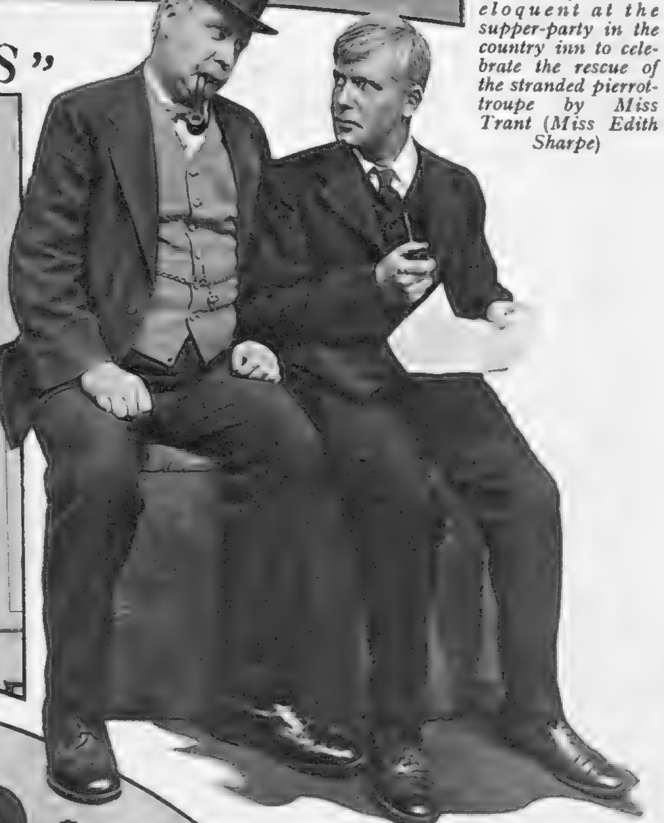
LORD JOHN
SANGER'S
CIRCUS & MENAGERIE.



THE old stager (Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb) waxes eloquent at the supper-party in the country inn to celebrate the rescue of the stranded pierrot-troupe by Miss Trant (Miss Edith Sharpe)

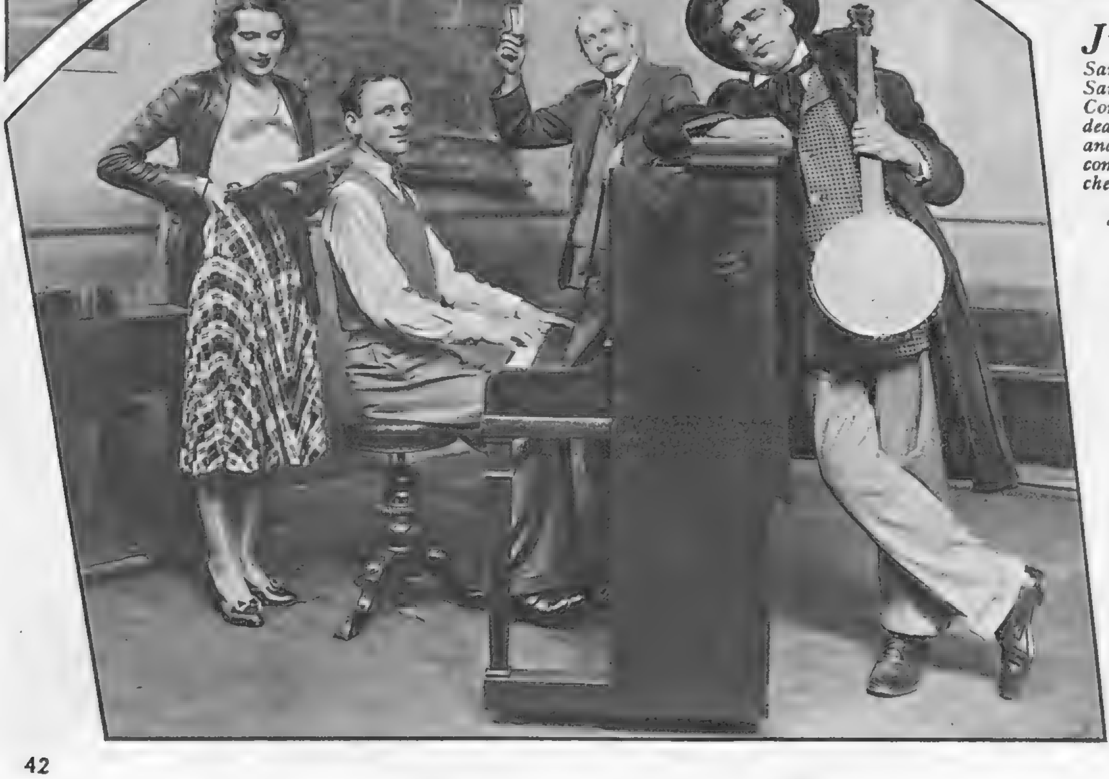
"THE GOOD COMPANIONS"





JESS OAKROYD (Mr. Edward Chapman) and his Yorkshire crony, Sam Oglethorpe (Mr. Frank Pettingell). Sam's adventures with "The Good Companions" are over, his wife is dead, and his old parlour is swept and garnished. Nevertheless, having come by a hundred pounds, he cheerfully emigrates to Canada

"THE Good Companions," at His Majesty's, is a tabloid version of J. B. Priestley's best-seller in sixteen scenes. The romantic story of how Jess Oakroyd, the jobless Yorkshire carpenter; Inigo Jollifant, the musical schoolmaster; and Miss Trant, the adventurous spinster, take the Open Road, join forces with a concert-party, and share its ups and downs, gives ample scope for numerous clever character-studies



INIGO JOLLIFANT (Mr. John Gielgud) plays to Susie Dean (Miss Adèle Dixon) the songs that are to make them both famous. The strolling mummer (Mr. Lawrence Baskcomb), Susie's uncle, is suitably impressed

George Arliss *in* "T*he* Millionaire"

IN his first modern comedy, "The Millionaire," George Arliss gives a delightful performance as a millionaire motor-car manufacturer who retires on account of ill-health, but buys an interest in a small garage, and, against doctor's orders and without his wife's knowledge, works there as an attendant. Top left: George Arliss, as James Alden, looks at the engine he designed in his youth. Top right: For the sake of his wife (played by Mrs. Arliss), the millionaire agrees to retire. Bottom left: The lovers: Barbara Alden (Evelyn Knapp) falls in love with Bill Merrick (David Manners), her father's partner in the garage

In Hollywood Private Lives are Public Property

The screen's perfect lovers: Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell

Lupe Velez, whose rumoured romance with Gary Cooper was a short-lived topic in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD'S latest theme is the newspaper "racket." Like Rousseau, the American film people have found that confession is good for the soul and excellent for the exchequer. They have laid bare their flaming youth, discovered to the world the criminal activities of the bootleggers, shown us the insides of their prisons, and now they are illuminating the jaundiced complexion of their yellow press with the strongest and most searching studio-lights.

In "Scandal Sheet," George Bancroft was tremendous as the editor who would have news at any cost, and, when scandal invaded his own home, in the good old he-man manner he just stepped round and shot the man who had "alienated his wife's affections" (a delicate American euphemism for something called by a different name in the Sixth Commandment); then he returned to his office to give his paper the story before surrendering to the law. The moral is dubious, but presumably, as Bancroft is what, in our quaint, old-fashioned way, we call the hero of the piece, it is considered "okay" to murder a man "what done you wrong" and admirable to serve one's paper to the last. (Contributors to *Britannia and Eve*, please note!)

Then there was "The Front Page," a really terrific picture, fatiguing in its non-stop drama, horror, and humour, and an almost embarrassing revelation of the methods of American press-men when handling a sensational murder case. This is a Howard Hughes picture (he is the young millionaire who made "Hell's

George Bancroft in "Scandal Sheet." He shoots the man who has "alienated his wife's affections"; then gives his paper the story before surrendering to the law

Angels") and he certainly has an unflinching flair for the dramatic presentation of realism, and is well backed up in this case by his director, Lewis Milestones.

The picture opens with the warders of a prison testing the drop on the gallows with a loaded sack and the thud of its fall gives the audience the first jump. Most of the action takes place in the press room of the "death house," where bored crime reporters (all drawn from life) are waiting to get their "stories" about the last hours of a wretched man in the condemned cell. There is a hit at the American psychiatrists. A professor, testing the miserable, half-mad murderer's reaction to firearms, gets his data too late for it to be of any use to him: he receives a bullet, fired at close quarters, from the gun kindly supplied for the experiment by the warden of the prison. Adolphe Menjou shows his real mettle as an actor, in the part of the ruthless editor, who drives his pet crime reporter to every kind of expedient and lawlessness and nearly ruins his private life (that is where the lovely heroine comes in), for the sake of what Marion Lorne in "Good Losers" calls a "scope."

By the time this is published, London will have seen Richard Barthelmess in "The Finger Points," a mixture of newspaper story and crook drama which purports to tell something of the truth about the murder of a real crime reporter by Chicago gangsters. In the picture, Barthelmess starts out as a raw young reporter, who exposes a gangster and gets hurt for his pains. Subsequently, he accepts hush money and is caught up in the dangerous game which ends inevitably in his being "bumped off" just when he means to quit "the racket."

So far, the crime department has been the source of these pictures about newspaper life. The effects of the scandal sheets on the private lives of their victims have not really been expoited on the screen. That may come. Anyone who has any sort of notoriety, social, political or artistic, has "news value": hence the amazing publicity given to the most intimate details in the lives of the inhabitants of Hollywood, which is, notoriously, a hotbed of scandal and gossip.

Over here we have our gossip writers, but they are respecters of persons and particularly of personages. Even public exhibitions of private feelings are treated with suave discretion: the principals are described with adjectival ambiguity, and there is a code which barely hints at the scene of their activities. This and that takes place in "a night-club not a hundred yards from Leicester Square" or at "an hotel in the vicinity of Piccadilly Circus." A "peeress" slaps the face of "a well-known actress" in "a famous grill room in the Strand" and so on. There is no such reticence in America. There the gossip writers tell who is in love with whom, whom they hate and why, what the film stars eat and what they weigh, and if they do fight there is no secret about the identity of the belligerents. When Kathleen Key beat up Buster Keaton in his dressing room the world knew it before Keaton had paid for the arnica. And soon afterwards the papers were asking how Lilyan Tashman got a black eye, though she said distinctly

(*Continued on page* 119)

By Sydney Tremayne

In "The Front Page" Adolphe Menjou shows his mettle as the ruthless editor who drives his pet crime reporter to every kind of expedient and lawlessness to obtain a scoop

If Britannia had her own "Scandal Sheet"—where would Eve be?

Constance Bennett, whom rumour inaccurately prophesied would succeed Gloria Swanson as the Marquise de Falaise. Joel McCrea, who played opposite her in "Born to Love," is her ideal leading man

BOOKS

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

A Prisoner in England: What we looked like in the War: Fiction, Old and New

AMONG the peculiarities of the War, none is more striking than this—that, by grasping to it so many millions of civilians, War at length revealed its horrid features to writers and painters. War, which had previously owed much of its romance to artists, has received from artists the heaviest wounds it has ever sustained. Formerly, the vast majority of Europeans were without knowledge of the meaning of war. That can never again be said. There may be wars yet to come. But they will not come disguised. Thousands of books and pictures, and here and there a few films, have instructed those who are not too lazy or too unimaginative to learn. The lesson may be forgotten, but that will be the pupils' fault. No one can say that the teachers have not done their best.

The famous novelist, Sheila Kaye Smith and her husband, the Rev. Theodore Fry, have taken possession of their new house at Brede, near St. Leonards, the "Tamarisk Town" of one of her most popular novels

Yet even now there are some stories of the war still untold. Until Mr. Paul Cohen-Portheim wrote his *Time Stood Still*, 1914–18 (Duckworth, 8s. 6d.), I had never read the story of the interned civilian. There are plenty of records in existence of military prisoners and their attempts to escape. But Mr. Cohen-Portheim was a painter, not a soldier. He was not enrolled; he was interned, here in England. He never tried to dig a tunnel out of his camp. He was too busy trying to keep sane during four years of nothingness. He was technically an enemy, because he was born an Austrian, but he was living in England, had friends in England, and (as his earlier book showed) loved England well enough to understand her. Amongst the other Austrians and Germans in the camp were many business men, waiters, barbers, etc., who, like him, had come to regard England as their second home. It was not unnatural that all these men should, at the outbreak of war, be suspected and rounded up. But it was, surely, unnecessary that for four years they should all be treated as potential spies, and that nobody should ever have had time to examine their past history.

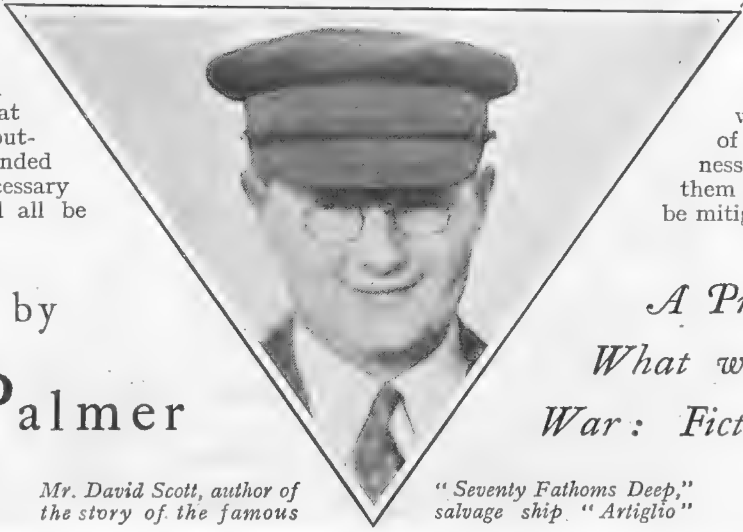
The truth is that these civilian prisoners became pawns in a game, an endless and purposeless game that nobody could ever win. For this game was not war, but the treatment of civilians. Neutral observers kept the belligerent nations fully informed as to the conditions in prisoners' camps in other countries. So it came about that no prisoners were treated as well or as badly as their guards would have liked to treat them. They were treated in precisely the same way as all prisoners in all camps in all countries. Any additional hardship or benefit introduced into the German system produced immediately a corresponding change in the English, and vice versa. And as the pace of a cavalry charge is that of the slowest horse, so the treatment of all prisoners was always that which prevailed in the most unsuitable camp ruled over by the most hide-bound commandant.

MR. COHEN-PORTHEIM never met with any deliberate cruelty. We should not believe him if he said that he had; and he does not say so. It is inevitable that he should consider his detention stupid and unnecessary. Indeed it was both. But it is no good pretending that, in similar circumstances, he would not again be interned. Almost certainly he would. Yet one likes to think that, owing to the education of public opinion (in which education his book will play a part) interned civilians would stand a chance of better treatment. The appalling ugliness of their surroundings may not change, since the soldiers who guard them will be unconscious of the ugliness. But the nothingness of their lives, the void around them and in front of them—this might be mitigated. Some soldiers went mad

Adventure

IF you read them, you will certainly remember the superb descriptive articles which appeared in "The Times" on the occasion of the finding of the sunken "Egypt." The location and salvage of the vessel was successfully carried out by Italian divers who, with their ship, were destroyed not long afterwards by an error in the explosion of a depth charge. The full story of the work of these extraordinary men is told in a book called *Seventy Fathoms Deep* (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.), by David Scott. Mr. Scott was the only journalist on the salvage ship "Artiglio," and it is fortunate for the world that he should be such an able member of his profession. The book contains numerous illustrations, but it is much more than a mere collection of photographs. I have found it absorbing.

ANOTHER record of great adventure is *Passages from Arabia Deserta* (Cape, 4s. 6d.). Doughty's marvellous work has already been abridged by Mr. Edward Garnett—in fact, until his *Wanderings in Arabia* was published Doughty's immense reputation reposed largely on the faith of the public. Now Mr. Garnett, by means of selected passages, has reduced the book yet further—from the original 600,000 words to 130,000. If much is lost, much is gained by the issue of a cheap and handy volume. In *Highlands, Highways and Heroes*, by D. C. Cuthbertson (Grant, 7s. 6d.), readers will find history and folklore nearer home. Mr. Cuthbertson writes simply and well, and his text is illustrated by photographs of the romantic scenery in which his stories are laid. Scots, languishing in the effete South, will relish this book.



Mr. David Scott, author of the story of the famous "Seventy Fathoms Deep," salvage ship "Artiglio" through fear, an unavoidable consequence of the fearfulness of war. Some prisoners went mad through boredom—but that is a result that might easily be avoided, and might easily have been averted. The fact that the ordinary civilian prisoner suffered, on the whole, far less hardship than the ordinary soldier at the front is no argument for the infliction of unnecessary torture on the prisoner.

EVERYONE should read this book, for it is unique in depicting England in war time as it appeared to a Central European. Everyone can read it with safety, for the author is patient and reasonable. And everyone can read it with profit, for it is the work of a thoughtful and sympathetic man, who has suffered, and reflected, and understood much. It is worth noting, in conclusion, that he wrote it himself in English. There are one or two slips. I advise you to ignore these and to concentrate on the excellence of the writing as a whole. It is not merely good for a foreigner; it is absolutely good, and shows that he has, besides command of the language, something which is much rarer—an ear sensitive to its rhythm and to its undercurrents of sound and sense. Altogether, a remarkable performance. In exchange for four years of misery, Mr. Cohen-Portheim has given us a first-rate book. Probably that is not the way in which he views the transaction. Well, he has given us a few hours' uneasiness, too.

THE discussion of good writing leads easily and naturally to the next book on my list—*Portraits in Miniature*, by Lytton Strachey (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). The eighteen essays in this volume range over a wide field, but they are also all biographical studies. They are also all quite short, and so cannot be included amongst Mr. Strachey's most important work. But their quality, it need not be said, is beautiful. All Mr. Strachey's writings have the virtue of perfection, and his new book is no exception. Sometimes, as in the paper called "The Sad Story of Dr. Colbatch," one may wonder if the author is not too good to be true. But he is also too good for one to wish him otherwise. The volume, coming from a house whose reputation, like the author's, is uniformly high, is as delightful as the prose it contains.

IT is not often that Mr. Aldous Huxley publishes a book of poetry. *The Cicadas* (Chatto and Windus, 5s.) marks only his third appearance as a poet. Yet it is extraordinary how, in whatever medium he uses, Mr. Huxley is so happy that one asks oneself whether he will ever desert it. As a novelist he seems to be the controller of the destiny of the modern novel. As an essayist, he can make one wonder if his novels are not a diversion from his true purpose. And he writes poetry like a poet, and not like a mere man of letters venturing into rhyme. About one half of his new, slender volume is taken up by a (loose) sequence of sonnets. These poems, besides being the best in the collection, show how easily Mr. Huxley supports discipline, or, if you prefer it, his mastery of form. If anyone since Rupert Brooke has written lovelier sonnets than these, I should like to know of them, for I must have missed a treat. One does not read these poems, and smile happily, and pass on. They remain. They remain standing, like a building, and one returns, and walks round them and on leaving knows one will come again.

FAR and away the most interesting of the newly issued novels is an old book in cheap form. *The Getting of Wisdom* (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.), is Henry Handel Richardson's (*continued on page* 115)

For General Reading

The Trial of Alfred Arthur Rouse.
By Sydney Tremayne.
(Bles, 10s. 6d.)

The Firm of Cadbury.
By Iolo A. Williams.
(Constable, 10s. 6d.)

VERY few people can have been sufficiently strong-minded to forbid themselves to follow the developments in the Rouse case. The ingenuity shown in planning the crime, the highly unlikely arrival of two witnesses before the criminal had made good his escape from the scene, and the utter failure of anyone, in or out of court, to suggest a reasonable motive for the murder—all these factors combined to make the case dramatic, fateful and puzzling. Even when the case was over and the sentence had been carried out, the mystery continued and was even intensified by the publication of alleged confessions. Since the study of crime and criminals has always attracted men, Rouse's trial was bound to arouse and will continue to arouse interest. People will still argue that, until a motive is discovered, a crime is not satisfactorily solved. Sydney Tremayne's book, then, should be assured of a place in the library of every criminologist, for it contains, besides an admirable introduction in which the loose ends are gathered together and straightened out, a verbatim report of the case. There are also nine photographs, completing the record of one of the most gruesome but fascinating crimes of recent years. In the absence of a motive, there must always be a doubt. Reperusal of the trial, however, leaves very little doubt that justice was meted out to Rouse.

Mr. Williams's book deals with a more edifying theme—the rise of one of the great Quaker families in the social and industrial life of England. There has never, I believe, been a Quaker musician of note, but in every other business and profession Quakers have left their mark on their country. As the title of his book suggests, Mr. Williams deals almost exclusively with the industrial efforts of the Cadburys, and only passing mention is made of the association of the family with Fleet Street. He writes, in short, of the firm rather than of the family. There are a number of illustrations.

Sydney Tremayne, author of "The Trial of Alfred Arthur Rouse," a book which should have a place in the library of every criminologist

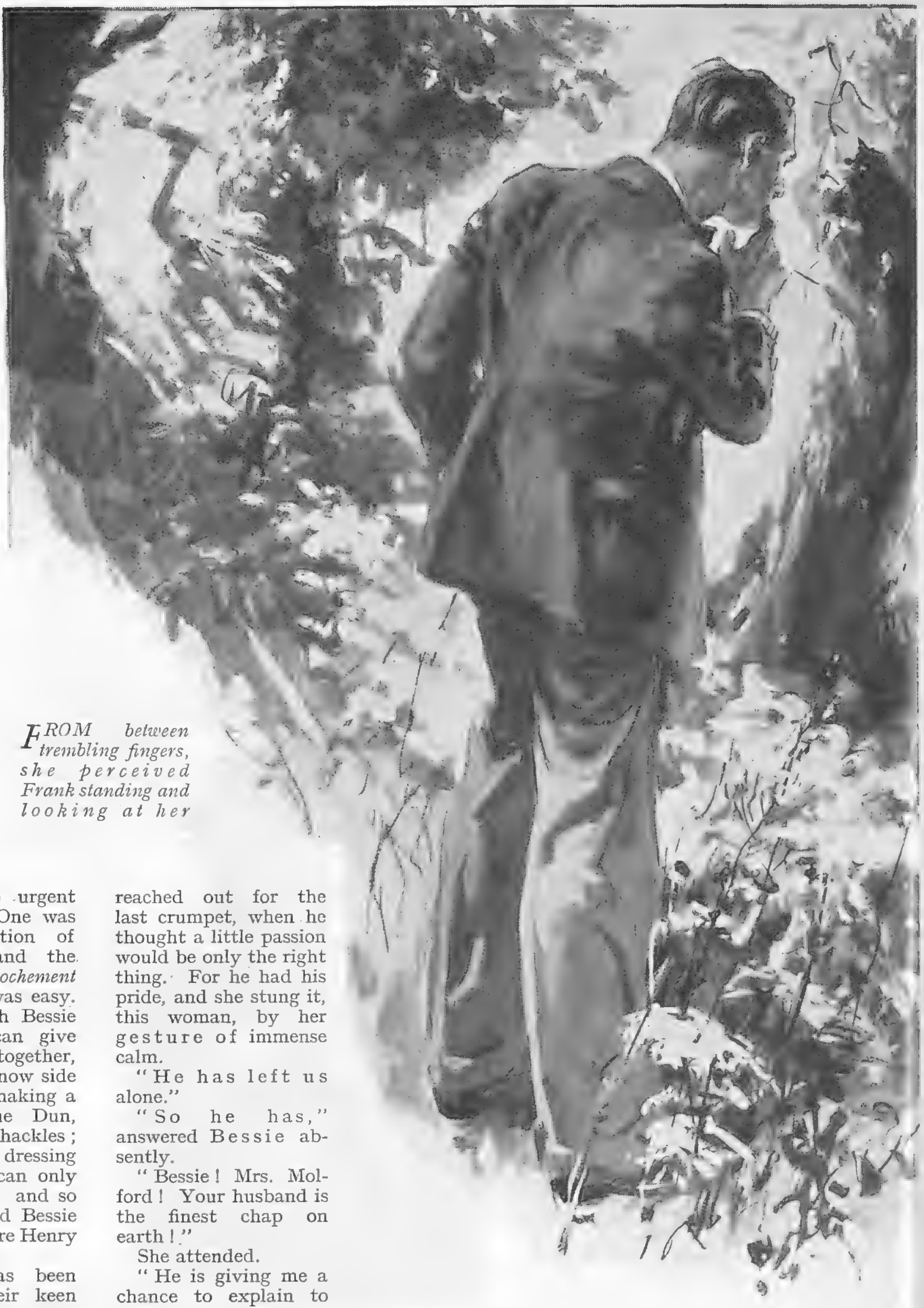
Mr. Lytton Strachey, our premier biographist

Mr. Paul Cohen-Portheim, whose book, "Time Stood Still, 1914-1918," is reviewed in this article

Synopsis of Part I

HENRY MOLFORD, elderly and ineffectual, summons a family conclave to discuss the depraved conduct of his wife, Bessie, with Frank, the chef — public-school, charming, and an expert fisherman. The problem of divorce—or sacking the chef—pales into insignificance beside the future of Bessie's coveted trout-stream. All the men are fishermen and aghast at the prospect of Frank ousting Henry from the lordship of the famous waters. Henry and Frank, apart from the scandal, have two bonds—dry-fly as against wet, and the same public-school (Mughouse !). They confer convivially, after Frank has served an epicurean lunch, and Henry cunningly points out that the adjoining waters are even better than Bessie's. They belong to her cousin, Lizzie Rollop, an unloved spinster of forty, but Lizzie—horrors !—hand-feeds the trout and treats her part of the stream as a fish sanctuary. Frank is horrified and, waiving his claim to Bessie and her stretch of water, agrees to turn his attentions to Lizzie and her preserves

Illustrated by Forster



FROM between trembling fingers, she perceived Frank standing and looking at her

THERE were now two urgent matters to arrange. One was the formal renunciation of Bessie by Frank; and the other was an endeavour at *rapprochement* with Lizzie Rollop. The first was easy.

"I will leave you alone with Bessie after tea, Frank, when you can give her up," said Henry, as they sat together, still in Frank's attic room, but now side by side at the table, carefully making a lifelike imitation of the Blue Dun, dressed with lovely dancing hackles; and then experimenting with a dressing of a Pope's Nondescript, that can only be described as pre-Raphaelite; and so on, so that time fleeted by, and Bessie was sitting behind her tea-table ere Henry and their guest joined her.

This woman's placidity has been already indicated, and as their keen glances found her comfortably at her third crumpet, Frank and Henry anticipated little anguish over the parting.

"We are going to have a very pretty sunset," she remarked smilingly.

Neither Frank nor Henry could eat a mouthful of the crumpets, the pound cake, the caviare sandwiches, the pâté, egg and cucumber sandwiches, all of which Bessie was enjoying; but then it is a truism among the medical profession that the agonies of men are stronger and greater and more poignant altogether than the agonies of women, who are, by comparison, naturally insensitive. And as soon as he had drunk a cup of tea and agreed with Bessie's prophecy about the sunset, Henry rose and walked out to the terrace.

For a while Frank—who was an artist in all that he undertook—stared tenderly and sorrowfully at Bessie, until her hand reached out for the last crumpet, when he thought a little passion would be only the right thing. For he had his pride, and she stung it, this woman, by her gesture of immense calm.

"He has left us alone."

"So he has," answered Bessie absently.

"Bessie! Mrs. Molford! Your husband is the finest chap on earth!"

She attended.

"He is giving me a chance to explain to you in private all that has passed between us this afternoon. He will not divorce you! He is a man in a thousand. He has forgiven me, but he has convinced me that I could never make you happy, and *he will not divorce you.*"

She attended.

"We must give each other up, here and now!"

"Very well," said she, "certainly." And her tone was one of kindly agreement.

"We shall suffer, but we deserve it!"

"Oh, I don't care for suffering," said Bessie in accents of mild rebuke, "I shall not suffer. And I think it quite a good thing after all that Henry will not divorce me. Though I should have married you, of course. I do not suppose it would have made much difference," she added after a pause.

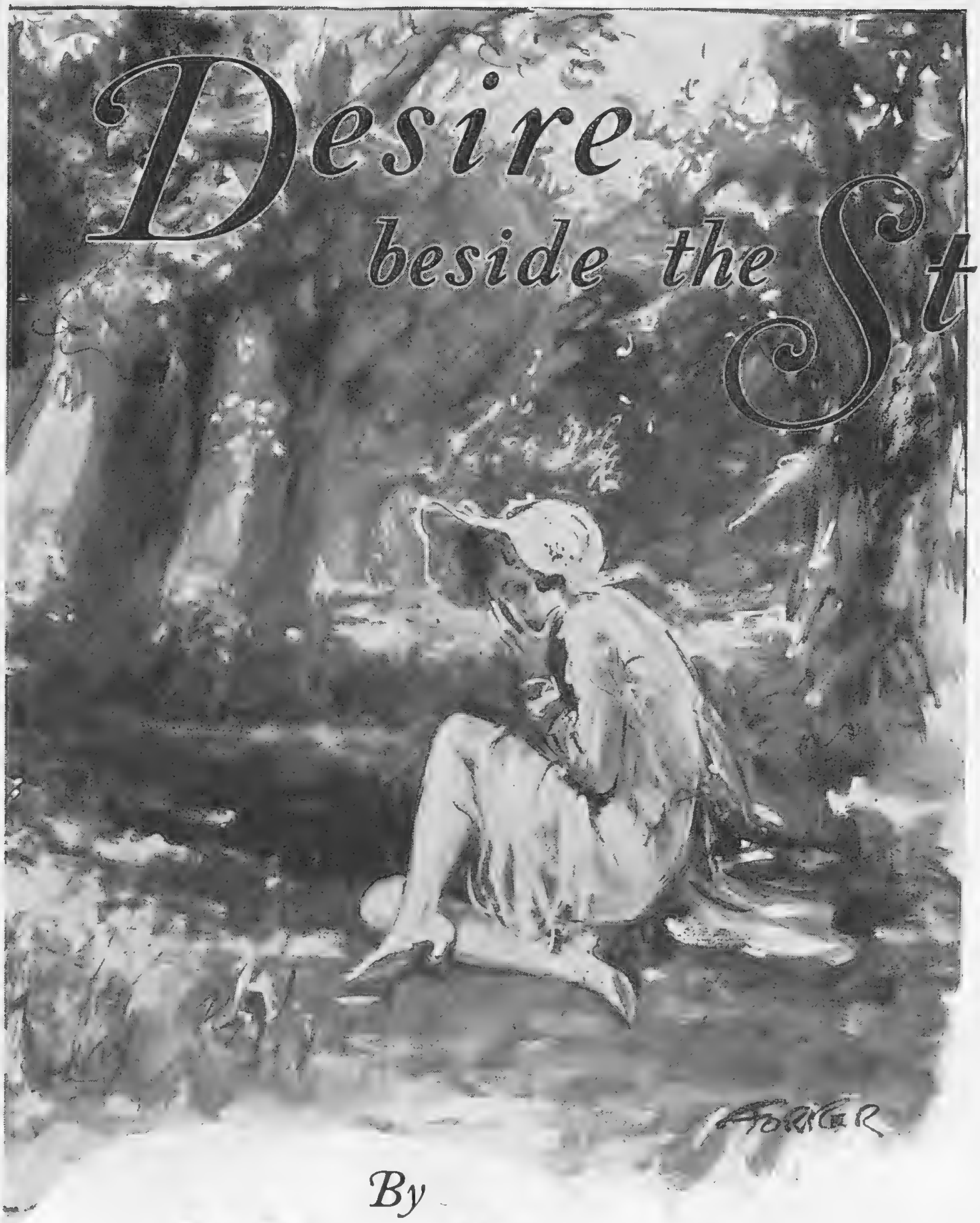
"I do not know at all what made me do it," she went on. "One does strange, wilful little things sometimes, does one not? But by this afternoon's post came a letter about the Women's Institute, and another about the new drainage in the village; and another asking me to give away the prizes at the Flower Show, where I am, of course, exhibiting. And with one thing and another I realise that I have a very full life, and there is not much time to make alterations of any consequence."

She took the last sandwich, and then a remnant of the rich cake, and thus cleared the tea table.

IT is to Frank's æsthetic credit that he sighed, for although he should now have been relieved to find that all this woman's energies and passions were

Desire beside the Stream

Part 2: Conclusion



By

May Edginton

already redirected to the affairs of the universe, thus releasing him, every man has his *amour propre*, and in her coarse feminine way, unwitting, she had stabbed it shrewdly.

" You are a brave woman," he said, placing the best construction upon it; and, pressing her hand for the last time in love, he left her and joined Henry.

They stood gazing out at the impending sunset.

" Well, Frank ? "

" O.K."

" Fine. Now what next ? "

This question was answered for them by the sight of a female figure running fast in the lovely fading light across the park that stretched at the foot of the gardens, and which separated the Molford domain from the domain of Rollop. This figure came at a great pace, soon determining itself as Cousin Lizzie. She was quickly across the sunk fence at the foot of the lower lawn and, still running, arrived at the terrace whereon stood Frank and Henry.

" Oh ! " panted the girl, her hands on her heaving breast. " Oh ! Oh ! " And she sank on the steps.

Both Frank and Henry dashed to raise her, coaxing her into a hammock swing, and soon she was able to falter her explanation.

" A man ! "

" ' A man ' ? "

" Yes. I had decided that Bessie could not possibly be left without a cook; therefore my cook is on her way here in the luggage cart. Then I decided that I could not be left without a cook either—could I ? " said she, turning to Frank a very lingering and provocative glance. " So I had my things packed, and they are in the luggage cart too, and I am coming to stay here. But, as I said this morning, I can no longer trust myself alone with the new chauffeur, and so I thought I myself would walk across the park. But——"

After an emotional pause the girl continued hurriedly, obviously in great distress and embarrassment, " I was no sooner out of the house than——"

After another pause she conveyed to them that as she passed along thinking how pretty was the sunset, she had been startled to see an under-gardener gazing at her voraciously from behind a rhododendron of the variety Pink Pearl. And even gaining the Molford Park, she had espied a keeper who, no sooner had he seen her—and she knew he had—turned and came rapidly towards her. Hence she had run—and run—and run—and run.

It was always like this, she said.

The under-gardener and the keeper served, naturally, for a peg upon which Frank could hang his chivalry; but what really relieved him—and Henry too—was the girl's limpid reasoning as to the necessity of becoming a guest in this house. This eased their immediate problem, and they supported her within, to hand her over—temporarily only—to a woman's sympathetic care.

" Bessie," said Henry, " Cousin Lizzie has kindly brought us her cook, which necessitates her staying here, does it not, dear ? But, Bessie, on her way here, Lizzie was frightened by one of the gardeners."

The expression on Bessie's face was such that, had she been a vulgar woman, instead of a lady and moreover a hostess, it might have been imagined that she remarked: " Not half ! " or " Tell us another ! " or " What hopes ! " There was also for an instant a slight protuberance of one cheek as if her tongue may have got caught there. But this was momentary only; her more vital thoughts were already well ahead, in the exhibition tent at the Flower Show where the Aurora Carbuncle—in its July blooming—should sweep all before it; and she took Cousin Lizzie straightway herself to a guest room.

"I foresee very hard going," said Frank as soon as they were alone.

"Do you know much about women, Frank?"

"Well——"

"There are books."

"Yes."

Teak entered.

The revivification of the morning had not been maintained: and once again, as usual, he looked his age.

"Lady Widdower on the telephone, sir," he said thoughtfully, looking at Frank.

"Switch her through, Teak—if I may, Henry?"

Henry regarded Frank warmly. "Switch her through, Teak; and come back."

In a moment the aged lady was asking Frank to pay her a visit of indefinite length.

When this advance had been dealt with in the only way in which an honourable man could deal with it under the circumstances, Teak had returned. This time he held a note in his hand, which he handed to Frank.

It was from Flora Bushes, and it began by stating that her husband did not know she had written it, and must, indeed, never guess; but that if the recipient would meet her after dark in the little valley at the end of the park, she wished to tell him something he really ought, for his own sake, to know, about the mischievous vampire in whose house he found himself.

"No answer," said Frank ruthlessly, crushing it.

"Very good, sir."

"And come back, Teak."

"Very good, sir."

Teak returned.

"Teak," said Henry, "I dare say you read a good deal. To be brief, can you recommend any serious works about women?"

"Sir, I recommend the study of Jung, sir; also Freud; Havelock Ellis might interest you too. Stopes is useful. And then there is a neat little book by another lady, much lighter, yet entirely practical——"

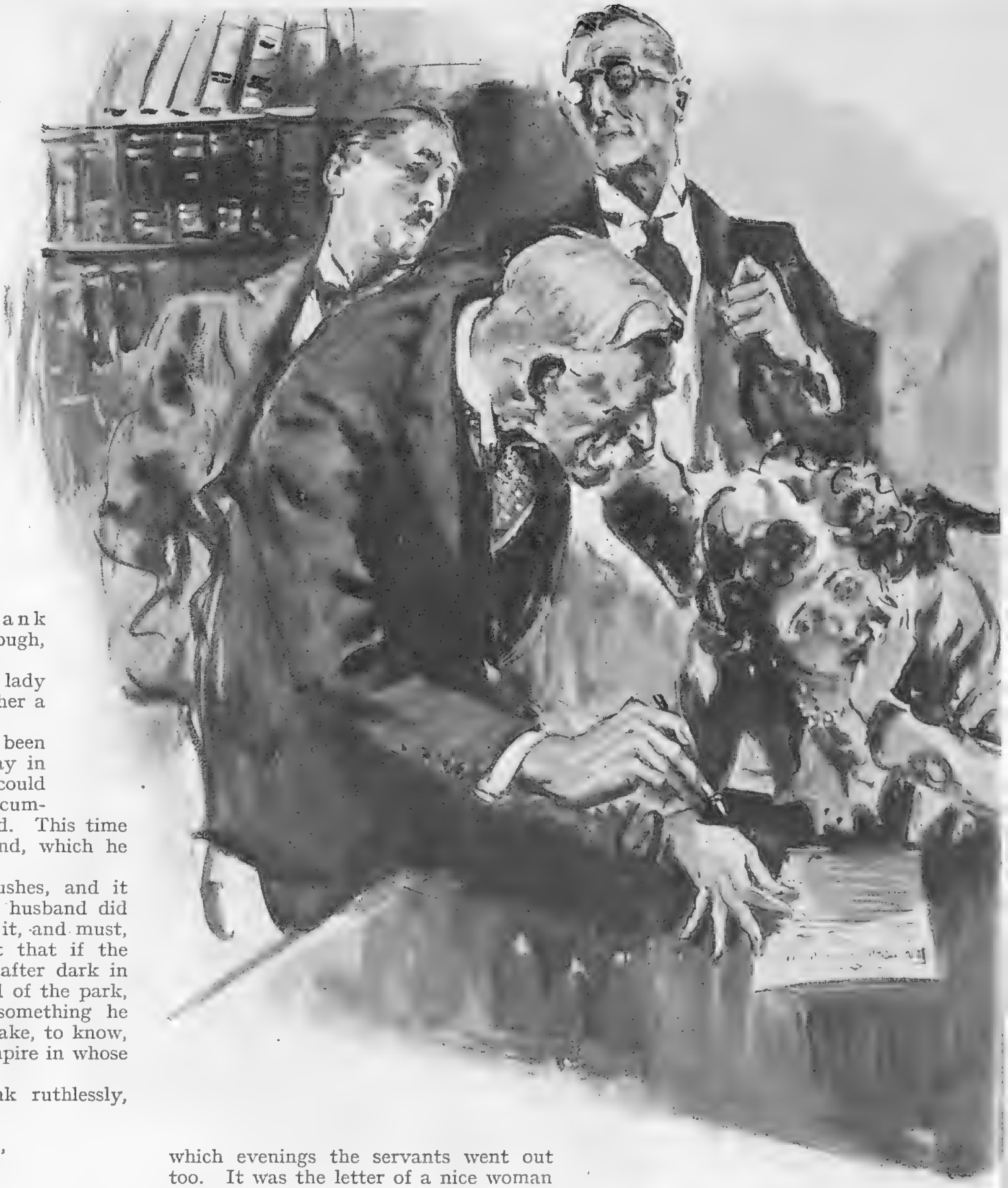
"Where are these books, Teak?"

"I have them all in my modest little library upstairs, sir."

"You will lend them?"

"I'm honoured, sir."

Teak went and returned with the volumes, but also with another note, just delivered at the front door by an innocent schoolchild. It was from Gertrude Bowling, who expressed her perfect understanding of Frank's true nature, her detestation of the machinations that had trapped him; and adding that the Vicar was always away from home in the ultimate reaches of the parish on Thursdays from two o'clock until seven; with the Boy Scouts on third Saturdays; and that his home missed him regularly from 9 till 11 p.m. on second Mondays, on which evenings the servants went out too. It was the letter of a nice woman anxious to do good.



However:

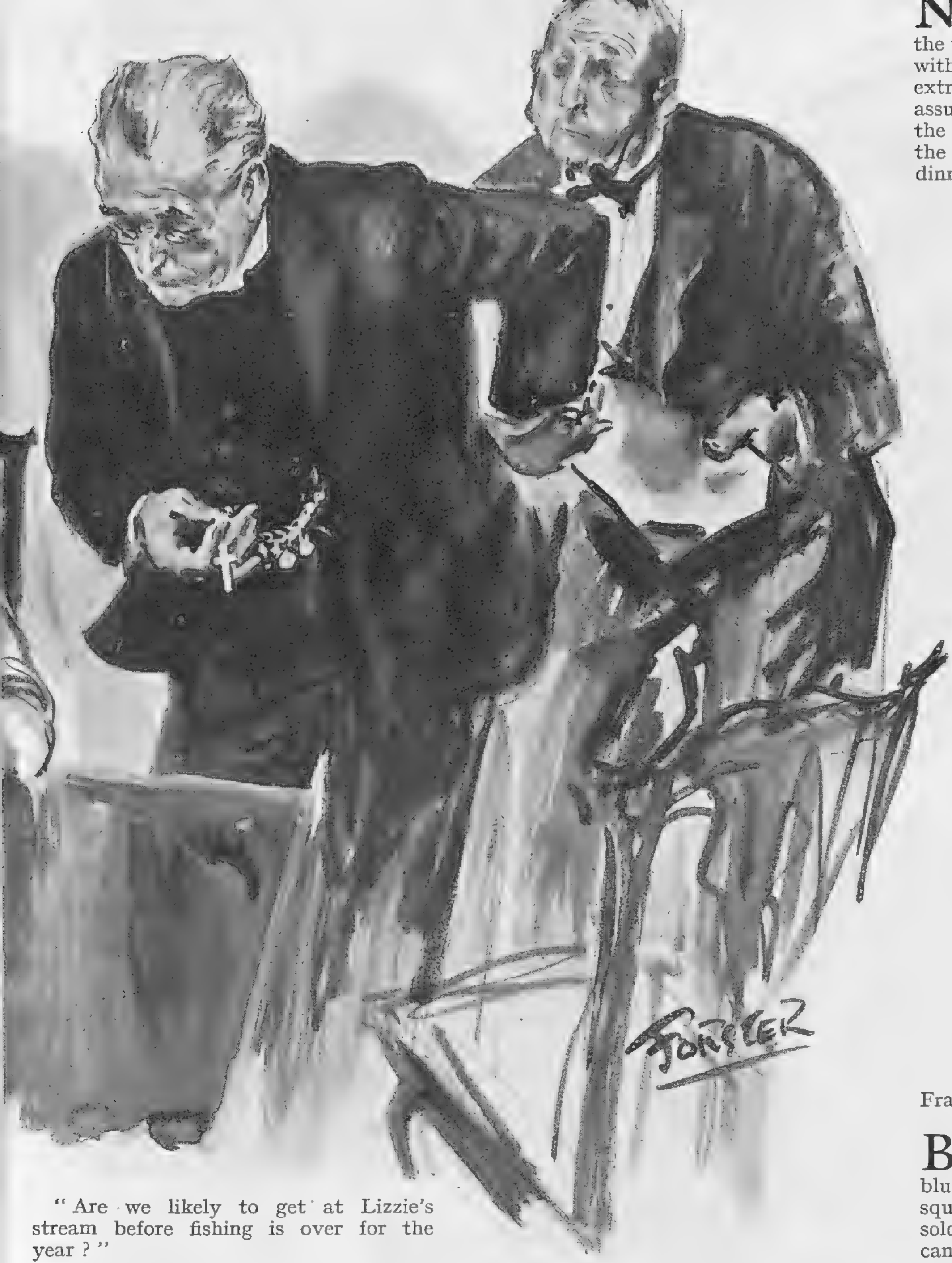
"No answer," said Frank ruthlessly.

It was a soft evening, grey and mild; and as the aged servant went to the door he uttered something sharply moving, acridly effective, considering its context:

"Trout will be rising beautiful tonight."

IT is sweet to receive the good wishes and encomiums of friends and well-wishers, even if these friends and well-wishers are personally unknown. Very soon after Frank had begun, in close companionship with Henry, the study of Freud, Jung, Ellis, Stopes, and a few more, he commenced to receive letters, sometimes anonymous, sometimes boldly signed, from dry-fly fishermen, wishing him all the best. These very heartening epistles came from all parts of the country, from the Scottish border to Devonshire, so that it seemed as if the secret of Frank's quest had leaked out, being handed, doubtless, by word of mouth from enthusiast to enthusiast. Even wormers wrote; wet-fly men put pen to paper impetuously. Norway was stirred. The Fishers' Amalgamation sent a manifesto signed by a hundred members. The Trout Ticklers' Club presented a charm to be worn next to the skin; and that well-known paper for anglers, *Flowing Stream*, printed an editorial that caused expert commotion in the bar of many a quiet hostelry beside rich waters.

Lizzie Rollop was not an easy subject for students. She was one of the most delicate and obscure problems in femininity ever presented, and so much was plain from the outset. But Frank, thorough to a degree, once he had set about the task of overcoming her waywardness, showed a patience that no doubt had been the secret of his high perfection in the culinary art. He was heartened, of course, by the aforementioned expressions of sympathy and cheer from outsiders who had heard rumours of his love story; and also by the deep friendship that almost immediately matured between him, Colonel Bushes, the Reverend Theodore Bowling, and the legal Molford. These three men even managed to put aside personal passions—for worm, wet fly or dry; they sank all in the main consideration:



BEGGING her not to hurry—yet at the same time insinuating the Vicar's fountain-pen helpfully into her hand

"Are we likely to get at Lizzie's stream before fishing is over for the year?"

Or:

"May we have to wait until the spring?"

It was then flaming June, and Bessie Molford was—happily for everyone—engrossed in her horticultural ambitions, for the Flower Show was only a few weeks away. She, then, as a component part of the problem, passed out of this love story, which instantly centred, without a blur, around the main characters.

Frank refused to be hurried. His passions were abominably disciplined. Daily Cousin Lizzie—who remained as his only fellow guest in the house—could be observed resenting masculine advances, shrinking and fleeing before the male terror. The girl's life was no cinch; her intuitions were at work night and day; and even in this house—so grandly calm to all outward view—a new peril had befallen her. It was not enough that grooms gazed, thoughtful and often closing one eye the better to see her, as she passed on winged feet; that the chauffeur ceased washing the car and crawled completely beneath it—no repairs being indicated—when he saw her near; or that gardeners hid behind trees with the worst of motives on her approach. Nor was it enough that Colonel Bushes, Mr. Bowling, and the legal Molford positively haunted the house since she had come to stay; but on the third day she was acutely conscious of the manner in which Teak breathed on her neck as he handed her the peas at dinner. Aged men were much the worst, so she said, and she begged her sister-woman for protection, but Bessie's expression became so vulgar that, remembering the woman's abandoned nature, Lizzie fled to Henry . . . .

Yet even Henry—for all practical purposes an ascetic—begged her so ardently not to leave them that she could scarcely fail to guess the new dangers that—even in his spiritual way—he represented.

Still, she did not leave, for she had courage; only life became more and more curious, until, as she said, she thought she would have a breakdown.

NOW, amid the flattery of the Colonel, the swooning meek ardour of Henry, the unctuousness of Mr. Bowling, who sat with her daily looking her over in an extraordinarily piercing fashion while he assumed her interest in parish matters, the attention of the legal Molford, and the passionate breathing of the butler at dinner, one fact stood out in the girl's flame-like imagination clear as gin.

Besides being clear as gin the fact was divinely beautiful as a rose; and at the same time—so intricate is the delicate machinery of the female mind—this fact was just hell. It was that Frank avoided her.

The girl knew why. Yes. She knew. Useless to try to deceive that flame-like mind. *He called it studying.* He was trying to avoid temptation! Up in the attic room through the hot June days, doubtless long into the hot June nights, this man "studied." Silent at dinner, curt at breakfast, monosyllabic in the garden did she inveigle him thither—for she could not bear seeing a man suffer without gently wishing to see him suffer more; and, between these brief appearances, cloistered, "studying."

The girl, summoning her courage, even mounted alone to the attic room; but when he opened to her knock, he gazed at her chastely as a god; and shutting the door—and locking it—remarked: "I'm studying."

It was known to the little band of men who played their part by him that out of the toil of sweaty nights, out of the weariness of sleepless dawns, out of a delving and digging such as Mughouse had never exacted, aided by Jung and Freud, and only slightly less by Stopes, Frank had evolved a theory.

BRAINWORK hurts a Mughouse man. Mughouse men have their cricket blues; their rowing blues; they become squires and politicians, and husbands and soldiers. Even, as has been shown, they can—if there is no other way of procuring it—imagine, concoct and cook food fit for princes; for all Mughouse men revere food. But they are simple men, and seldom can a son of Mughouse have been put to brainwork; and the strain showed in Frank as he sat in his attic room—which all this time he had steadfastly preferred to a guest chamber owing to his loving disposition therein of his fisherman's appurtenances—with the little band of men who were doing their part by him.

This is not to say that the whole course of study had been devoid of enjoyment, for there had been many moments intriguing to the intelligence; even stimulating moments; moments of exploration into the hitherto unguessed fundamental, and these had been shared by the men who, while they did not seek to emulate his achievements, often held the book and—giving him every kind encouragement—heard him commit what purported to be facts, to his straining memory.

(*Continued on page* 104)

A Lesson in Economy

A SIX-ROOMED *Week-end Cottage which was decorated and furnished throughout for the sum of £200*

Described by

Derek Patmore

A view of Chinton Cottage, looking across the garden. In summer the small terrace beside the house is used for out-of-door meals

A WEEK-END cottage in the country is often considered rather an extravagance. And yet it need not be, as Mr. Boulestin has shown by decorating and furnishing the whole of his delightful cottage at Churt for the sum of two hundred pounds. Of course, to furnish and decorate a reasonably sized cottage for this sum entails careful economy and budgeting. You must be prepared to pick up furniture cheap at the local auctions and sales. But the fact remains that it can be done, and, as the decoration and furnishing of Mr. Boulestin's cottage shows, it can be done in a most enchanting and attractive manner.

One of the bedrooms is carried out in a gay scheme of golden yellow and light green, which are the dominating colours of the modern wallpaper which covers the walls

The living room at Chinton Cottage is a large, pleasant room, such as one finds in many cottages of this type, and the walls and ceiling have been distempered a light primrose yellow. All the woodwork has been stained brown, and the floor has been covered in a grey hair carpet. The furnishing of the room is very simple. Several comfortably upholstered armchairs, several attractive pieces of antique furniture, which the owner has picked up for a few pounds—such as an old eighteenth - century high-backed chair which was bought for fifty francs—roughly ten shillings.

The windows, in contrast to the primrose yellow walls, are curtained in a jade green cloth costing 3s. a yard, and are trimmed with a short orange and black braid.

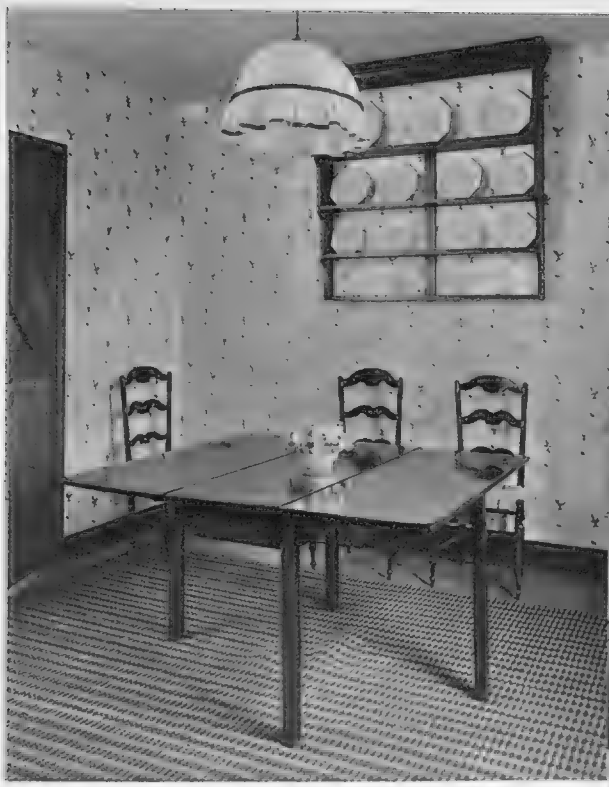
IN the original cottage there was no dining room: you walked from the living room right into the kitchen and scullery. This has been cleverly altered. Mr. Boulestin has put in a new door on the right of the chimney breast, leading into the kitchen, and converted this room into a very unusual and attractive dining-room, whilst the scullery has become the kitchen.

A clever touch has been to leave the original kitchen range in the dining-room—thereby also saving considerable expense—and painting this red to go with the colour scheme of the room. The walls have been covered with a modern wallpaper, which shows a delightful design of small brown cornflowers and red poppies on a white ground. This paper costs only 3s. a piece. The doors have been stained brown and the woodwork painted red to match the wallpaper. The floor, of octagonal red kitchen tiles, has been covered with striped cocoa matting, and the room is furnished with an old mahogany table and a set of charming eighteenth-century French rustic chairs, the seats of which have been re-covered in yellow rushes with red borders. The simple curtains are made of plain white chintz. By leaving in the kitchen range the room is beautifully heated, and the stove can be used for cooking light dishes, such as omelettes and eggs, and for keeping plates or coffee-pot warm.

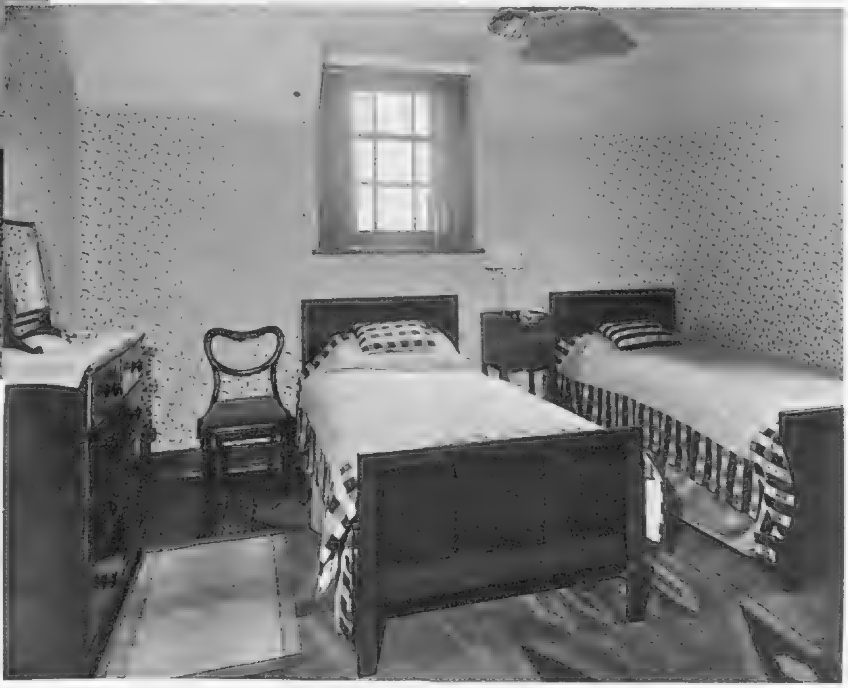
Upstairs the bedrooms are furnished and decorated with the same ingenuity and charm. Mr. Boulestin maintains that nothing is more decorative and inexpensive than a well-designed wallpaper, and nowadays it is possible to buy attractively designed papers at very little cost.

There is no denying that an attractive floral wallpaper is ideal for a cottage bedroom, and whereas distemper will give an effect of bareness to the walls, an attractive modern wallpaper will entirely decorate an otherwise dull and depressing little room. Nowhere is this point more obvious than at Chinton Cottage, where four bedrooms have been entirely decorated with attractive wallpapers.

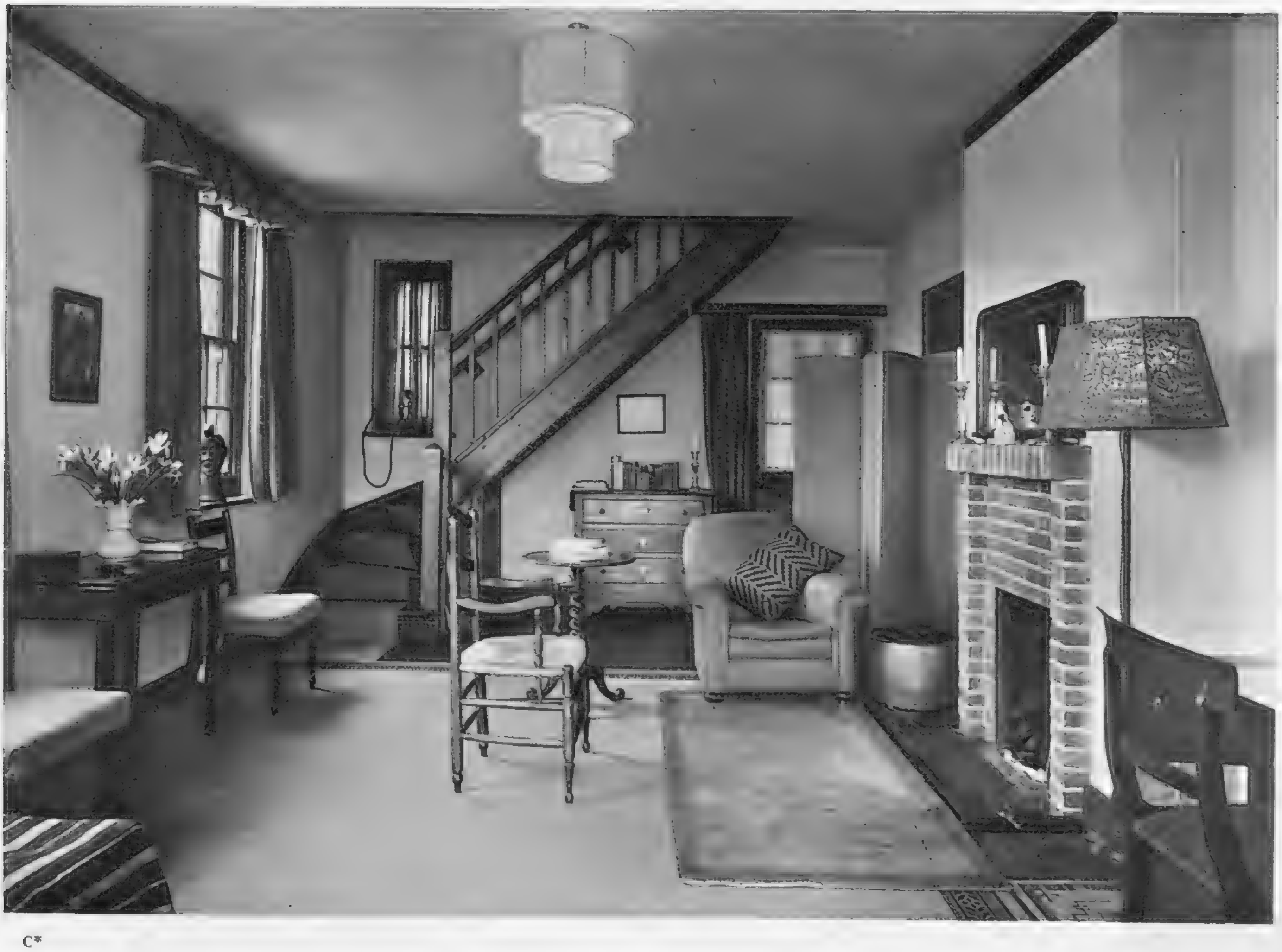
One of the bed-rooms is carried out in a scheme of golden yellow and light green. The walls have been papered in a modern wall-paper with a design of zinnias in mustard-yellow against a background of shaded apple-green leaves. There being little room for a wardrobe, an alcove has been curtained off and hung with a curtain in golden-yellow cloth, and the simple deal wood furniture has been painted a gay light apple-green. The bed-cover and curtains are made of the same golden-yellow material as the wardrobe alcove—which, incidentally, is much cheaper than a real one and no trouble to make. The floor is stained and covered with coloured coco-matting, which is effective and very inexpensive.



The dining-room has been papered in an enchanting modern wall-paper representing small brown cornflowers and red poppies on a white ground. The furniture is eighteenth-century French rustic style, and the tiled floor has been covered in coloured coco-matting



Wall-papers also give the colour-scheme to the guest room, whose walls are papered in brown, orange, and ochre, thus forming an attractive background for the mahogany furniture and orange curtains



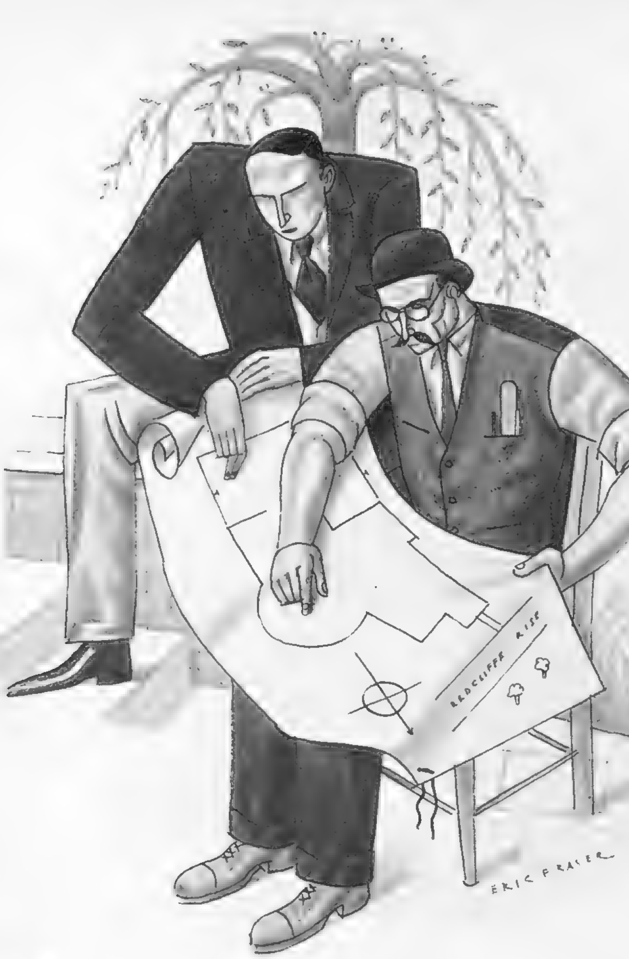
The living-room has walls and ceiling distempered a light primrose-yellow, and the woodwork is stained dark brown. Jade-green curtains and simple antique furniture complete the scheme. The staircase at the end of the room leads to the bed-rooms

Miller & Harris

New Houses

How to Improve your Home out of Income

A NEW method here described for the first time whereby the householder can safely, and with advantage, make his home up to date and eventually save much money, time, and labour



MANY of us would like to improve the house we live in; make the old one more modern and the new one even more up to date. Yet money or the lack of it, or a feeling of repugnance at drawing on one's accumulated capital, is always the obstacle.

Builders and decorators nearly always ask that their bills shall be paid in a specified time, and that time, however generous, is usually all too short for the householder. What an ordinary householder requires is a plan for repayment by specified amounts at specified times—in short, a hire-purchase arrangement. Realising this position, a special Finance Company (in which one of the most important banks in this country has a controlling interest) has extended its activities to assist financially both the house-owner and the builder. Their plan is to extend long-term credit to builders, who, in turn, can grant facilities to their customers. In this way the house-owner obtains credit for the alterations, and the builder does not find himself under the necessity of tying-up his resources in credit to the house-owner.

THE plan is simple in operation. The owner or lessee of the house or flat who wishes to redecorate or improve his property gets estimates from the firm or firms chosen to do the work, and a prospective client could not do better than study the names of such firms in our advertisement pages. Here are to be found the names of the best manufacturers in this country, both for household equipment and for purely decorative objects; and, what is more, each firm will be only too glad to submit estimates free of charge to any reader of *Britannia and Eve*. The Trust makes no stipulations as to which firms shall be employed other than their recognised worth, and of this every reader can be assured if their name appears in our advertising pages. Once the estimate is agreed on it is submitted to the Trust, and, provided the credentials of the house-owner are satisfactory, the Trust will pay the builder the amount outstanding and collect an equivalent sum in convenient monthly payments from the house-owner.

ON this very fair basis, neither party suffers from the least financial embarrassment. The owner, moreover, as the result of the facilities offered by the Trust, can have further improvements made from time to time. No questions are asked that are not relevant to the agreement, and a friendly attitude is maintained from the beginning to the end of the transaction between all three parties.

An example of the working of this plan is given below:—

Estimate cost price, plus charges, £105 17s.

Customer pays in cash at the beginning, £10.

Amount financed by the Trust, £95 17s.

This sum is payable by twelve monthly instalments of £7 19s. 9d. each, or by smaller instalments over a longer period more convenient.

The bank charge is calculated at the rate of 6½ per cent. on the balance over twelve months.

SO many people have availed themselves already of this simple and very fair method that a few details of work that can be accomplished through this Trust are necessary to give prospective owners an idea of what can be done for them.

Old, large, and cumbersome houses in the suburbs can be made into completely modern houses, or turned into labour-saving flats that are both profitable to own and economical to run. In many cases a large house in which only the parents are left, the children having married and gone away, has been transformed into a small block of flats, the owners reserving for themselves the largest and most attractive, where they not only live rent free, but, once the payments to the Trust are finished—and in a case of a costly conversion of this kind they may be spread over a number of years—make a considerable income out of what was once a white elephant and a continual source of worry and expense. In other cases, the top floor, or floors, has been converted into a self-contained maisonette, where the unmarried son or daughter can live in complete liberty and yet be close at hand and enjoy the communal life of the family when so inclined.

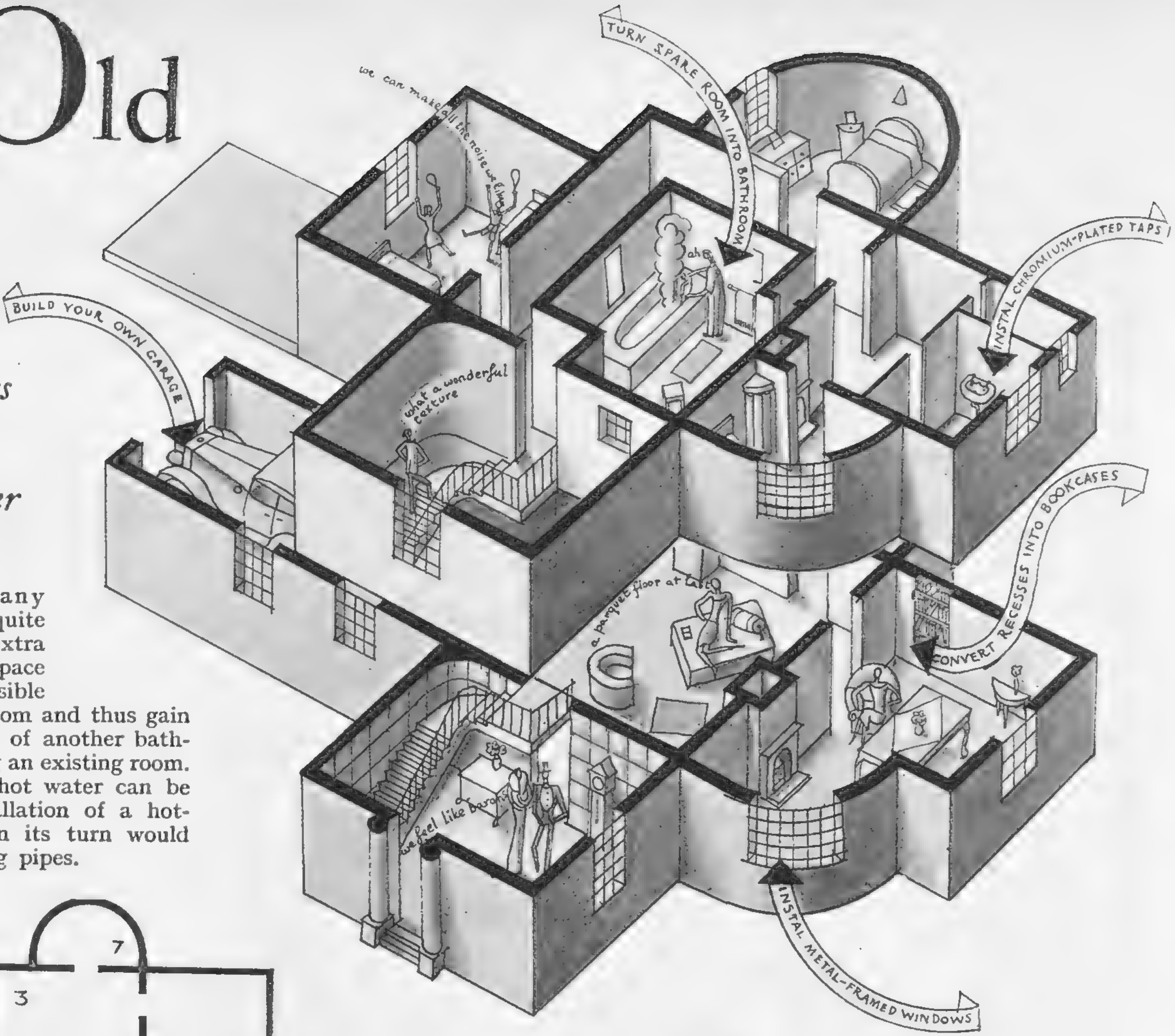
Central heating, which completely turns a cold barrack of a house into a livable one, can be installed, and lay once and for all the bogey of our long, damp winters.

Small rooms can be made larger by having useless cupboards removed, leaving a recess which, if lighted by concealed lighting, adds to the charm of the room, and can be fitted with bookshelves, or the recess can contain a small sofa or table. If a large room is required, two rooms can be knocked into one; or one large, uninhabitable room can be converted into two small, cosy rooms, or into a self-contained suite of bed-room and bath-room.

Wooden panelling can add character and dignity to the dining-rooms or halls. Parquet flooring not only improves the appearance of a room and is easily cleaned, but rooms can be made suitable for dancing by this simple process. Those who dread noise may prefer to lay down cork flooring, which closely resembles parquet in appearance, but renders the house extraordinarily quiet and restful. Rooms may be rendered practically sound-proof by cork walls, and the nursery or the study isolated from disturbing noises. A less expensive method of covering old and worn floors is by laying down large squares of three-ply wood, which may be stained to any desired colour.

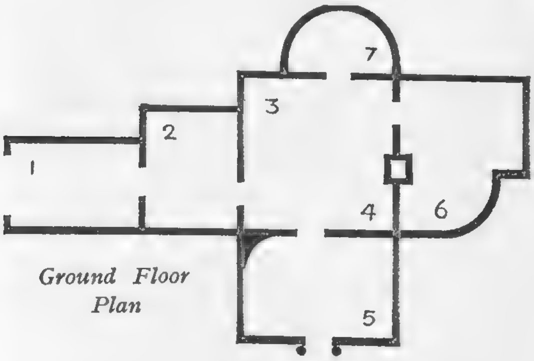
Dingy bath-rooms can be transformed into modern ones, complete with a porcelain bath, tiled walls, wash-basins fitted with chromium-plated taps, and

for Old

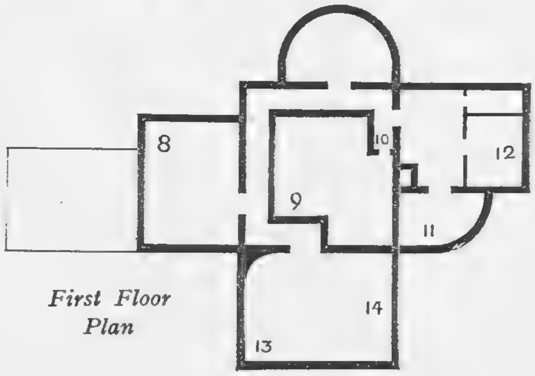

TURN SPARE ROOM INTO BATHROOM
we can make all the noise we like
ah!
INSTAL CHROMIUM-PLATED TAPS
BUILD YOUR OWN GARAGE
what a wonderful texture
CONVERT RECESSES INTO BOOKCASES
a parquet floor at last
we feel like barons
INSTAL METAL-FRAMED WINDOWS

Drawings by Eric Fraser

a shower. Almost any house, even those built quite recently, requires an extra bath-room, and where space is limited it is often possible to build out an extra room and thus gain the added convenience of another bath-room without sacrificing an existing room. A constant supply of hot water can be obtained by the installation of a hot-water system, which in its turn would feed the central-heating pipes.



Ground Floor Plan



First Floor Plan

Improvements and Alterations

GROUND FLOOR

1.—*A built-on garage soon pays for itself and is a great convenience*

2.—*The perfect kitchen should contain a refrigerator, a self-regulating stove, a serving hatch, an easi-work cabinet, etc.*

3.—*Parquet floors not only add to the appearance of a room, but are easy to keep clean*

4.—*Panelling can be quite inexpensive, and gives an air of dignity and repose to a room*

5.—*Central heating is an incalculable benefit, and is not as expensive to instal or run as is supposed*

6.—*Concealed lighting is not only attractive, but is excellent for the eyes*

7.—*A built-out bay window is an excellent sun-trap, and greatly adds to the size of a room*

FIRST FLOOR

8.—*Sound-proof walls are as much appreciated by the children as by the harassed parents*

9.—*An extra bath-room for guests or for the children is an enormous convenience*

10.—*A hot-air cupboard for linen is a safeguard to health and is easy and inexpensive to build*

11.—*Metal window-frames can never warp, and add considerably to the good appearance of the house*

12.—*The ideal bath-room contains a porcelain bath, a shower, a good shaving light, and constant hot water*

13.—*Chromium-plated handles to the doors save an immense amount of labour*

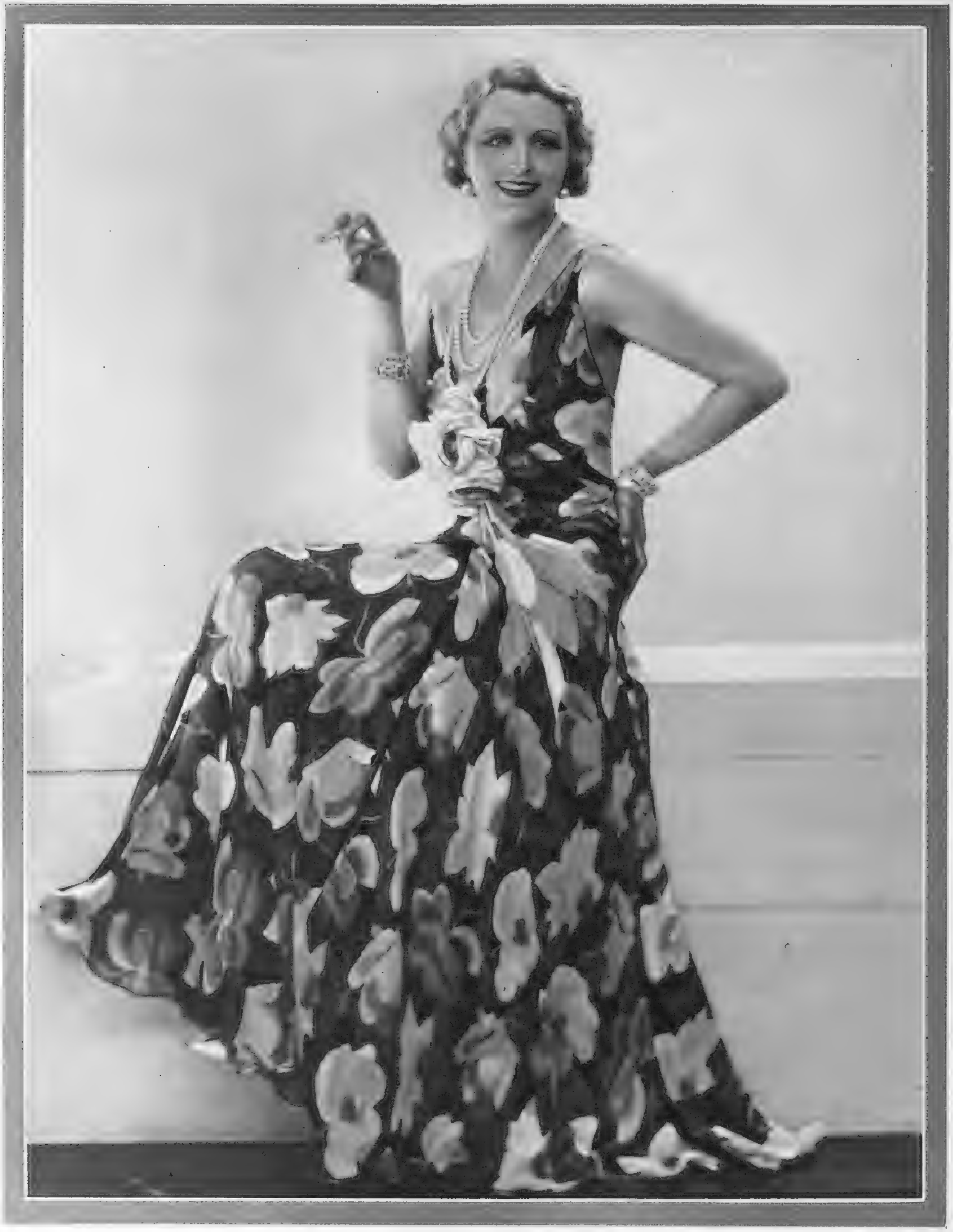
14.—*Adequate electrical installation should include points for radiators, irons, and kettles, etc.*

IN country houses an electric-light plant can be installed, and the rooms fitted with plugs for stoves, irons, wireless, and other electrical appliances, which would completely transform the monotony and drudgery of daily life in a remote corner of the country. Incidentally, this improvement, particularly when allied to a system of central heating, makes one practically independent of servants — no mean consideration these days!

Old, disused attics can be converted into playrooms, nurseries, studios, or gymnasiums in which the young and energetic, or old but healthfully inclined, may exercise, no matter what the weather. Garages can be built, which will soon pay for themselves in the saving of rent, and out-houses added to and improved in such a manner that the value of the property is considerably enhanced.

In short, the owner or lessee can have all the improvements that he or she has always wanted, without feeling crippled financially. Where it is a question of a moderately short lease, the owner can move in without incurring bills out of proportion to *one* year's income, but quite reasonable when spread over several, and he has the assurance of obtaining a well-deserved premium at the termination of his lease. Where the lease of a house or flat is a long one, these alterations will more than repay the tenant in diminished gas and electricity and cleaning bills, and in fewer servants' wages, quite apart from the added comfort and peace of mind engendered by a beautiful and efficient home.

Readers who are interested in this scheme may obtain further particulars from the Woman Editor, *Britannia and Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.



Photograph by Yevonde

Miss Jeanne *de* Casalis *poses in a Summer Gown*

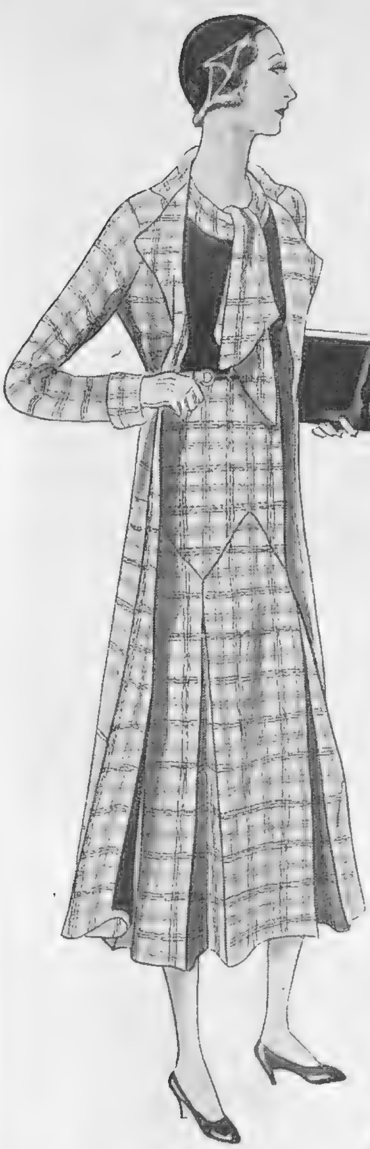
MISS de Casalis, who is giving an excellent performance in that gruesome thriller, "Payment Deferred," is seen here in a somewhat gayer mood. She is wearing a Patou evening gown of patterned chiffon, caught at the waist in front by a corsage of pale pink roses. Gown from Debenham and Freebody

Seen in LONDON

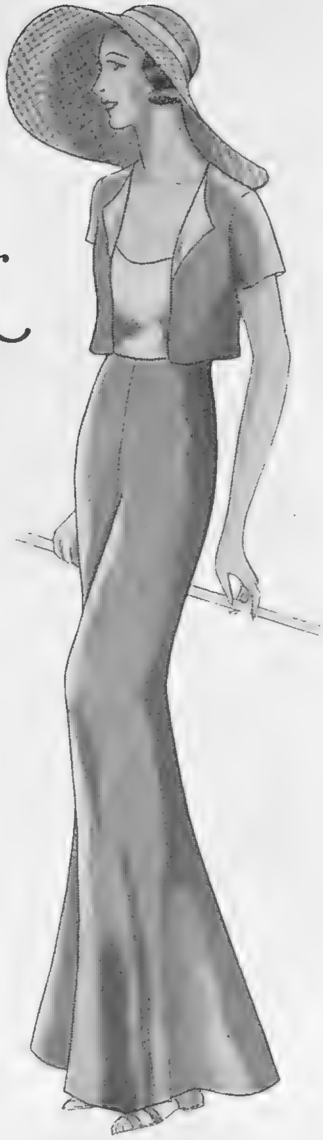
A season of surprises, contrasts and novelties, wherein chauffeurs learn to speak French and books and babies become "news"

By Madge Garland

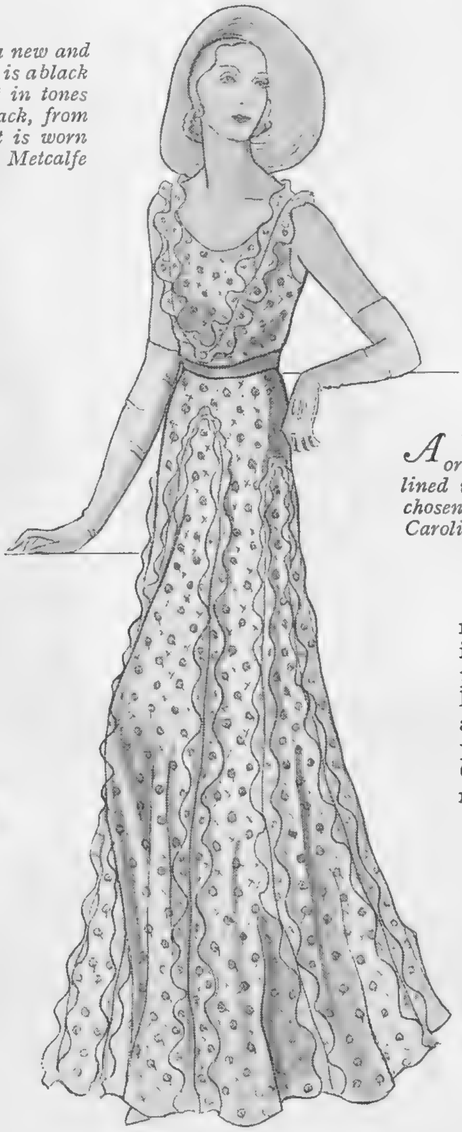
(*Woman Editor of "Britannia & Eve"*)



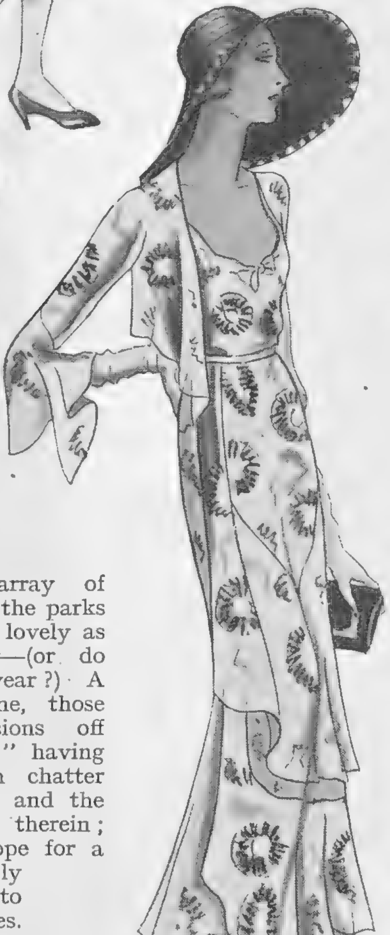
A DARK blouse is a new and very chic note. Here is a black blouse and a plaid skirt in tones of beige, brown and black, from Fortnum & Mason. It is worn by Lady Alexandra Metcalfe



A VERY neat beach suit of orange shantung, its short coat lined with white piqué, has been chosen by Lady Ravensdale from Caroline Sutton's new shop



THE perfect garden-party or informal evening frock for the young girl is of white organdie dotted with tiny flowers and is to be seen at Mrs. Seaman's

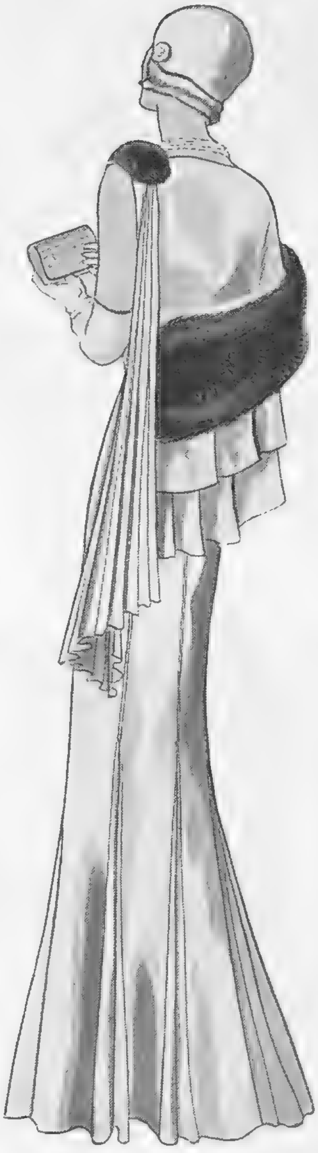


THE Hon. Mrs. Frances Rodney wears a sleeveless yellow, black and white chiffon dress with an attractive short coat to match for formal afternoon occasions. From Paul Caret

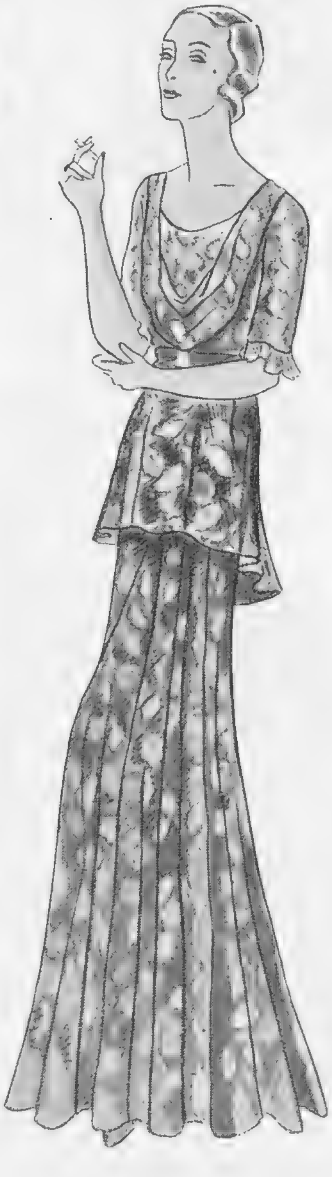
THIS has been — and still is — a season after every Londoner's heart; a season packed with courts, balls, fêtes and gala performances. A wet May, which in spite of its inclemency managed to produce the most magnificent array of blossoms—never did the parks and gardens look so lovely as they did this year—(or do we say this every year?) A moderately fine June, those inevitable "depressions off the coast of Ireland" having given way to much chatter about Irish sweeps and the principles involved therein; and now we can hope for a finer and warmer July and look forward to Goodwood and Cowes. In spite of crashes and "poor talk," unfounded rumours that beer has replaced champagne and sausages, caviare, London has fêted the arrival of three new restaurants, where in an amazingly unbecoming red and blue light at Monseigneur, in the smaller but better lit precincts of Malmaison and at l'Ermitage we have wined, dined and danced most happily; eaten pleasantly in the "Jardin des Gourmets," where, alas, is no real garden (when will we have the courage to start an open-air restaurant in London? no city could need it more, for with so few fine days at our disposal, surely we should make the best of them? the Gargoyle club with its attractive roof remains the solitary cool spot on a sultry evening. We have, however, the new club at Datchett, which has proved to be immensely popular). These four, together with the "Chantilly," have taxed the linguistic capacities of our chauffeurs to the utmost. We have supported two operas at one and the same time, about which feat we have

Seen in London—*continued*

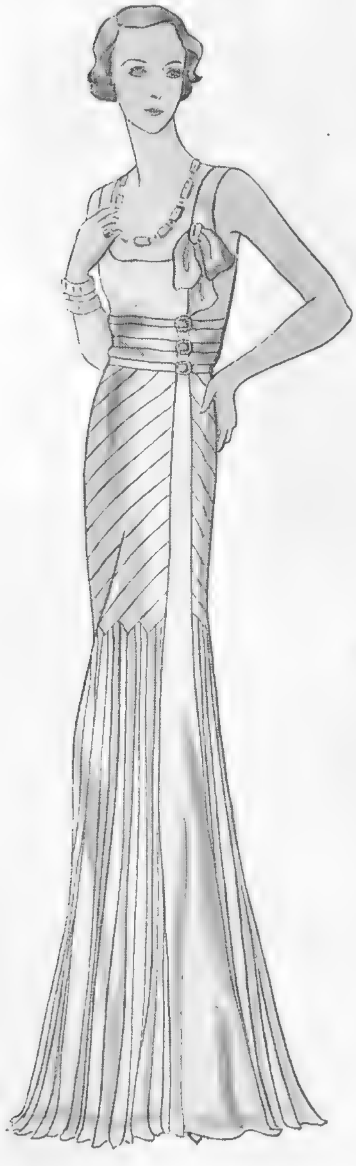
behaved rather as if we were Atlas with two worlds instead of one on his shoulders; supped at Boulestin's, which is so conveniently near both opera houses; revived war-time memories at the Piccadilly, where Rex Evans appears to make up for the decrease in his size by the increase in his wit. We have enjoyed the dancing of Argentina and are now to marvel at the posturing of Ida Rubenstein; have realised that Oscar Wilde could write a dull play even if we still believe that he never said a dull word (surely "Salome" sparkled neither with wit nor beauty?); that Noel Coward is a serious writer; that we should all take our holidays in the Tyrol, which many of us are probably already doing; and are beginning to think that England, not Russia, is the home of the ballet.



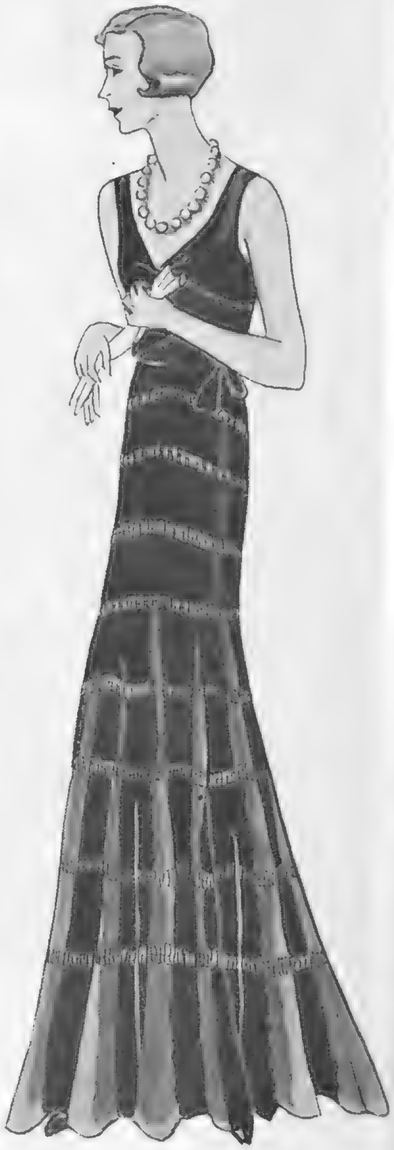
AN intriguing one-sided cape weighted with fox and with a sunray pleated section accompanies the lovely satin dress chosen by Lady Melchett from Norman Hartnell



A LOVELY afternoon gown from Mrs. Seaman in a gauze-like chiffon of pale blues has a short tunic, a draped bodice and becoming elbow length sleeves. This was chosen by Lady Dalrymple Champneys



A WHITE satin gown from Norman Hartnell with a tucked hip-yoke, a sunray pleated skirt and a tight-fitting bodice fastened by three belts is worn by Miss Uriburu

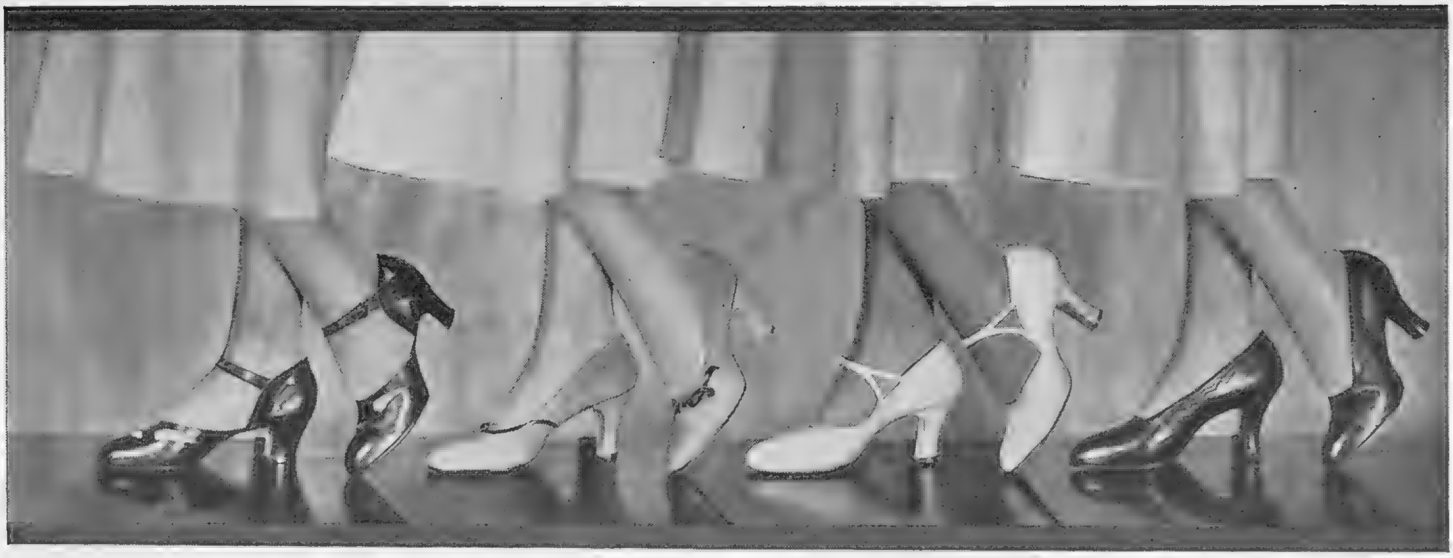


ONE of the most successful models of the season is this lovely black chiffon gown from Victoire, worn by Lady Plunkett. Rows of faggot-stitching join together the shaped bands of the skirt and bodice

WE have had a surfeit of small coats, bright coloured and otherwise; have become used to the idea of cotton evening dresses; no longer show surprise when a smart woman removes the brim, but leaves the crown of her hat on her head; have added beach and dinner pyjamas to our wardrobes as if we had not previously considered them suitable only for the bedroom; have cut our hair short, or at least shorter, and some of the young and pretty women in town have revived the delicious fashion of wearing real flowers in their hair.

On the whole it is a long time since the fashions were more in keeping with the English taste and mode of life, the increased formality of our evening attire is most becoming to English women, who wear their evening clothes as if they were born in them, and not, as Frenchwomen so often do, as if they were deliberately dressed up for an unusual, and possibly unpleasant, occasion.

We are without any doubt, and in spite of Mr. Clynes, becoming a gayer nation—could anyone have supposed ten years ago that sandal shoes consisting of a high heel, a sole and a few coloured straps, would be worn, not by the exceptional, smart woman, but by all? That we should see striped umbrellas on the front at Brighton (although I find these but a poor substitute for the adorable and never-to-be-forgotten Miss Cheeseman's)? That we should suddenly become the proud possessors of three new and really attractive theatres (the number of new and attractive cinemas is above my powers of computation), a new zoo, witness mixed bathing in all pools and ponds and see large posters advertising "The Colonel's Daughter"?



These practical walking shoes, with their one strap, are obtainable in leather of various fashionable shades. Thierry

A narrow band of black decorates these attractive court shoes which are carried out in pale pink linen. Dolcis

Beige shantung is the medium used for this model, which has narrow ankle straps of light beige leather. Hanans

For these chic, but stout walking shoes black glacé kid is used, and they are decorated with light broguing. Hanans

Watch your Step...

Attractive examples of some of the newest types of Footwear for summer days

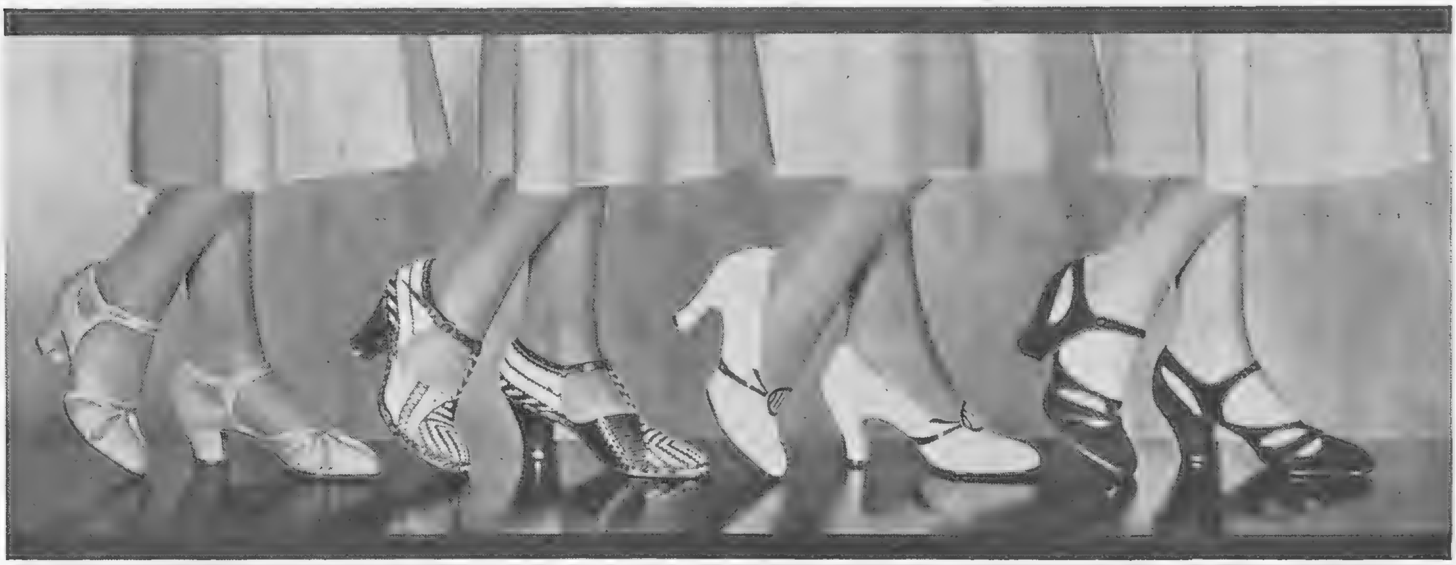
It is interesting to notice how many really well-dressed women will mar their whole appearance by ill-chosen foot wear: forgetting, maybe, that a foot inclined to stoutness should never be encased in a cut-away shoe, that a strap shoe is only for the slim instep, or that a heel with a wide base is the most becoming support for a heavy ankle.

On this page are illustrated a selection of attractive shoes for summer days. Emphasising the present vogue for colour contrasts the black and white or brown and white shoe still holds sway, but many models have merely a touch of black—perhaps just edging the instep, while some white buckskin shoes are decorated with bright colours.

The gaily-coloured plaited sandals are once again proving themselves firm favourites, for, in the really hot weather, they are beautifully light and cool, yet they give adequate support to the foot.

For afternoon wear matt kid or some of the newer fancy skins are chiefly worn. One of the latest arrivals is salmon skin which can be dyed to any colour one wishes. It is of a pleasing, but extremely delicate texture and at the moment is apt to be expensive on account of the large number of skins that are wasted before perfection is reached. But if one wishes for a chic, yet hardwearing shoe, American bull-frog—another newcomer—cannot be bettered.

At the moment the court and strap shoe appears to have ousted the tie shoe, which is so popular and sensible for winter wear, but some shoemakers are hinting that in the autumn we may see the return of the Oxford shoe and that the baby Louis heel may also at the same time come into its own again.



Photographs by Maurice Beck

An effective completion to a summer ensemble are these green linen strap shoes piped with white. Dolcis

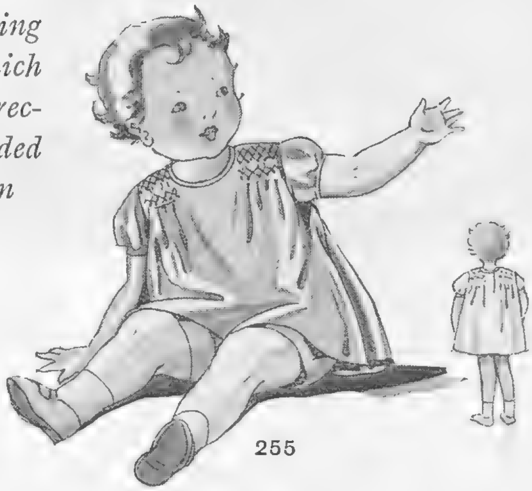
Light and cool, these plaited sandals are firm favourites for summer days. They are obtainable in beige, red, green, blue. Thierry

The chic court shoes illustrated above are carried out in white kid and trimmed with black. Hanans

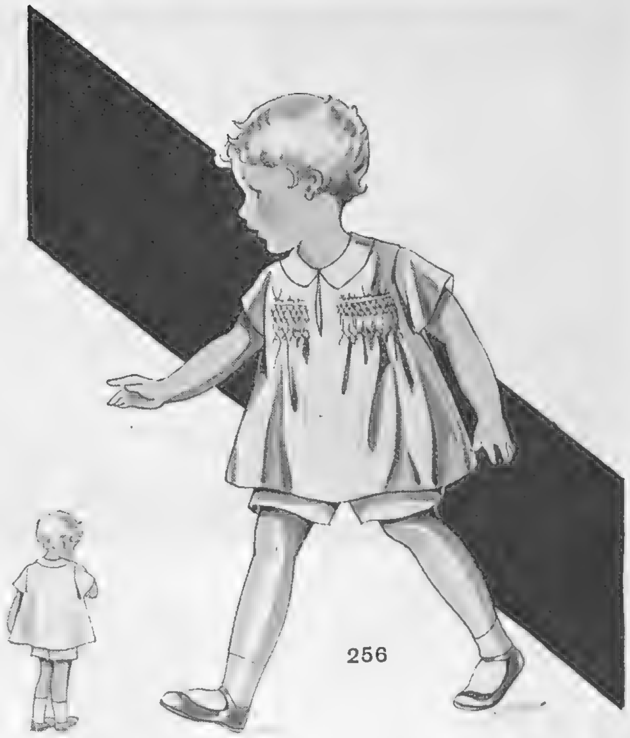
One of the newest ideas in footwear is to have an opening in the heel and toecap. These are made of black suède. From Dolcis

Smocking *is attractive for the* Small people's Clothes

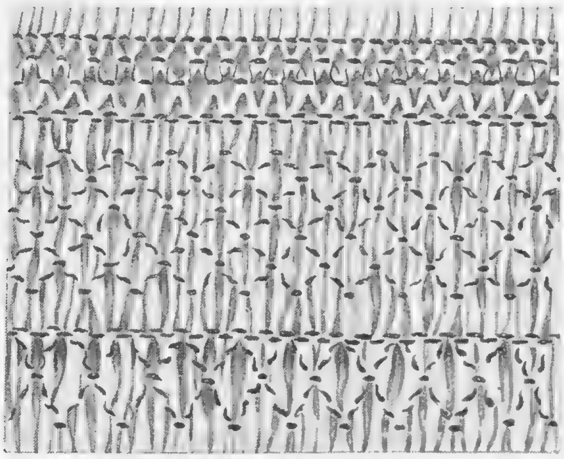
AN easy smocking stitch for which transfer and full directions are included with each pattern



255. A simple frock for a one-year old has its fullness gathered into the smocking on the shoulders. Pattern includes knickers, transfer for smocking, and full instructions. Price 1/-.



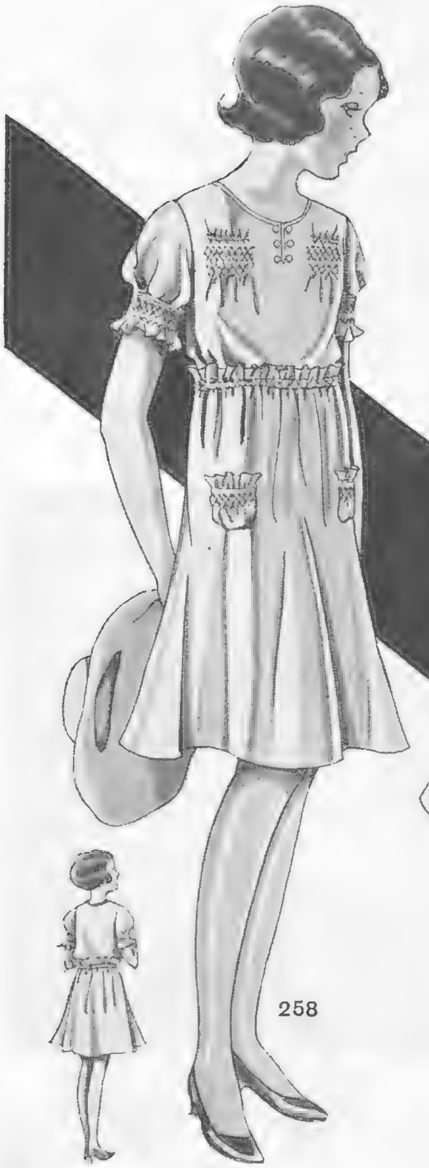
256. For the toddler a more sophisticated smock opens in front and has a turn-down collar. Short, straight sleeves. Pattern includes knickers, transfer for smocking, and full instructions. Sizes 2-4. Price 1/-.

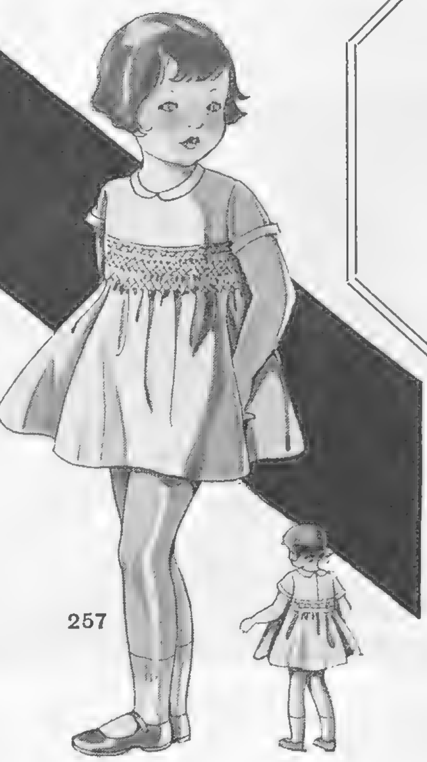


Our Paper Pattern Service.

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-.

Please remit to BRITANNIA & EVE'S *Pattern Service, 346 Strand, London, W.C.2.*





257. In this frock the entire fullness of the skirt is gathered into the smocking and is attached to a plain yoke which buttons down the back. Turn-over collar and cuffs and short sleeves. Transfer and full instructions for smocking included in the pattern. Sizes 4-6. Price 1/-.

258. A child's frock has the full design of the smocking on either side of the front opening and around the sleeves, but on the pockets and around the waist only the first three stitches are used. Transfer and full instructions for smocking included in the pattern. Sizes 8-10. Price 1/-.

A *Summer* Hat

which we can make ourselves, and

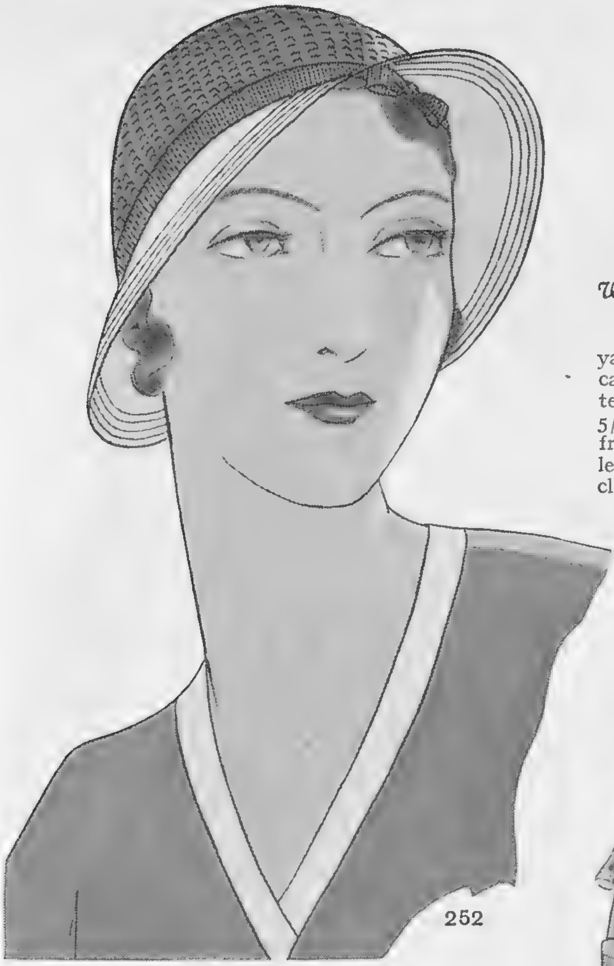
Two *Simple* Dresses

which are indispensable to our holiday wardrobe

253. This attractive gown requires yards of material. Here it is seen carried out in yellow chiffon patterned in pink and black which costs 5/11 a yard. Becoming shoulder frills outline the back of the décolletage. The full shaped skirt fits closely over the hips. Price 1/6.

254. A simple, well-cut tennis frock in coloured linen or shantung has a cross-over bodice which buttons on one side. The V neckline is outlined with white piqué bands. The skirt is shaped and moderately full. Requires 4 yards of 36 in. material. Price 1/6.

Materials from Marshall & Snelgrove

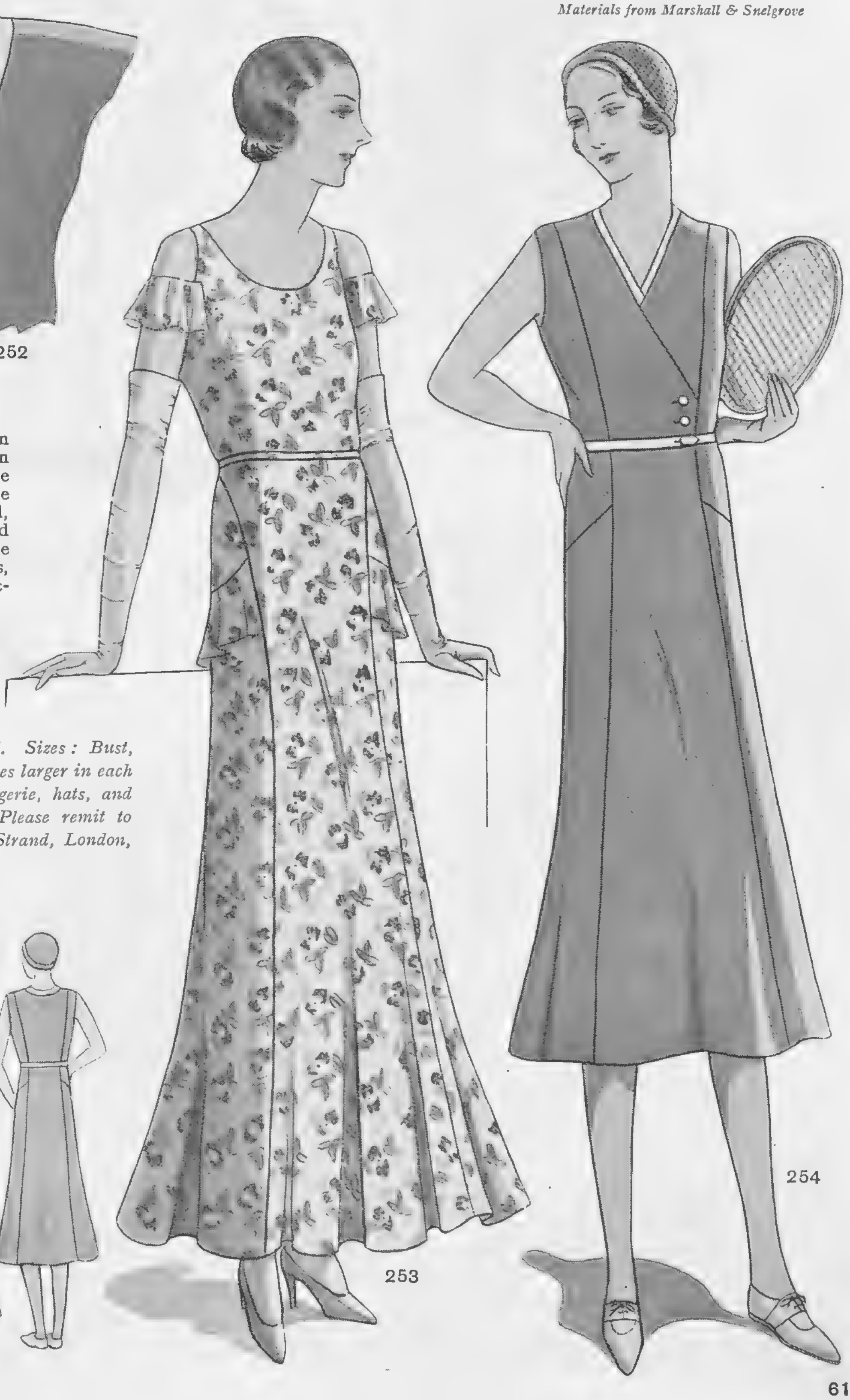


252

252. This hat has a crocheted crown and a stitched linen brim. The ribbon ties *under* the brim over one eye in the newest and most becoming way. The crown is made in a bright colour—red, yellow or blue to match one's dress—and the brim is of white linen stitched with the same colour. In four sizes, 21—24 inches, measuring around the head. Full instructions and pattern, 1/-.

Our Pattern Service

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.; Hips, 4 inches larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats, and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to BRITANNIA & EVE'S *Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.*



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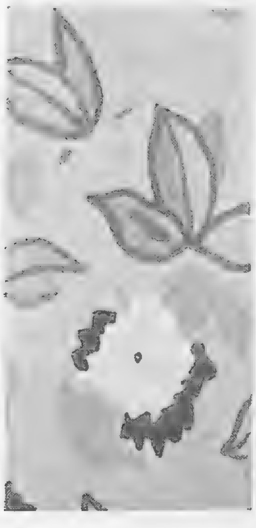
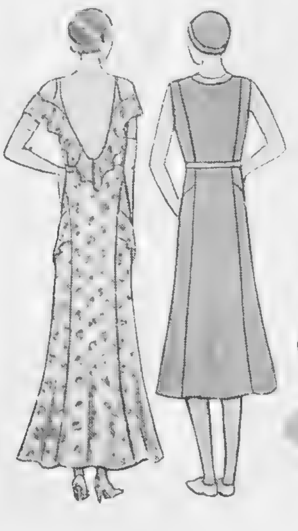
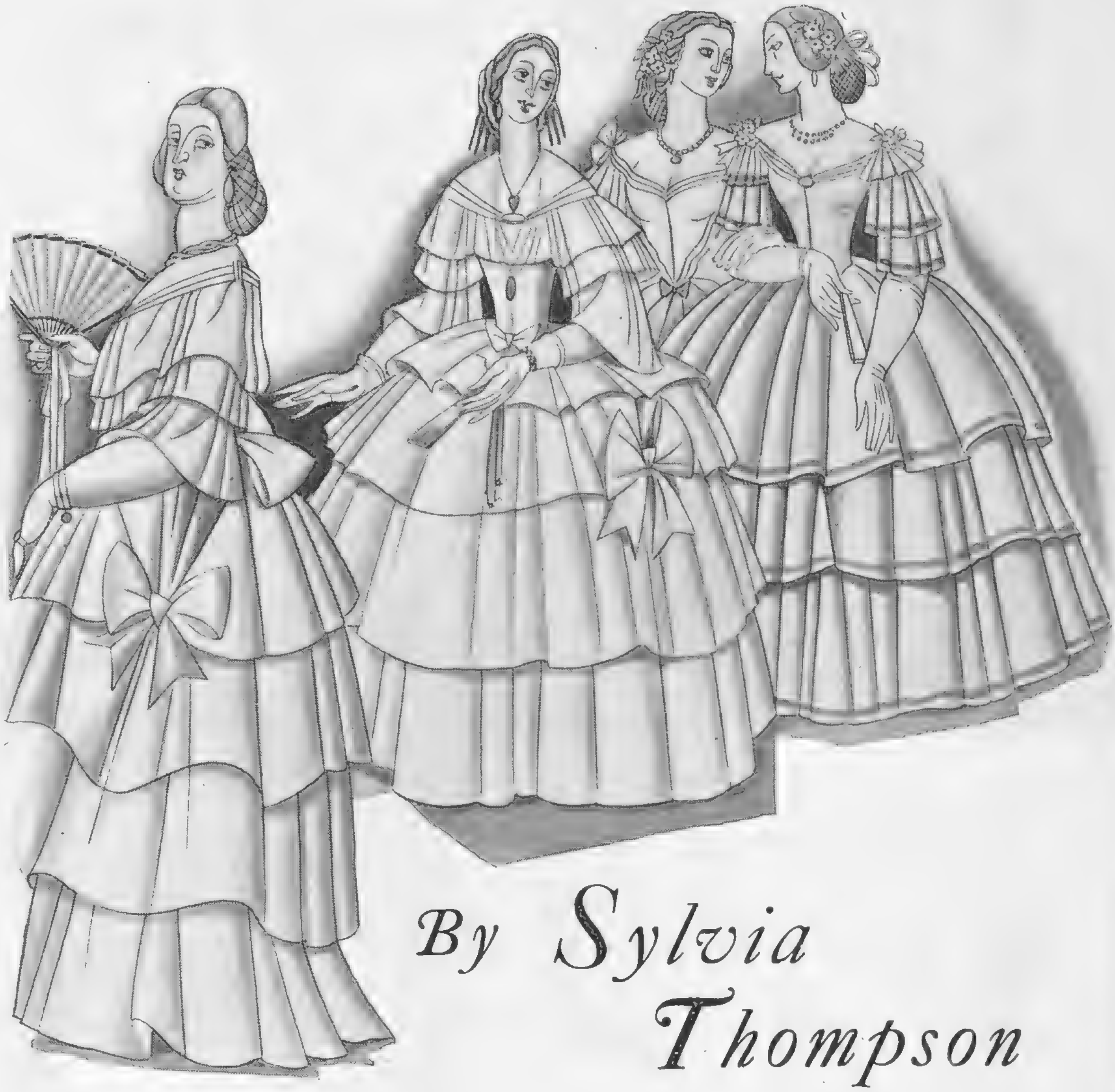




A Defence of a bygone Generation, with some Comparisons frankly unfavourable to our own



By Sylvia Thompson

THAT complex of conventions and formalities, of magnificence and pettiness, energy and stodginess, freedoms and tyrannies, great ambitions and petty prejudices, benevolences and crudities, which we call Victorianism has shown its power and the far-reaching intricacy of its influence by the way it has affected a succeeding age.

The reaction against Victorianism hasn't been merely a natural, unconscious movement of change. It has been conscious, elaborate, and exaggerated; an extreme and almost suspiciously arrogant protest against a set of traditions and customs which one begins to feel can't have been, after all, so bad as their detractors make them out.

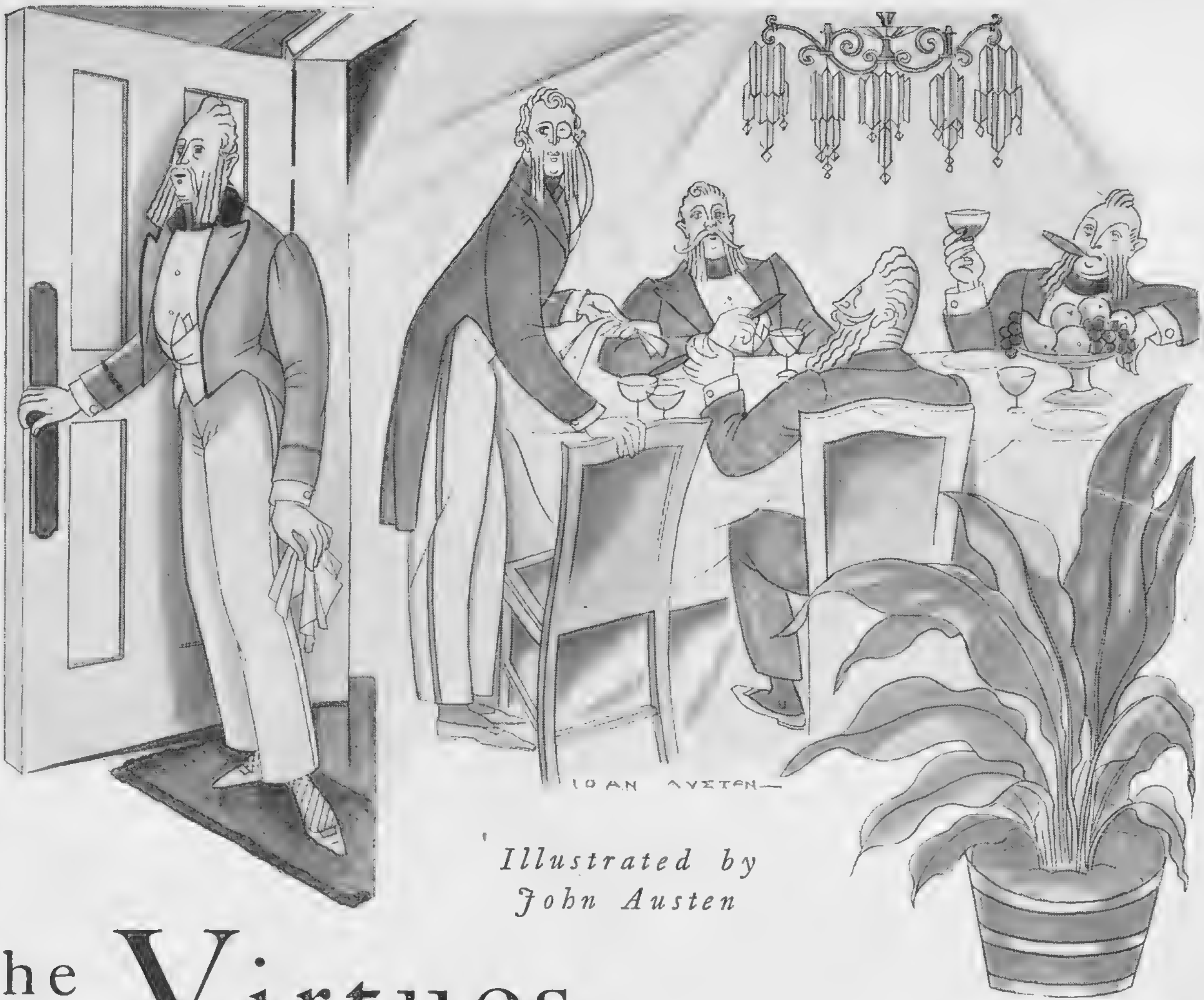
When the mediocre young person uses "Victorianism" as an epithet of contempt: when the pride of a generation consists, not in being "Georgian V"—not in being definitely and characteristically of their own period—but simply in "*not being Victorian,*" one begins to suspect that there is some case or advantage to be gained by refuting the habits of that age—and that, possibly, Victorianism upheld virtues and standards which it is pleasant, though not necessarily creditable, to abjure.

The defects of a past age are like the faults of one's fellow creatures—much easier to detect and classify than one's own. The defects of Victorianism are as obvious as the Albert Memorial and as characteristic as the crinoline (facts and figures losing identity beneath the hoops of hypocrisy). But its virtues are worth considering—if only to justify the current belief that they don't exist.

Consider first the Victorian social standards—which covers the ground of behaviour in public and brings the whole question of "manners" into discussion. It was the enforced custom for people to exchange all sorts of formalities, such as "calling," writing notes, sending precisely appropriate gifts on appropriate occasions. . . . The whole matter of paying calls was a social science: the intricacies of pasteboard-leaving, the length of stay, the exact time after a dinner or luncheon party at which the call should be made—the manner in which a gentleman should conduct his hat, stick, and gloves, and a lady should express her amiability or thanks—all these matters had to be mastered by the young people who hoped to enjoy the social life of their day. Ladies dressed for calling and made it their business to visit and be agreeable, if not entertaining, to their friends. Gentlemen, however busy, were not permitted to neglect social duties, and if their wife left a card for them on week-days they could not hope to escape such obligations on Sunday or Saturday afternoons. A girl went with her mother to return thanks for the entertainment to which her hostess had invited her the week before. A young man, in a frock coat and silk hat, must express his sense of obligation in the same way. The writing of suitable and pretty notes was a necessary habit in the young women of the time, while the young men were expected to show a consistently high standard of good manners not only to old and young women, but also to men older than themselves.

Nor was the mere attainment of a certain standard of manners considered enough. It wasn't enough for a woman to be only agreeable—she must be, if possible, accomplished and entertaining, too. A girl must play the piano or sing—or recite—or, at any rate, paint and do embroidery if the more sociable talents were beyond her powers.

MR. E. F. BENSON in his memoirs gives a description of the Victorian dinner party, which seems, as he points out, as different from a modern dinner party as a Roman feast or the religious celebrations of some exotic tribe. He describes the perfect formality of the conversation—gossip only allowed in its most polite and restrained form—and topics, political, literary, artistic—first with the right-hand lady, then (half-way through dinner) with the left, being the accustomed conversational fare. After dinner the gentlemen were left alone—while the ladies assembled upstairs for a space of more intimate talk. Then the gentlemen, having had their smoke (in a room—other than the dining room—where "the habit" was allowed), joined the ladies, each sitting



Illustrated by John Austen

The Virtues of Victorianism

down by a lady and finding, if possible, some " topic " again for congenial interchange. Then the social accomplishments were in demand; a lady would sing: a gentleman, too, might sing or play—or accompany a lady—the whole routine being conducted with all possible show of good manners and amiability, the ladies sitting upright as they had been trained to do, the gentlemen equally restrained in manner and talk.

Now it is easy enough to point out that the whole party would have been happier without these artificial restraints on their manners; that the formalities were ridiculous, the singing usually uninspired, the piano-playing hardly bearable, and the conversation neither witty nor profound.

But has modern social reformation brought about any real increase of charm or pleasure? Transport the same dinner party—that is to say, a gathering of very normal people of their time, behaving according to the customs of their time (being in no way brilliant or exceptional)—and observe the altered scene. . . .

The men and women (note how the so genteel use of " ladies " and " gentlemen " has disappeared!) meet before dinner—to drink several cocktails, and so ensure that any talk that arises may be effortless and unrestrained. The party go in to dinner, not arm in arm (except by impulse), and settle down to talk and eat. The matter of " entertaining one's dinner partner " has long been forgotten. People begin on whatever matter crops up, talking up or down or across the table to whomsoever they like, and on any subject that seems amusing for the moment. Thus the food on the table, the intimate lives of mutual friends, the price of lipsticks, the stock market—anything can be talked about, and there is " nothing that cannot be said "—so that at moments the probably legendary smoking-room improprieties of other days pale before the small talk of the vivacious debutante, or the sophisticated young woman who has learnt her world through the manuals of Freud and Jung. . . . After dinner the women remain over the port, and often the whole party drifts up to the drawing room, where the party proceeds to play bridge or poker or the gramophone—or simply to wander about or sprawl about and smoke and talk, each guest staying as long as he wants to, and going at once, or not until two o'clock, according to how much he is being amused.

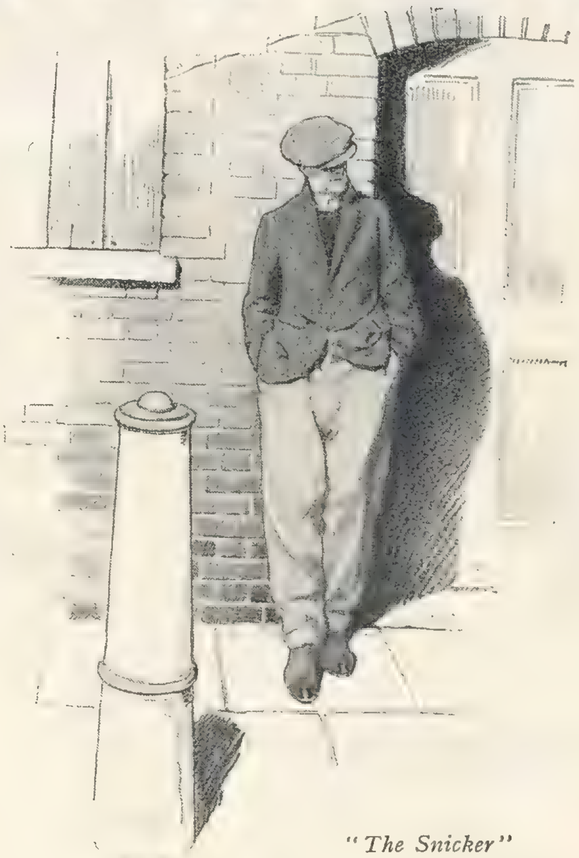
Now it seems to me that there are definite advantages in the first type of entertainment, and that, whatever its limitations, the behaviour there was more civilised than the facile social methods of to-day. Primarily it demanded some sort of effort on the part of the individual, and implied that civilised human beings meet not merely to drink and eat and gossip and flirt, but that they recognise some standard of conduct and thought which gives them a claim to think themselves a civilised society at all.

I have taken this example of an ordinary social occasion because it leads me on to discuss the effect of these two different standards on the individual who lives up, or down, to them.

For instance, the " Victorian Miss " who was brought up to move in society, who was given these often trivial or useless " accomplishments "—who was trained up to " please "—has incurred plenty of ridicule as well as pity and amazement from the amazons of a succeeding age. But in fact she has her merits, in contrast with the young woman who feels no particular obligation to behave, except as her impulses or instincts prompt her, and who has certainly no desire to please—though she may, in contradistinction, trouble herself to " attract " on the appropriate occasions.

Not long ago a girl of eighteen, who is a very typical product of her age, came to luncheon (*Continued on page 120*)

The PURSUER



"The Snicker"

Illustrated by
Sidney Seymour Lucas

The *Drama* of an Under-World *Revenge*

By

Anthony Richardson

SNICKER was out from three years' hard and Maloney knew it. Latterly Maloney had been keeping count of the months, then the weeks, then the days. The precise hour of Snicker's release, naturally enough, had not been known. The point was all-sufficient that Snicker was out. He must be. His time was up.

Likely enough the impossibility of Maloney's knowing the precise hour and the exact whereabouts of a former mate, added to Maloney's uneasiness. Therefore he sat in Shortie's bar, morose and heavy-minded. However much Maloney played pirate on life, yet his life was dear enough to him. He had no wish to see waiting in the Dark Arches, by Chatterdon Dock, that tall, lounging figure, hands in pockets, cap slouched over one eye, Snicker, waiting. . . .

That Snicker might come at any moment to this old haunt of theirs certainly occurred to him, but it could not shift him from his seat by the settee, from the cheerful light of Shortie's saloon, or the crackling fire. At the back of his mind there was no doubt a hope that a meeting here, in old familiar surroundings, might ease the anger still smouldering in Snicker's heart. He sipped at his beer, and though the noise and chatter of the bar was around him, yet he walked the dark corridors of his mind alone, and saw in remembrance, as he had seen far too many times during the latter weeks, the last he had seen of Snicker.

He saw Snicker, for once bareheaded, leaning with both hands on the dock, his eyes sleepily roving over the faces of the jury. For once, too, Snicker was collarless, since they had taken him in a hurry, finding him at Babs's rooms, unprepared and surprised. He was listening to the judge's summing up. The jury, their eyes on the prisoner, wrinkled their foreheads and stirred in the seats. There was one little man with a ferocious ginger moustache and pale blue shifty eyes that Maloney remembered very well. His Lordship was speaking.

" . . . if you should find the prisoner guilty . . . this brutal attack upon an aged and defenceless old man . . . assault with intent to commit grievous bodily harm . . . you have heard the prisoner cross-examined by counsel . . . that he has not been able to prove his presence elsewhere on the night of the fourteenth is an all-important factor . . . in the police evidence you must not allow the repressing of the informant's name, by which the prisoner at the bar was apprehended, influence you unduly. You must accept the superintendent's evidence, as given on oath. . . ."

And so it had gone on. Dead against the prisoner, Maloney, watching in the gallery, had told himself. The gallery was full, and Maloney was pleased that it should be. Somehow, with the press about him, he could feel more secure. The jury filing out and his Lordship gathering his robes round him. The Court's tension relaxing. How the phrases of the grim machine rang in your ears. "Milord, me learned friend," "Milord, I beg to protest" . . . "To full and truly try, by our Sovereign Lord the King." "Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard eminent counsel." Such jargon. Such pomp. Such high-falutin jungle. Frightening sort of stuff, nevertheless. Nothing in the world like the English law, they said. Relentless, logical, grim stuff. But it hadn't worried old Snicker. Once or twice he'd even smiled, that slow furtive smile. And once he'd cocked his eye at the judge, almost cheekily inquisitive, when a vital point was coming home. The rustling of the Court and the Clerk of the Court at his papers, the calling of the Court to order, his Lordship back once more, and the jury shuffling into the well.

"Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty ?"

The supreme moment. Not a sound, but quick breathing. The jury fidgeting, looking away from the prisoner now, and the prisoner himself, his arms folded, still sleepily interested, Snicker indifferent, casual, sly, and a little contemptuous.

"Guilty, sir."

Not a flicker of an eyelid, not a turn of the head. It was too far from the gallery to see the prisoner's hands. But it hadn't looked as if he'd moved. A hard case.

"Prisoner at the bar, you are found guilty of felony. Have you anything to say before I pass sentence on you ?"

Maloney had licked his lips. He had to watch Snicker. And Snicker had at last moved. He had raised his head. Maloney couldn't help but stare and stare at him. He hadn't wanted to look. His feelings were so intense that along the line of vision a message might go. It might reveal his presence. Then he'd seen Snicker looking back at him. And Snicker's eyelids were lifted now. Maloney couldn't see anything else but Snicker's eyes, hot and angry and bitter.

"I'll get the —— who split on me, when I get out," said Snicker loudly. "That's all I gotter say."

Three years' hard. . . .

MALONEY slopped beer over the brim of the tankard as a hand fell on his shoulder. He half rose, and his heart gave a great thump.

"Mind if I clear ?" said Shortie.

"No," said Maloney, and sat down again. He felt suddenly weak and a little sick.

"You gave me a turn," he grumbled and drank.

"Not yourself to-night," said Shortie. He could afford to be cheerful, even in such company as frequented his house. "Trouble pinches a long nose," he'd once been known to say. He could keep his place and let his customers keep theirs. A fat, rotund, bald-headed, cheerful man, he knew how to treat his patrons.

"Weather," said Maloney. "This blasted rain. It's cold to-night."

"So it is," said Shortie, clearing the glasses from the mantel-shelf. "And dark and gusty."

Maloney glanced up at him. Dark and *gusty*. A nasty night. Maybe there'd be *fog* later, rising out of the docks, floating down the river, enveloping the wharfs and warehouses, darkening even dark corners. Just the same sort of night that he'd gone to the superintendent and laid an information, pretty well three and a quarter years ago.

He wiped his moustache with the back of his hand; brushed with the back of his forefinger the flowing silky ends across from his lips. Years back he'd been known as " Dandy Jack," but only a few of them called him that now. Babs had called him Charlie. In a world where a name could and often must change from week to week, one was as good as another. She'd liked " Charlie." She said it had suited him. Babs . . . Well, Snicker didn't know about *that* . . . yet.

" Snicker's out to-day," said Shortie.

Maloney drew in his breath sharply.

" Been in here ? " asked Maloney.

" Not yet," said Shortie and poked the embers clear in the grate. " But he'll come," he added. He leant against his mantelpiece. " Yes, he'll come along round," said Shortie. " The boys allus come back to the old haunts. Sort of picking up the threads again, I reckon. Three years' hard, weren't it ? "

" Yes," said Maloney.

" A long time. Sort of make a chap bitter, I'd say. It was a funny case. None of us ever seemed to know how they copped him." He shook his head. " Seems to me as if someone split. Allus did think that. Took him when he was along with the girl. Haven't seen her either for six months. You seen her ? "

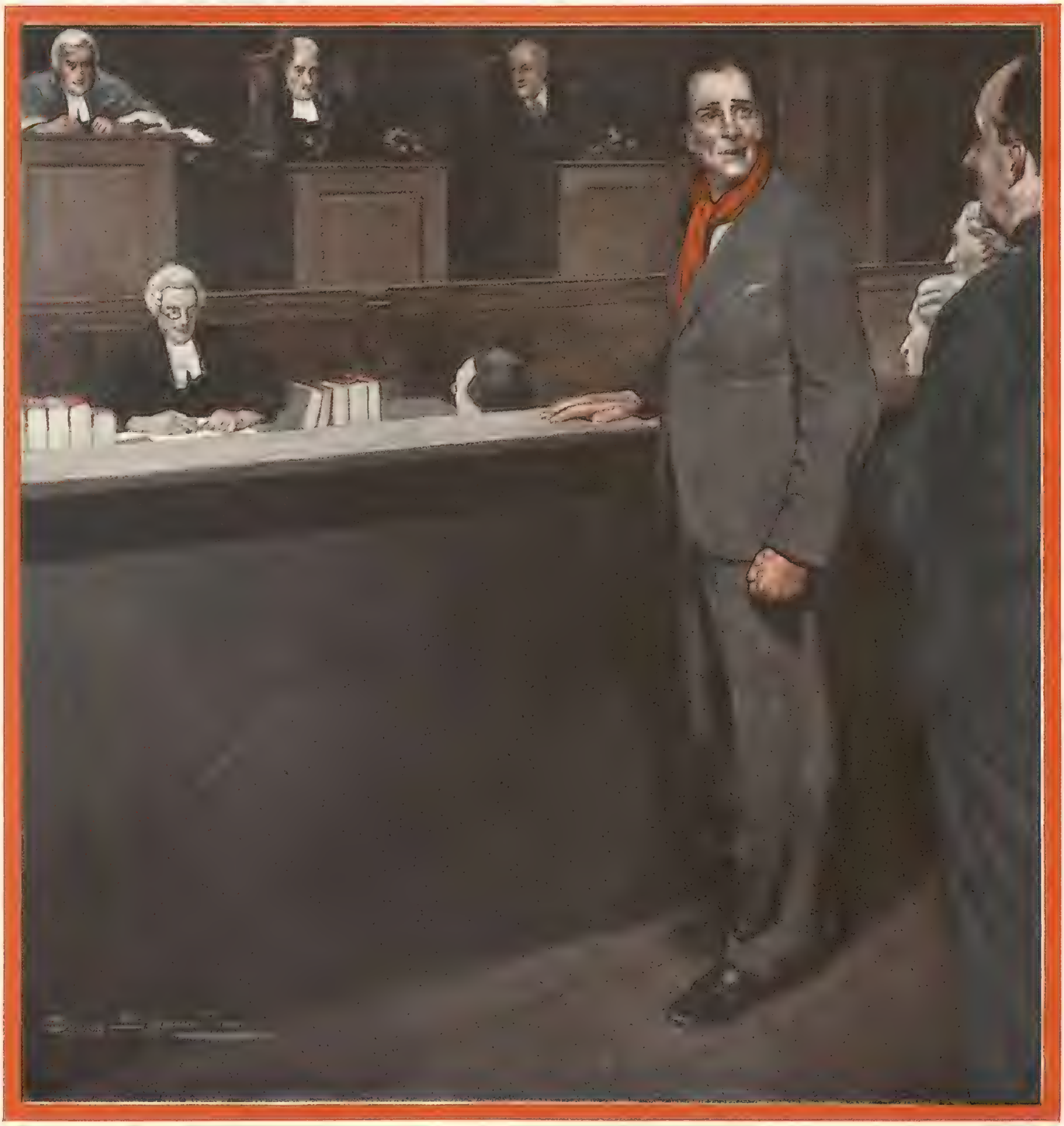
" No," said Maloney. He spoke the truth.

" Allus thought you had an eye on her."

" Not I," said Maloney.

" She used to like you."

" Not her," said Maloney. He gulped at his beer. To-night his mind was full of pictures, of voices. Snicker in the dock. " I'll get the —— what split on me." Now another picture. A room in Porto Bello Square. A bed-sitting-room and a girl hunched on a chair. She wasn't crying, only her face was all pinched up, as if with cold. " You can't leave me, Charlie, I'll starve . . Charlie, you won't go away . . I haven't got anyone now . . . you wouldn't leave me, Charlie."



" I'LL get the —— who split on me, when I get out," said Snicker loudly. " That's all I gotter say." Three years' hard . . .

Well, he'd left her, hadn't he ? And he'd a right to, hadn't he ? Women—a feller could have enough of one of 'em. " For pity's sake, Charlie. . ." Pity ! What was that ? Cut it out.

" I reckon you'll be glad to see your pal again," said Shortie.

" Yes," said Maloney. He rose to his feet.

" Off so soon ? "

" So long," said Maloney and went to the door. As he passed through he could hear the rain beating on the panes and the gusty murmur of the night. He hesitated on the threshold. There was light and comfort behind him, and before him darkness and in the darkness—

" Get on with it," said Maloney to himself and stepped out.

The narrow street—it was scarcely more than a lane—was deserted. The light at the far end was a yellow blur in the rain. He walked briskly, his head well down, his collar high. His footsteps echoed monstrously. The clamour of them was all about him. In the future he'd wear his rubbers. There was no need for all this clatter, letting everybody know you were coming. Everybody ? He pulled his coat closer round him. Down Pelham Street, across the West India Dock Road, past the Golden Crown, down through the dark arches and by Chatterdon Dock, up Packham Road and so home. It wouldn't be long now. He glanced up as he passed the street-lamp.

THERE was somebody on the other side of the road. A tall dark figure. He plunged through the yellow circle of light and out and on into the concealing rain and shadow. There was a tight feeling in his chest. People didn't wait, near a light, in pouring rain, for nothing. Somebody watching, waiting. He slipped into a doorway, pressed back against the door. Two could play at this game.

What would he do, what should he say :

" Hullo, mate, out again ? Shake hands ? " Or, " Well, cocky, feeling more like yourself ? " And what would the answer be ? " Why, it's me old pal, Dandy Jack. How's she pull, Dandy ? How's business, Dandy ? " Or would it be, in the rain and darkness, "You——piker. Got me three years, did yer ? Got me jugged and pinched my gel. Pinched my gel and deserted her, eh ? " And then, quick and cruel, the upward jab and keen steel driving in, ripping, striking deep ? And Snicker knew the way. A flick of the wrist to let the life out.

Footsteps were approaching. Maloney squeezed into the doorway. There was a pain in his middle, as if the knife was already there. He began to swear to himself, under his breath, and the sweat ran down his chest. He'd been a fool to pass through the light, and with those sounding boots on. It was asking for it. " I'll get the——what split on me . . . ." " Charlie, Charlie, for pity's sake . . ." The voices were crying out inside him. They were making such a din that he couldn't hear the footsteps. Of course he couldn't. They'd stopped. He couldn't breathe. He couldn't see across the road. The feller was in front of him. Trapped.

" Hallo," said Maloney, and his voice was a husky whisper.

He could see the other's high shoulders and rakish cap.

" Here," said Maloney, " what's the game ? " And now his voice was loud and angry, because his fear was driving him to anger.

" Is this Maiden Street ? " said the stranger.

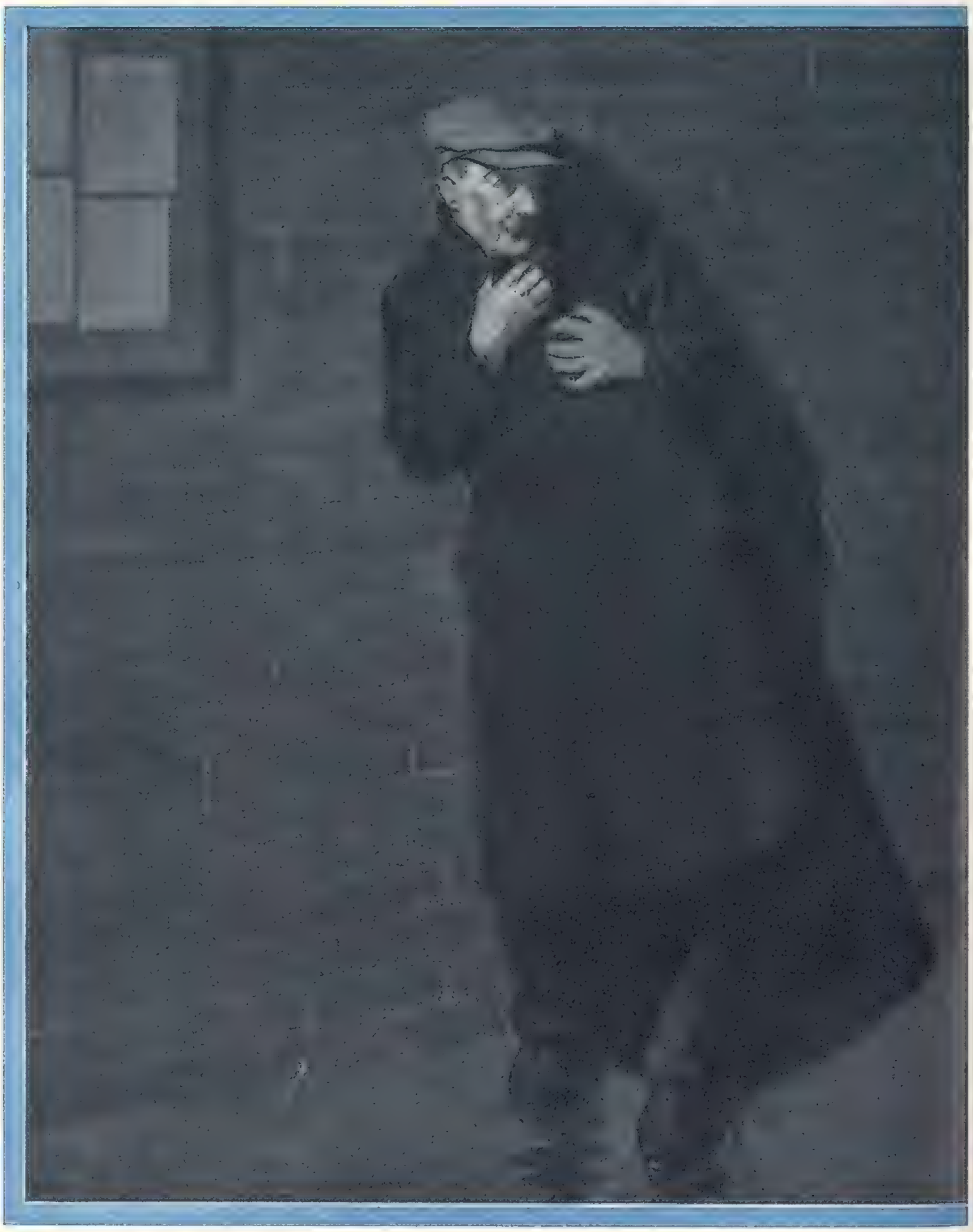
" No, it ain't," said Maloney. He was suddenly courageous again. This wasn't Snicker. It wasn't anything like him.

" I'd be obliged if you would tell me——"

" Stranger to these parts myself," said Maloney. " And what you wanter go following people about for ? It isn't reasonable."

And he blundered past into the street again. He reached the main road. Here the lights were all a-glitter, the buses trundling down, the lorries pounding by. After the darkness of Pelham Street, the glare and noise were reassuring. The Golden Crown at the corner was brilliantly illuminated. He jangled the coins in his pocket. Hurst Park, Kempton and a day at Sandown, and plenty of mugs about. One born every minute, and the way they kept their loose change in hip-pockets ! It was asking for trouble. Putting temptation in a feller's way.

He crossed the road and entered the Golden Crown. The saloon bar was crowded, thick with voices and tobacco



THERE seemed to be no wind in his lungs. The physical pain. He floundered against the wall.

smoke. He shook the rain from his hat and pushed towards the bar.

"Whisky," he said. "A double."

He picked up his glass and change and looked about him. Nobody here that he knew. Just as well. He wasn't in the mood for conversation. He'd a joke to himself that he wanted to enjoy. "Is this Maiden Street ?" Lord lumme, but it wasn't half a crack and no mistake. Fancy a guy like that, putting the wind up a chap ! Sort of mincing way he'd spoken, too. He'd bet he'd looked a blooming fool. You know, it made you larf.

"Same again," he said.

Nice drop of short. On a night like this you wanted something to keep the cold out. The crowd round the bar cleared. He leant against the counter. The barmaid, polishing glasses rapidly and expertly, glanced at him.

"Dirty night," said Maloney, and smiled his especial and fetching smile.

"All right for the ducks," said the barmaid.

Maloney twirled his moustache.

"What's your night off ?"

"Oh ! you go on," said the barmaid, but she smiled back at him.

"Haven't seen you before. Have to see more of you, eh ?"

He winked his eye. This was better. Warmth and whisky and a little bit of conversation. Nice-looking girl, too.

"Go to the pictures one night," said Maloney. "Like to ?"

"Oh ! I wouldn't mind."

"Something spicy."

"I like them detective pictures," the barmaid patted her hair. "I think they're ever so nice."

"Well, we'll go and see one of them."

"I see'd one at the Astoria, with a gentleman friend last Thursday. That's my night off. It thrilled me no end. There was two chaps, what was after the same girl. And one of 'em, he goes and sneaks on the other and gets him locked-up. Mean, I call it. Only——"

"We won't see nothing like that," said Maloney.

"You are a funny feller."

"I like love stories," said Maloney.

"Not me," said the barmaid. "Sloppy I call them. But these two I was telling you of, the one that gets into trouble, he escapes and he looks for the other feller, and when he finds him——"

"Oh ! Hell," said Maloney, and slammed down his glass.

"Can't you talk of nothing else ?" said Maloney.

The barmaid lifted her chin.

"Of all the sauce."

"Now, see here," said Maloney. "You mustn't take no notice of what I say. I'm hasty, that's all."

But the barmaid was at the other end of the bar. And suddenly the whisky was bitter in Maloney's mouth, and the warmth of the saloon was gone, and the air was chilly all round him, and he thought of the rest of the journey home and how dark it would be in Chatterdon Dock by the Dark Arches.

He swung out of the Golden Crown.

He said to himself, "Can't people talk of anything else." There only seemed to be one subject in the air to-night, and he was already tired of it.

"He'd have got copped, anyway," said Maloney.

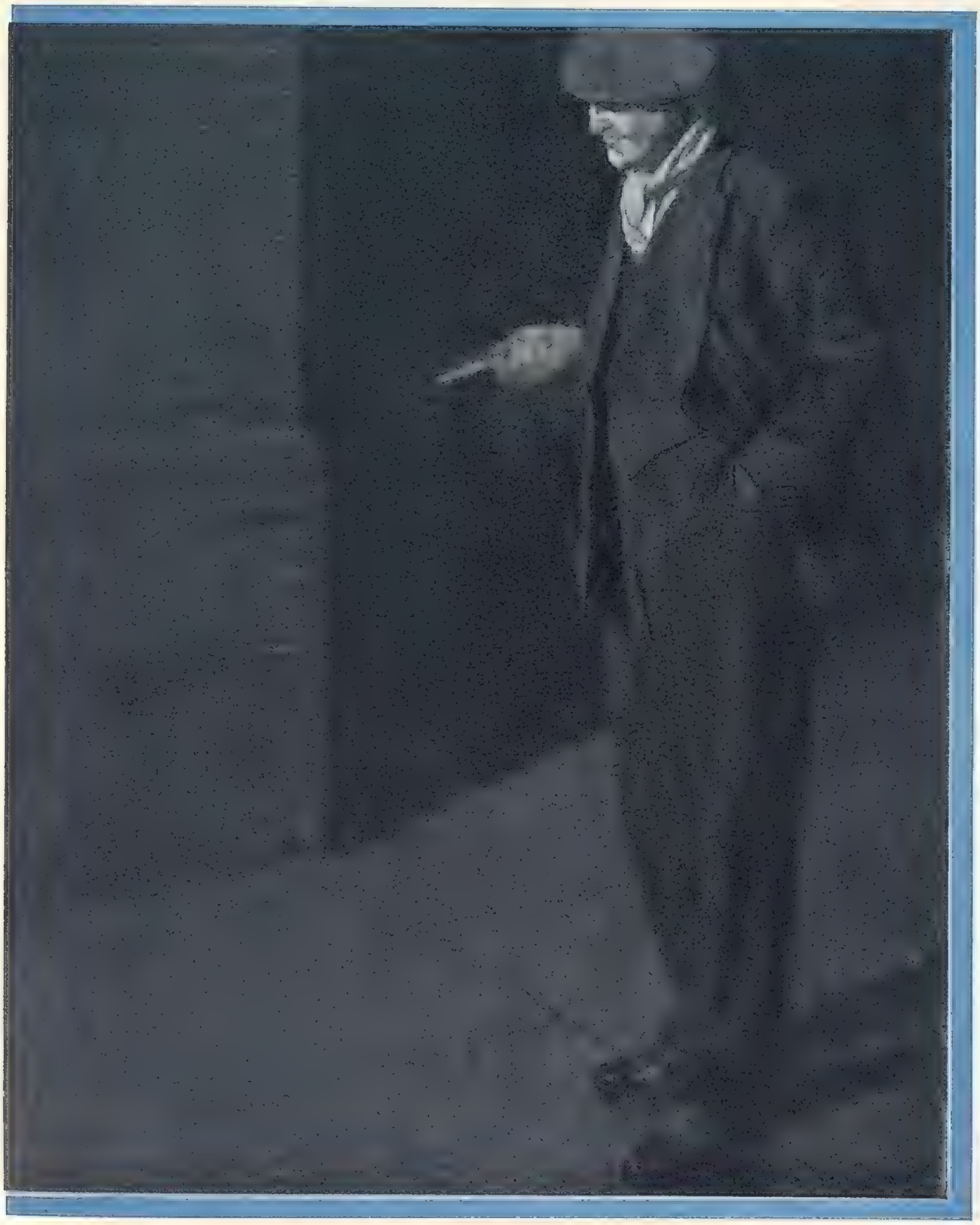
A constable on patrol by Chatterdon Docks glanced at him as he strode by. Maloney looked the other way from force of habit, but the officer had made a mental note of Dandy Jack, seen at nine thirty. He followed Maloney casually, wondering how long it would be before they had him. On special duty in parts such as these, he knew the records of most of the boys round about. The trouble was to catch them red-handed.

THE Dark Arches were fifty yards ahead. To Maloney, striding towards them, it was like being between the devil and the deep sea. The sound of the policeman's steady, heavy tread receded, the single lantern over the keystone of the arch drew closer.

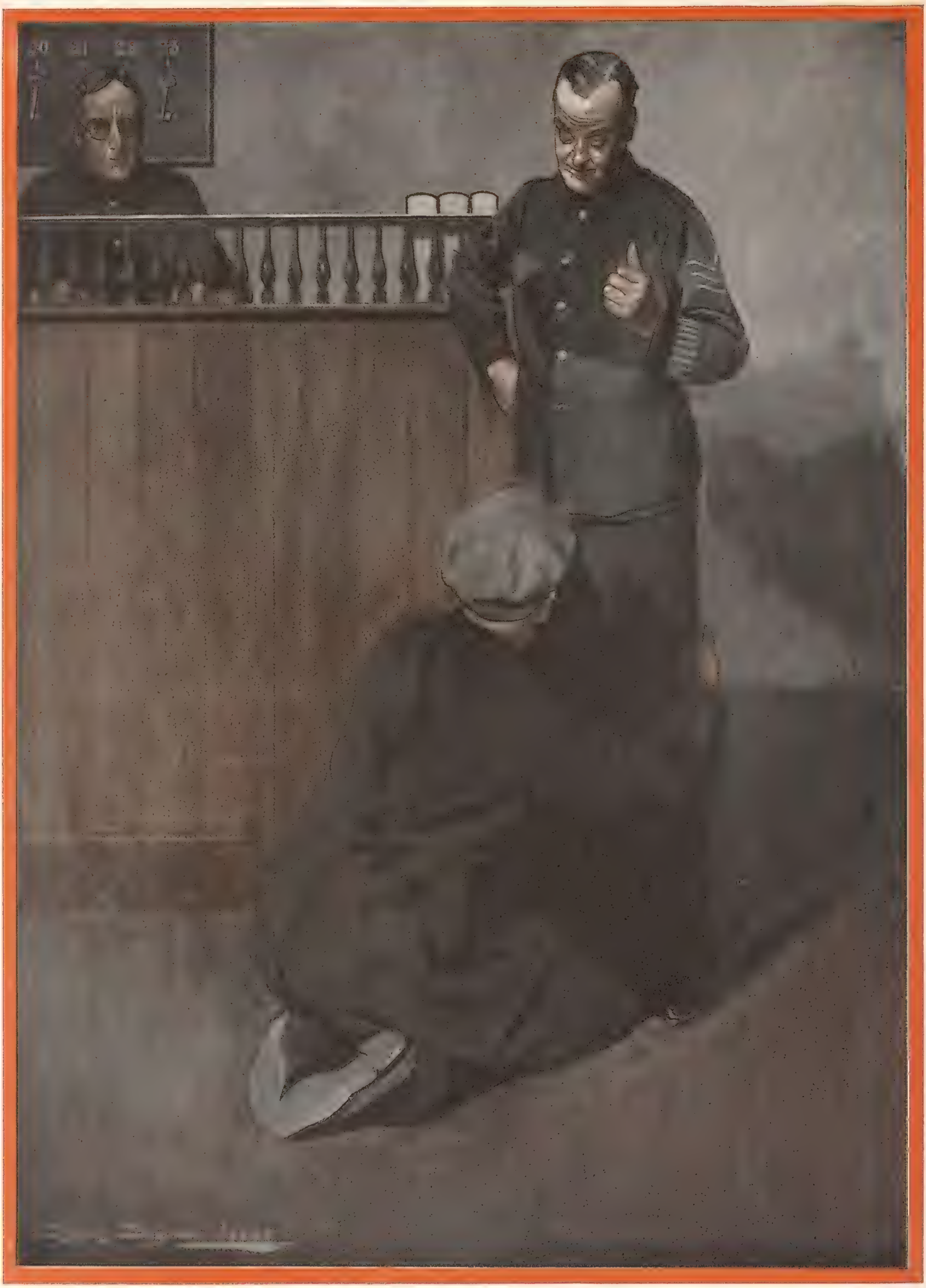
Twenty yards to go through the Arches, and black as night it would be, and the water dripping down the sides. Even in daytime there was a sinister sort of look about the Arches. And on a night like this——

"Come on," said Maloney to himself. "Come on."

He passed under the lantern. The rain made a shining, beadlike curtain across the opening. The moment he was inside his spirit ran ahead of him in his urgency to get through. There was no sound anywhere, not even of the patrol, only the drip, drip of the



fear went through him like a bayonet. It was sheer
Somewhere very near to him came a shuffling . . .



MALONEY fell on his knees. He clutched the super's legs. He knelt suppliant and agonised, and begged for mercy . . .

water on to the flag-stones. A horrid sound. Drip, drip, drip. A night like this, three and a half years ago, and old George Waller, sprawled across the safe in his jeweller's shop, and Snicker and himself standing by. The light of the dark lantern made a circle of radiance round old Waller; old Waller come to see who in the dead of the night had paid him a visit, old Waller with a gash from the jemmy over his temple and the blood trickling over the safe on to the linoleum, drip, drip . . .

"Come on with it," said Maloney to himself, and covered the first ten yards in ten swift strides. Ahead was the faint glimmer of the water of the Chatterdon Dock. If it wasn't for this blasted rain a fellow could see.

He didn't cry out when the hand caught his coat. There seemed to be no wind in his lungs. The fear went through him like a bayonet. It was sheer physical pain. He tugged frantically at his coat, but the hand held fast. He floundered against the wall and slipped. Somewhere very near to him came a shuffling. He leapt to his feet and ran. As he ran he sobbed. He fled down Chatterdon Dock till the lighted windows of the Mission Room checked him. Then he paused and side-stepped into the shelter of a crane.

He stared down the length of the dock, along the blackened cobbles, the shining lines and the rows of bollards, towards the Dark Arches. He could just see them, and to the left the masts of ships. But there was no sign of pursuit. And there wasn't a sound but the ripple of the waves against the wharf and the gentle creaking of shrouds, shrinking in the rain. He was trembling violently, and his teeth were chattering.

"Oh! Gawd," he said to himself, "Oh! Gawd."

It had been touch and go. Not a doubt of it. Likely enough in the darkness the wicked knife had darted like a snake at him, and missed. He leant against the crane. He felt as if he'd run a mile at full speed. Though the rain had soaked through his cap and the shoulders of his coat he scarcely noticed it. Touch and go. But what a nerve, with the cop almost in ear-shot. But that was Snicker all over. Sly, cunning, hard as steel. He knew how to wait. And all this evening he'd been waiting, lying doggo, knowing his victim would pass this way. And he'd missed. But what comfort was there in that? There was a saying "Third time lucky." And if it meant thirty attempts, Snicker would persevere. Night and day, night and day, waiting his chance.

THERE was something moving down by the Arches. He could see a whiteness, a blurr very small but distinct, like the gleam of a white face. He clutched at the stanchion of the crane, and peered through the gloom. A syren sounded down the river, a melancholy, eerie sound. Maloney's teeth rattled in his head. Somebody was still lurking by the Arches. Maloney began to run again.

His coat flapped out and hindered him. His boots had no hold on the slippery cobbles. The rain stung his face. He fled by the Mission House, and turned into Rackham Road. He flashed between the pillars of the narrow passage and stumbled headlong into arms awaiting him. They closed round him, swung him round, jerked him half off his feet, and clever hands clutched his coat between the shoulders. He struggled frantically, hopelessly. His arms were locked in the sleeves of his coat.

"Let me go," said Maloney, and his voice was high and cracked.

"Now then. Now then," said a voice over his shoulder, "what's the hurry, eh? What's the hurry?"

A cop. Sometimes the super would take it into his head to patrol along by the Arches. There was a surfeit of petty pilfering in the warehouses. Maloney stopped struggling.

"What's the hurry, eh?"

"Running," said Maloney. "Running, sir, through the rain."

The superintendent pushed Maloney against the wall. He swung his torch on to him.

"Oh! it's Maloney, is it? Well, what's the game, Maloney?"

"Nothing, sir. I want to get home, sir."

"What have you been up to, eh?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Taking a little exercise?"

"No, sir. Want to get out of the rain, sir."

"You'd better come with me. Let me see, Maloney, your ticket of leave expired eighteen months ago?"

"Yes, sir. I always reported punctual and prompt, sir."

"Where are you living now?"

"Rackham Street, sir."

"And the game?"

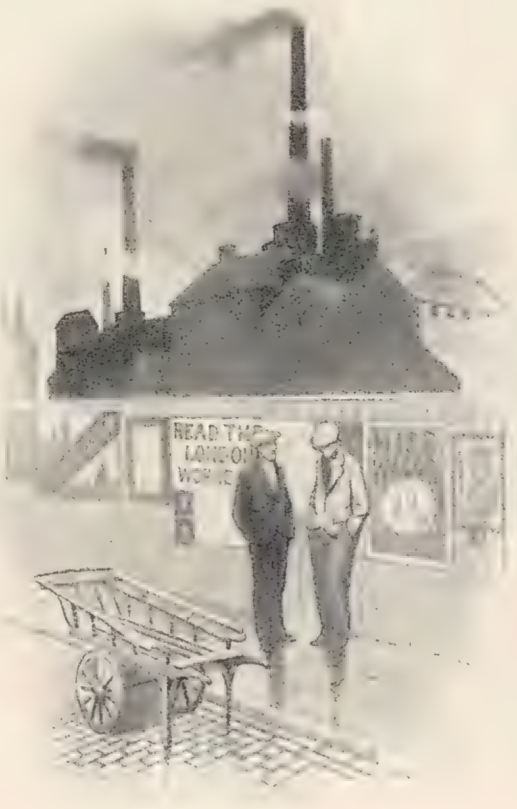
"Honest work, sir, when I can get it."

"At Kempton?"

"That was only just a bit of a flutter, sir."

"You'd best come with me, Maloney. We'll have a talk at the station."

"You can't arrest me." Knowledge and experience and anger and shame must bring Maloney's voice sharp and high.



"You ain't got nothing against me, super. This ain't Prussia. I can run if I wants to. I've spent a quiet evening, I have. I allus comes this way home. I ain't done nothing wrong."

"We'll see about that, Maloney."

"Look here——"

Beyond the posts of the passage down the length of Chatterdon Docks, footsteps sounding. Somebody coming down past the Mission; not a copper's walk—too soft and swift. Quick padding sort of steps. Snicker would walk like that.

"All right, super, I'll come."

Police were for protection as well as making a cop, weren't they? Part of their job wasn't it, to safeguard the public?

"Come along then, Maloney."

"I'm wet through, super. I'll have to walk fast. I'm that cold."

Footsteps approaching. Footsteps quickening.

"Very well, Maloney."

It wouldn't do to look behind, because that might give the game away. Walk on then, briskly through the rain, on to the station in Dockside Passage, tramp on with the super at your side, burly, omnipotent, protective. And then if someone should be following, someone with evil intentions—"I'll get the —— what split on me"—then that someone would be powerless in the presence of authority, and not even a tough 'un like Snicker would dare to make his assault.

IT was warm in the station with a great fire going. Looked after themselves properly, the police. Maybe it wasn't too bad a job being on the right side of the law sometimes. And think what it meant to have the whole vast machinery of the Force to protect you!

"I'll have to have you searched," said the super.

Maloney raised his hand above his head. Usually this part of the proceedings quickened his temper. To-night, his mind occupied with other thoughts, he could tolerate the indignity with comparative cheerfulness.

"All right," said the super. "You can go."

And he stood back, very grim and stern, awaiting Maloney's jeers at his failure, and ready to check him.

But, "Thank you, sir," said Maloney, adding, "I haven't been up to no harm, sir, as I said."

"Well, keep out of mischief," said the super. "We've got our eyes on you boys."

"I know that," said Maloney. He looked round the bare and cheerless room, with its benches and fireplace, its walls plastered with official postings, its rostrum and bar. He looked towards the tall lean windows, with the yellow blinds drawn down and he thought what a fine strong place this was, like a fort, and of the rain outside and the long way he still must go to Rackham Street and his room in the tenement.

"Good-night, then," said the super, and crossed to where a sergeant at his desk filled in his reports. But at the door Maloney hesitated and then on the impulse returned, his footsteps on the cement floor, ringing determinedly.

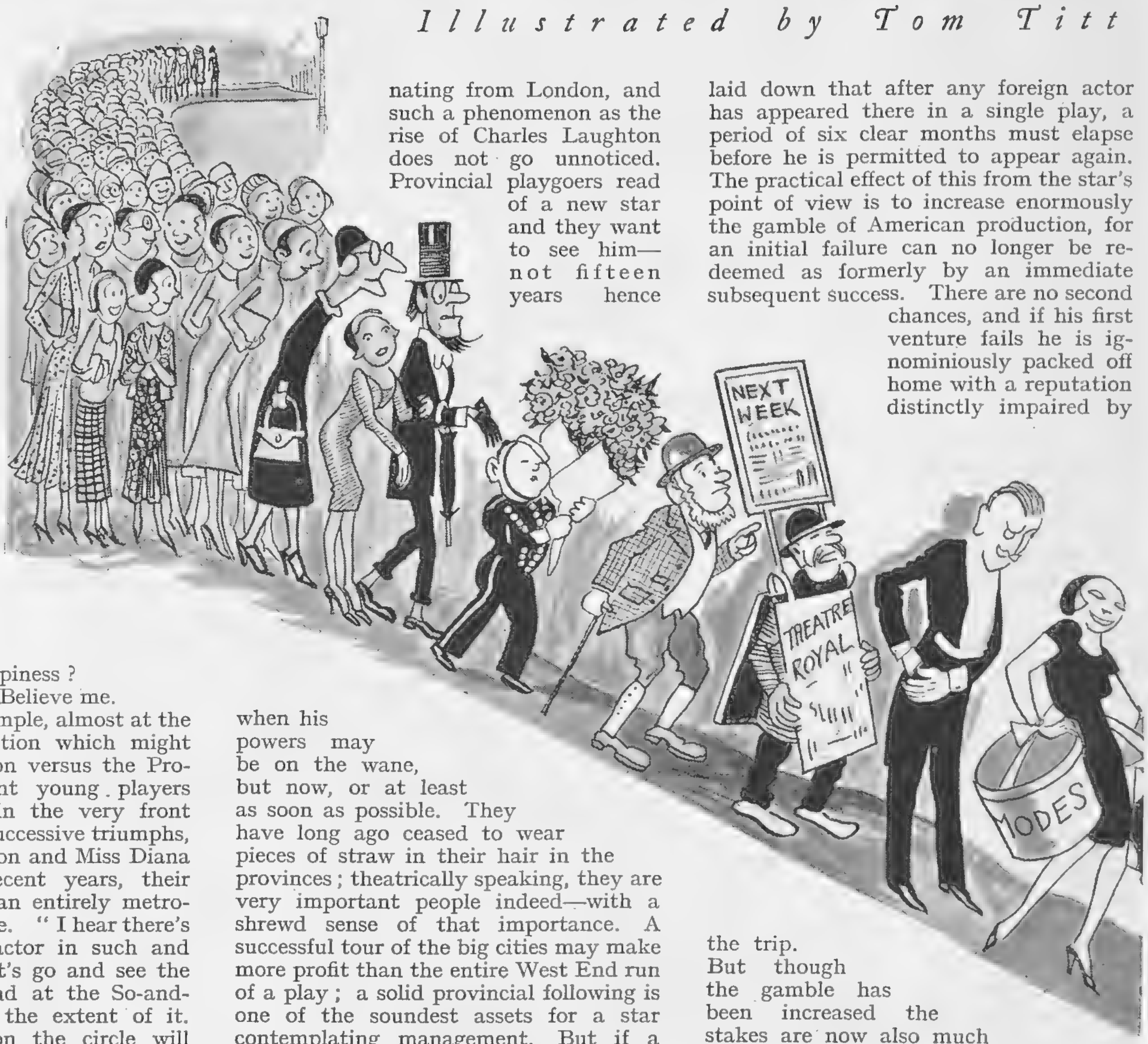
"If you please, sir," said Maloney.

The super glanced up irritably. The sergeant

(*Continued on page* 113)

The Tribulations *of a* "Star"

Illustrated by Tom Titt



THE actor or actress who attains to the glittering peaks of stardom in the theatre world of London is confronted by a number of complicated problems and anxious decisions which quickly strip much of the gilt from the gingerbread of success. In the eyes of the public the position of a theatrical star is a singularly dazzling one; fêted, flattered, applauded, highly paid, what can stand between the darling of the footlights and a life of happiness ?

A very great deal. Believe me.

There arises, for example, almost at the outset the large question which might be described as London versus the Provinces. When brilliant young players establish themselves in the very front rank by two or three successive triumphs, as Mr. Charles Laughton and Miss Diana Wynyard have in recent years, their reputation at first is an entirely metropolitan, even a local one. " I hear there's a marvellous young actor in such and such a play," or " Let's go and see the new girl they've found at the So-and-so Theatre," may be the extent of it. With every production the circle will widen, the name become better known ; but although the theatre-going public of London, as compared to that of Paris or New York, is fantastically faithful to its established favourites, it has a very distinctly short memory in the earlier stages of acquaintance and until the process of establishment is duly completed. In the general estimation of theatreland it takes from two to three years of continued success and hard work for the name and personality of a star to become durably impressed upon the consciousness of London playgoers. Woe betide the young star who may neglect this rule either to woo the provinces or to succumb to the financial lure of the United States. He will drop out and the work will be to do all over again.

THIS peril of dropping out in the earlier years of stardom is a very genuine one, and instances are numerous in the West End, though perhaps it is kinder not to mention them by name. Yet in this very danger lies one of the star's problems. It is easy enough to resolve that the question of touring the provinces can be left for subsequent years, but in such a resolution lies no safety. The provinces are almost entirely served now by the national newspapers, emanating from London, and such a phenomenon as the rise of Charles Laughton does not go unnoticed. Provincial playgoers read of a new star and they want to see him—not fifteen years hence when his powers may be on the wane, but now, or at least as soon as possible. They have long ago ceased to wear pieces of straw in their hair in the provinces ; theatrically speaking, they are very important people indeed—with a shrewd sense of that importance. A successful tour of the big cities may make more profit than the entire West End run of a play ; a solid provincial following is one of the soundest assets for a star contemplating management. But if a star wants provincial support he must play fair by the provinces and dedicate some of his best years to them—otherwise he won't get it.

There are a certain number of stars—Sir Gerald du Maurier is one—who do not tour at all and may perhaps add a certain extra *cachet* to their reputations by the fact that they are to be seen in London alone. But Sir Gerald, though he is also a great deal more, is primarily a " drawing room " actor and his example in this respect would be an inadvisable one for any young star to follow.

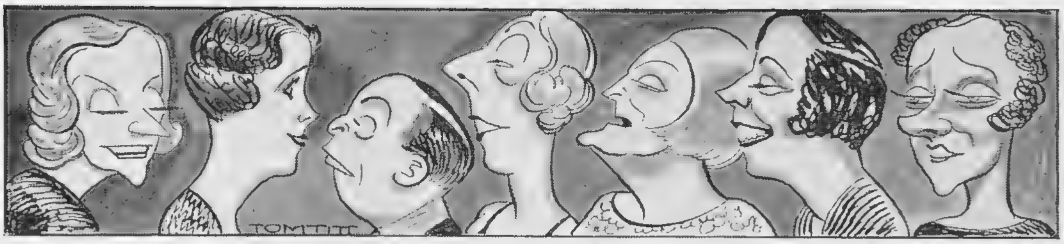
But the adjustment of this delicate and important balance between the claims of London and the provinces is only one of those matters which conspire to rob the star of beauty sleep—there is also America.

Broadly speaking, the great names of the theatre can command in New York twice their London salaries, whilst successful plays run considerably longer. America, therefore, was always the Tom Tiddler's ground of the stage—the country where stars could " cash in " on their reputations. In a sense it remains so still, but nowadays there is a catch in it. The American Actors' Equity, which is so powerful as virtually to legislate for the stage in the United States, has now laid down that after any foreign actor has appeared there in a single play, a period of six clear months must elapse before he is permitted to appear again. The practical effect of this from the star's point of view is to increase enormously the gamble of American production, for an initial failure can no longer be redeemed as formerly by an immediate subsequent success. There are no second chances, and if his first venture fails he is ignominiously packed off home with a reputation distinctly impaired by the trip. But though the gamble has been increased the stakes are now also much higher. Since the rise of the talkies, Hollywood is always beckoning to the favourites of the stage. There Equity restrictions do not apply in their full severity and a single picture may yield the certainty of £10,000. When therefore a London success leads, as it almost inevitably does, to offers being received from New York managers, many and anxious conferences are necessary, for no artist can afford to hazard himself and his reputation too lightly in the great American lottery.

CONSIDER also the gravest problem of all—going into management. In himself, in his actual body, in his laboriously acquired technique, in the value which has come to be attached to his name, above all in his stage personality, the star has an asset—more often than not his only one—of great potential value. But, like a coal mine, it is a wasting asset ; there are only so many working years ; how can they be employed to yield such a combination of artistic and financial achievement as will make for happiness and the prospect of security in old age ?

If this element of financial security be regarded as paramount, he will continue as he has begun, a salaried artist em-

WITH notable exceptions the spirit of adventure and a legitimate ambition have carried many popular players into management at one time or another. (Right) Tallulah Bankhead, Diana Wynyard, Leslie Henson, Edith Evans, Sybil Thorndike, Yvonne Arnaud and Gertrude Lawrence



ployed by various managements. This course has its advantage and many well-known stars, Tallulah Bankhead, Yvonne Arnaud and Gertrude Lawrence have never ventured themselves upon the stormy seas of management. The star draws a regular salary of anything from £100 to £250 a week, generally with a percentage of the gross takings or of the profits in addition, and is relieved from all the nerve-racking cares of responsibility. But to set against this are the unavoidable periods of unemployment when no offers come along; the greater degree of dependence on other people's judgment in such essential matters as the choice of a play, and, most aggravating of all to poor human nature, the prospect, at least once during a career, of seeing somebody else reap the fortune which the star has sown by his performance.

There is a middle position available, a compromise between a merely salaried stardom and the full rigours of personal management. This is a partnership or other association upon a basis of equality between an artist and a manager. There have been many famous combinations of this nature in Theatreland; Grossmith and Laurillard and Grossmith and Malone made theatrical history at one time; Leslie Henson and Firth Shepherd are highly successful producers of farces, whilst a less widely known business association, recently terminated after ten years, was that between Marie Tempest and Alban Limpus.

CONTRACTS
£ & $
Press Cuttings
TOM TITT

By

St. Vincent Troubridge

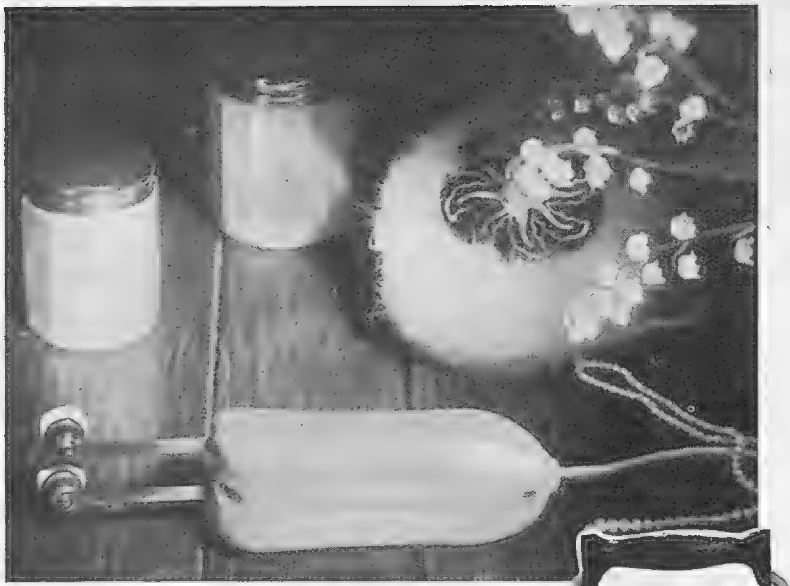
Theoretically, this form of combination is an almost ideal one. The star is relieved from all but the simplest considerations of business and finance whilst retaining full artistic control of the joint enterprise; the manager is enabled to lay careful future plans with the knowledge that his star cannot be lured away by the offer of another £25 a week from a rival. In practice, unless the combination is fortunate in a singular unanimity of aims and ideas, it carries within itself the seeds of dissension and fails to survive the inevitable bad patch which every business, let alone so hazardous a one as the theatre, is bound to strike at times.

WITH the actual entry into management our star sets forth upon the supreme treasure hunt. He may be able to retire with a substantial fortune in something under twenty years, as the Bancrofts did, or he may be glad enough to escape back to the peace of salaried engagements with savings vanished and wealthy only in experience. Though the spirit of adventure and a legitimate ambition have carried almost every popular player into management at one time or another, the qualities necessary for managerial success are so widely different from those which go to the making of a star that it is virtually impossible to judge beforehand the prospects of any particular individual. When the star is considering management the first question to arise is that of money. On an average £4,000 is required to finance a West End production. He may have this amount put by from the days of his salaried security. Is he to venture his own money in what is admittedly a speculative enterprise? If he does so and wins, he will join Matheson Lang and Sybil Thorndike in that fortunate state of complete freedom which comes with "being your own backer" as the theatrical phrase has it. If he does and loses he will find himself commiserating with Edith Evans, whose savings recently vanished with *Delilah* in under a week. Let us suppose that he considers the risk too grave; then he must go out and find a backer. Perhaps he knows some rich man with a belief in his money-making capabilities. Even so, it is far from plane sailing, for not many business men have either the knowledge necessary to visualise the dramatic possibilities of a play from the manuscript or the faith necessary to sink their money in something which seems to them bald and unconvincing. Infinite patience and diplomacy go to the handling of backers and the budding manager may well have more than a sprinkling of grey hairs before the cheque is safely lodged in the bank. Then must immediately be brought into play (*Continued on page 96*)

What I have

BOTH cherries and plums can be stoned with scarcely any trouble with the aid of the little hand machine shown below. It will be found that it is a particularly useful gadget now that the fruit season is here; price 1s. 11d. The cherry or plum is placed on the lip of the hole top side down and the handle is punched smartly. At first thought it seems that so many movements are not worth the work accomplished, but after a very few cherries it becomes quite mechanised and so quite quick.

NO flint is required for the gas-lighter shown in the centre of this page, nor can it fail to light the gas if the battery is still charged. Simply press the end; this makes the tiny filament at the top red-hot, and this, in turn, immediately ignites the gas. This is a real improvement on the pistol type of gas lighter, and is useful near a gas stove, where it can be hung in the spiral case supplied. Price 2s. 6d., refills 6d. each. The battery lasts a very long time.

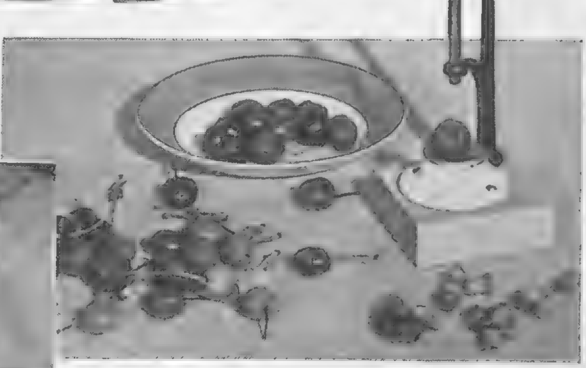


The Velvetskin face patter can be attached to any electric plug, will save you a lot of fatigue, and costs only 30/-

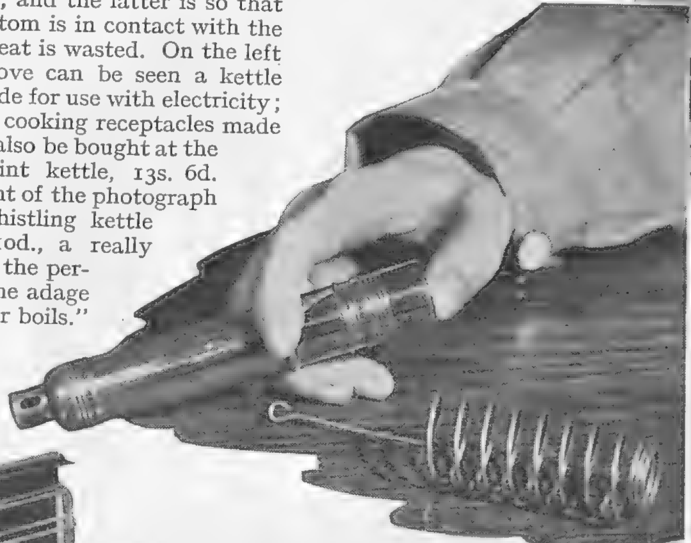
DID you know that all that tiresome face patting can be done for you with the aid of an electric Skin Patter? The instrument is quite attractively made and is designed to operate from A.C. supply mains 220 volt 50 cycle. Price 30s.

IF you use aluminium kettles and saucepans for electric stoves and hot-plates, they must not only have extra thickness at the bottom, but must also be ground absolutely flat. The former is to save the aluminium from buckling with the intense heat, and the latter is so that every part of the bottom is in contact with the hot-plate and so no heat is wasted. On the left of the illustration above can be seen a kettle which is especially made for use with electricity; saucepans and other cooking receptacles made in the same way can also be bought at the same stores. Two-pint kettle, 13s. 6d. The kettle on the right of the photograph is a new kind of whistling kettle and costs only 1s. 10d., a really useful acquisition for the person who believes in the adage "A watched pot never boils."

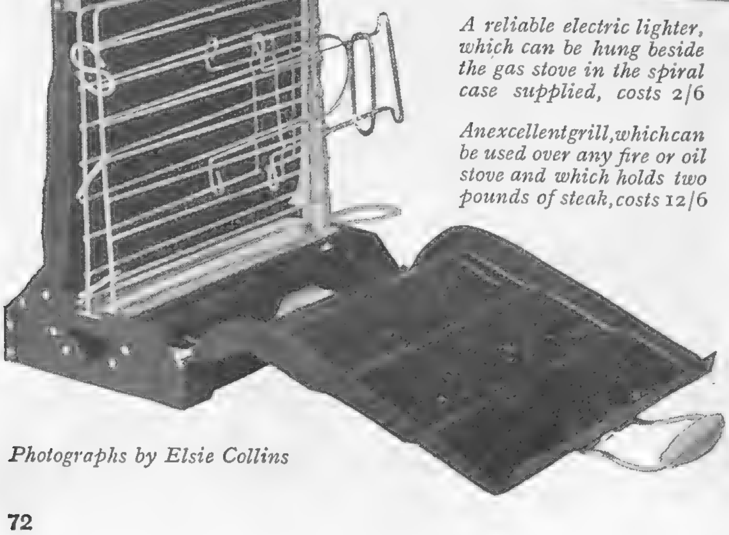
The kettle on the left is especially made for use with electric stoves, 13/6; the kettle on the right whistles when it boils, 1/10



This little hand machine will quickly and easily stone either cherries or plums and is a great time and labour saver, price 1/11



A reliable electric lighter, which can be hung beside the gas stove in the spiral case supplied, costs 2/6



An excellent grill, which can be used over any fire or oil stove and which holds two pounds of steak, costs 12/6

DID you know that you can now have a perfect grill without a grid, even if your country cottage has only an oil stove? The grill is quite easy to manage and keep clean, and will hold as much as two pounds of steak at once. Apart from the advantage of being able to have a grill without the aid of a grid, even on an oil stove, the cooked food is much more tender and both sides of the steak or other food are cooked at once, and there is no shrinkage.

The first thing to do is to remove the grill part and fill a third of the drip-pan with water, then close up the side and place over the heat. This should stay over the heat for two or three minutes, when the whole thing will be at the correct temperature for a grill. Next place the steak or other food between the two wire parts of the grill and fasten together. Undo the two sides of the heated grill and hang the steak, which is between the wires, inside over the drip-pan and then close the sides. Now leave the whole thing over the heat, when both sides will be cooked simultaneously by the steam from the water. The gravy will drip into the drip-pan, and so nothing is wasted. Price 12s. 6d.

Photographs by Elsie Collins

Bought *this* Month

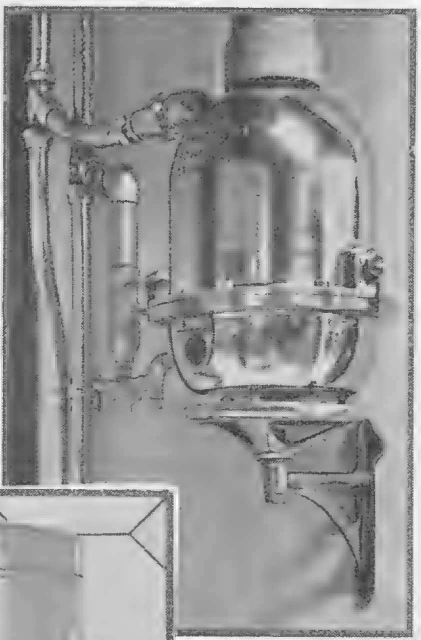
THERE is an electric beater and mixer with motor-driven twin beaters which mixes ingredients in less than half the time required by hand, yields a greater bulk of mixture, and whips more finely and evenly than is possible by hand methods. Seven different degrees of speed. Price £5 17s. 6d.

THIS butter cooler will not only keep butter cool in the summer, but it will also prevent the butter from getting hard in the winter. It is made of aluminium, and there is a space in the top to hold water which is poured in where the ring can be seen. In the summer cold water should be used, and in the winter hot water. Price 2s. 9d.

An electric mixer and beater is a boon to the maker of cakes and sweets. It yields a greater bulk of mixture than the hand-beating methods and costs £5 . 17 . 6

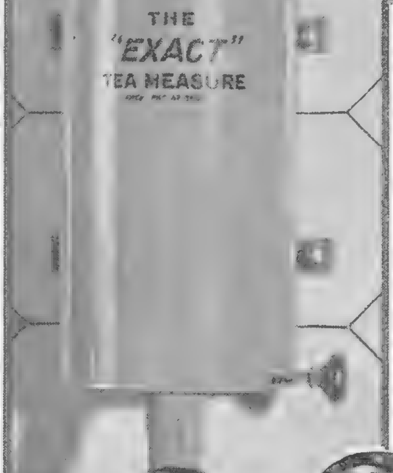
An aluminium butter dish which not only keeps the butter cool in summer but prevents it from freezing hard in winter is a useful acquisition. Price 2/0

IF your water system is heated by fire there is no need to have it alight in the summer to obtain hot water. There is a gas hot water circulator which can be fitted on to any existing radiator or domestic hot-water system and costs £6 6s. Nor is the fitting complicated and expensive. The whole outlay should not exceed more than £7 11s., and there is no need for a special gas supply from the meter or main. This circulator can be used with a hot storage tank of any size up to 50 gallons, and the cost of the gas is very little, being approximately 1d. per hour for heating the water from cold, and about one penny for five or six hours for keeping the stored water hot.



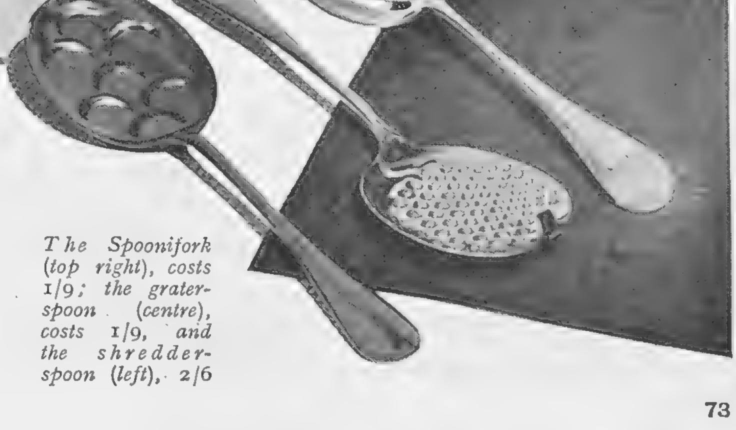
This gas circulator can be fitted on to any existing hot water system and will provide hot water for approximately 1d. per hour, price £6 . 6 . 0

THERE need be no more haphazard pots of tea if this tea-measure forms part of the kitchen accessories. It can be hung on the wall and used as the tea canister, the tea being kept in perfect condition inside. When tea is needed for the pot, the handle on the right is slid along and a certain amount of tea, which never varies, is dropped out. This can be repeated to the required amount; thus the tea made is standardised in strength. Price 5s. The tea-measure is made of blue enamel.



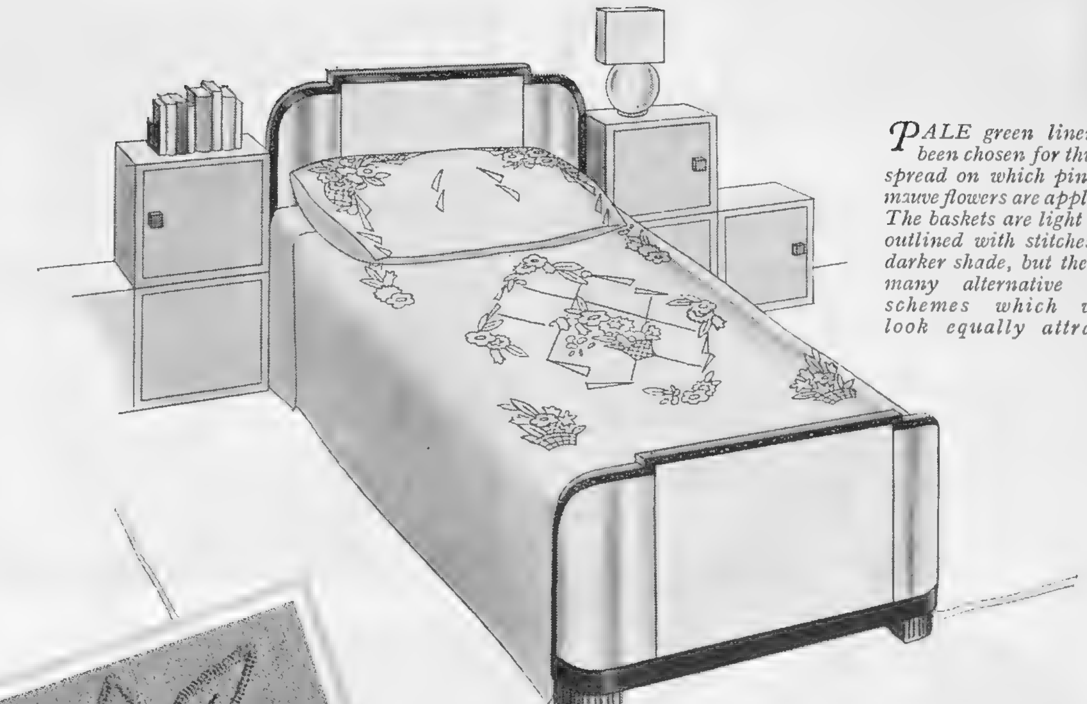
A tea-measure which hangs on the wall and in which the tea can be stored guarantees that the tea will be neither too weak nor too strong. Price 5/-

EACH one of the spoons illustrated below can be used for many other purposes as well as that of a cooking spoon. The shredder on the left is particularly useful for shredding suet and vegetables. Then there is the grater which can be seen in the centre, and which has an equally useful combination. It not only grates bread, lemon, nutmegs and other substances which have to be grated, but the prong on the end doubles the use of the spoon part. On the top right is the Spoonifork, most useful for cooking and serving, as it really does combine the uses of a spoon and fork. Perhaps this is the most useful one of the three shown, for it can be used in the hundred and one odd jobs which turn up when cooking—straining the top of the soup, separating the white of the egg from the yolk, beating the eggs, cutting and chopping vegetables, etc.



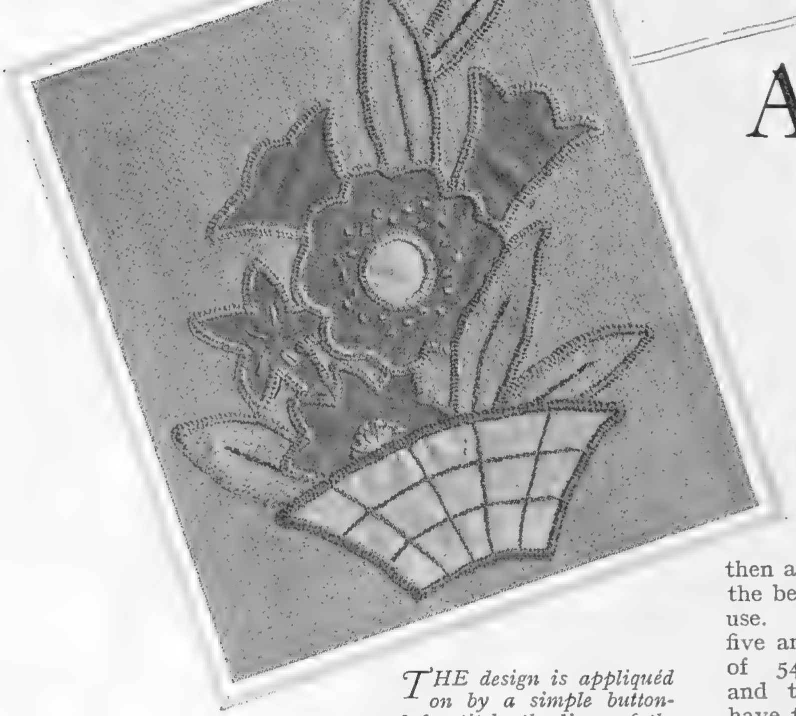
The Spoonifork (top right), costs 1/9; the grater-spoon (centre), costs 1/9, and the shredder-spoon (left), 2/6

An attractive Bed-spread which is easy to work and would do much to rejuvenate any Bedroom



PALE green linen has been chosen for this bed-spread on which pink and mauve flowers are appliquéd. The baskets are light brown outlined with stitches of a darker shade, but there are many alternative colour schemes which would look equally attractive

A Bed-spread and Pillow-cover decorated with Coloured Appliqué



THE design is appliquéd on by a simple button-hole stitch, the lines of the basket and the centre of the leaves are in stem stitch, and French knots are worked around the flower centre

THIS attractive bed-spread is embroidered with a basket of conventional flowers in gay linens. Full particulars for obtaining the transfer are given at the foot of this page.

Materials required: If you like a cream background it is best to buy a sheeting material which is 70 in. wide. It is quite inexpensive, the price varies very slightly, according to the quality of the material chosen, but a reliable one can be bought for 8s. 11d. per yard. As the measurements for a single size bed are 70 × 90, the background material will cost about 24s. The appliqué is worked in linen in four different colours: rose, mauve, beige and green, and are a very effective combination. Three-eighths of a yard of each colour is required for the decoration; one-eighth of each colour for any extra pillow cover. A skein of stranded cotton in each colour is also needed.

If a coloured background is selected, then a good linen is the best material to use. It will take five and a half yards of 54-inch linen, and two joins will have to be made to obtain the required width. These joins should be made so that they fall exactly at each side of the bed.

Now make a suitable hem all round the bedspread before working the appliqué, and remember it will look much neater if mitred corners are made. For the pillow cover one yard is required.

The embroidery: Iron off the transfer lightly once on the bedspread, then iron off sections of the design, transferring the pieces as follows: The basket on beige linen, the leaves on green linen, the centre flower on rose and the bell-shaped flowers on mauve. Cut these out, leaving about half an inch of material round the edges of the design.

Tack these pieces in place over the complete basket on the bedspread, and cover the edges of the flowers and leaves with self-coloured buttonhole stitch, worked fairly closely together.

Work the lines on the basket in brown stem stitches and the outer edges in brown buttonhole stitch. Work yellow French knots round a beige centre for the largest flowers, and finish off the others with straight stitches.

Cut round the buttonhole stitch with a sharp pair of scissors to remove the surplus pieces of linen. Press the work on the wrong side to finish.

HEMSTITCHING around the border gives a very chic finish to this bedcover.

If you do not wish to appliqué the bedspread it might be simply embroidered in the various colourings. The transfer is, of course, then ironed straight on to the material in the ordinary way.

An effective colour scheme would be a beige background with the flowers worked in rich autumn colourings, or in a room where the chief colour is blue the background might be of deep cornflower blue with the flowers in paler shades of blue combined with primrose yellow.

SPECIAL transfers for making this attractive bed-spread and pillow cover may be obtained by sending a postal order for two shillings. Extra pillow covers cost 6d. each. Address your requests to the Woman Editor, c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

Flowers . . .

How to Cut and Pack them

A FEW flowers arranged with taste so that the beauty of each blossom is shown to advantage is preferable to overcrowding

FLOWERS, like clothes, should be packed tightly, and travel better when packed as closely as possible. Flowers from Goodyear

Miller and Harris

A FIRM cardboard box, tissue paper, strong string, and sharp scissors are all essential to the successful packing of flowers. By courtesy of Goodyear

THOUGH the actual arrangement of flowers may be a matter of inherent taste or flair, the business of "doing" them—cutting, changing the water, preserving, packing or arranging—should be an affair of method and efficiency.

Flowers last better if cut at the right time, and can equally be assisted in lasting over any special occasion. No less is it disappointing both to ourselves and our friends who receive them if our labours in despatching floral gifts are nullified through inefficient packing.

To cut flowers we should go out early in the day, before the sun has opened them or a long hot day wearied them. Cut on a summer's evening they will last but half the time. For special occasions it is also good to remember that flowers just coming into season will last longer than flowers going out of season. Soft stalks may be cut with a knife or scissors, but wood stalks, like roses, must be bruised or split with a knife or peeled a little up the stalk.

Flowers in hot rooms, or used for dinner table purposes in rather narrow vases, should at night be removed and placed in deep bowls or buckets, and those, like roses, with long stems should have tissue paper folded round them. The ideal storage ground is the cellar or a cool stone passage.

SUGAR in the water helps to "keep" flowers that are inclined to droop a little, and a tablet of aspirin in the water or a few drops of sal volatile in the vases have a marvellously restorative effect for the time being.

For sending flowers away, it is sheer waste of time to choose anything but a really sturdy cardboard box; florists nearly always use the brown kind with metal corners.

It is not advisable to make the flowers very damp, for the result is too often to make the cardboard soft, when the flowers arrive crushed. Flowers, like frocks, travel best if rather closely packed. On the other hand a professional manner of dealing with them is to wrap a special bunch into some double tissue paper, twisting the ends as cakes are twisted into paper bags. They should first, by the way, be tied at the stalks with a little bass. The twisted ends of the paper are then secured to the box lid by a little bass tied through holes bored in the cardboard at each corner. The flowers can then neither be shaken about nor crushed. This is of course a method for dealing primarily with the light weight flowers, or smaller bunches.

A biscuit tin makes good protection for flowers that need to be wrapped in moss about the stems, such as church decoration flowers, etc.

Flowers that are to be put in the back of the visitor's car deserve more care than they often receive. Vibration ruins them very quickly. A box is a help, but in any case they should be held tightly together with bass and have tissue paper and newspaper wrapping in default of heavier protection. They should never lie loose on the seats or be allowed to shake about.

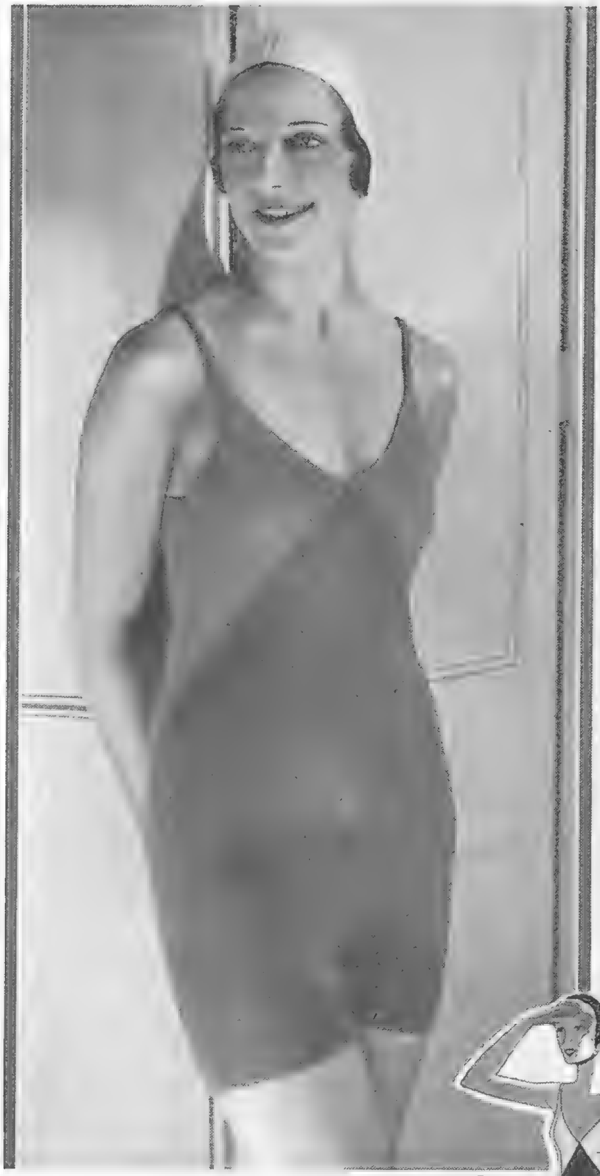
For their actual arrangement, if our fairy godmother denied us this particular genius, we can do something by observation and a light hand. Overcrowding is the worst vice of the tyro.

A vase that will stand on the dinner table must be slowly turned as we fill it so that the effect is equally good from all angles. The finished vase must always be inspected from the height at which it will stand on mantelpiece or desk.

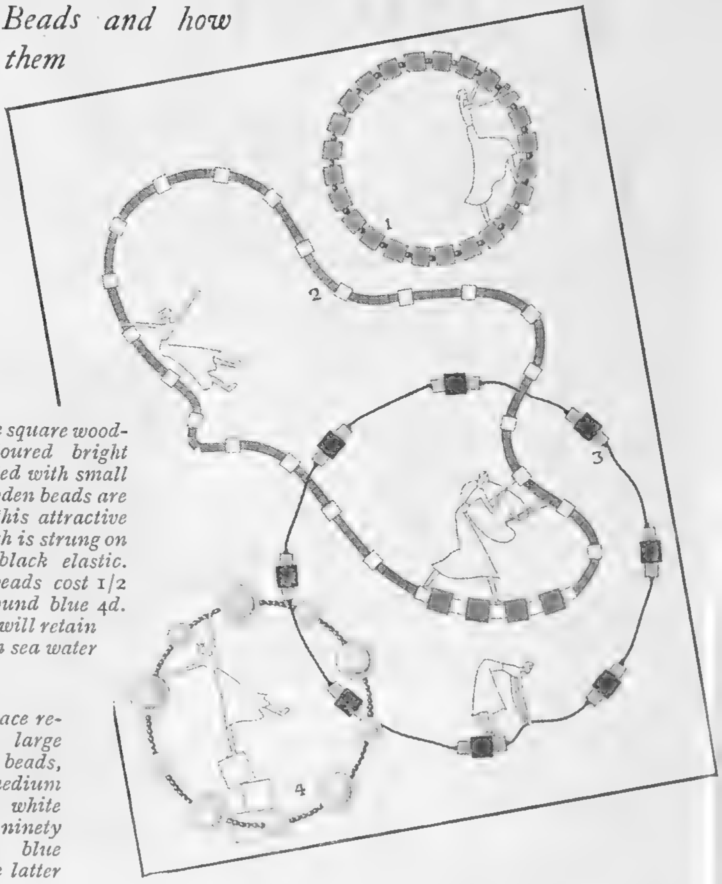
We should make the most of colour and light and shade, and study the powers of reflection in mirror or polished table. The shadow of leaves against a plain wall, the glow of a bright coloured bowl and a country posy on a dark table, or a splash of vivid colour in a pale room is often more effective than a mass of expensive blooms.

Whether we choose to "do" the flowers in rubber or wash-leather gloves is a matter for personal taste; rubber offers, perhaps, rather more protection. Our gardening overall should be considered incomplete without generous pockets for bass and a pair of scissors duly secured.

Aids *to* Beauty *on the* Beach



Bathing Beads and how to make them



1. Twenty-five square wooden beads coloured bright green alternated with small royal blue wooden beads are required for this attractive necklace, which is strung on thin round black elastic. The square beads cost 1/2 for 50, the round blue 4d. for 50; both will retain their colour in sea water

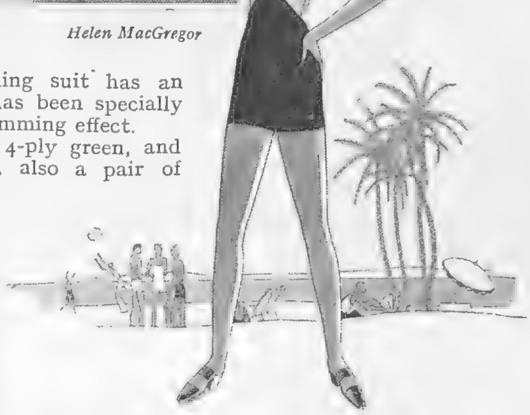
2. This necklace requires four large square blue beads, twenty-two medium size square white beads, and ninety small square blue beads. These latter cost 4d. for 50; the medium 10d. for 50; the large 1/2 for 50

3. Black eyeglass cord is used for this necklace which requires eight large black wooden beads, 50 for 1/2, and sixteen smaller yellow beads, 50 for 10d. Two inches of cord is left between each group of beads, which is held in place by knots

4. Five very large white wooden beads, 6d. a dozen; five smaller white beads, 5d. for 50; and sixty small scarlet beads, 4d. for 50, are strung on thin round white elastic to make this unusual necklace. All the beads are guaranteed fast colours

The address of where these beads may be obtained will be sent on request. Write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.1

Helen MacGregor



The "Slim Line" Bathing Suit

THIS attractive bathing suit has an unusual line which has been specially designed to give a slimming effect.

It takes 5 ozs. of 4-ply green, and 3 ozs. of 4-ply yellow wool, also a pair of No. 10 needles.

The knicker part fits comfortably, and the top has a V-shaped neck and shaped shoulder straps. The back and front are knitted separately and joined up the sides afterwards.

The suit measures 31 inches from the shoulder to the lower edge, and the knitting is worked at a tension of 7 stitches to an inch on No. 10 needles.

THE SLIM-LINE FRONT

WITH the green wool, cast on 44 stitches, knitting the first row into the back of stitches of previous row to give a neat, firm edge, then work 3 rows of 1 plain 1 purl (ribbing). Knit the next row, increasing one stitch at the end of the row by knitting into the back and front of the last stitch on the needle. Continue working 1 row plain 1 row purl alternately, increasing one stitch every third row, always at the same edge of the work, until you have 54 stitches on the needle. Slip these stitches on to a spare needle, and work another leg piece to correspond, but begin the increases at the end of a purl row.

When both pieces are knitted to the same length, work them on to one needle and continue working on these 108 stitches in stocking stitch for 11 inches.

You will now need to work with two balls of yellow wool for the bodice part.

With the right side of the work towards you, join on the yellow wool and knit 1 yellow stitch, knitting the remainder in green. Again join on the yellow wool (you will now have 1 yellow ball at each end), and purl the first stitch yellow, pass the yellow and green wool at the back of the row so that the green wool is in the right position for purling, purl in green to the last two stitches (which are one green and one yellow), pass the yellow and green wool at the back of the row so that the yellow wool is in the right position for knitting, knitting the last two stitches in yellow. Continue making one extra yellow stitch in each row (always at the end of the row, *never* at the beginning,) until you have all the stitches on the row in yellow. Work one more row in yellow. Break off the green wool (which has to be neatened in afterwards).

THE SHOULDER STRAPS AND ARMHOLES

AT the beginning of the next two rows cast off 4 stitches.

Next row.—With the right side of the work facing you, knit to the centre of work, cast off 1 stitch, knit the remaining stitches. Continue on these last stitches, decreasing 1 stitch at both ends of the work every third row until the stitches are reduced to 8. Proceed on these 8 stitches for 3¼ inches, then cast off. Work on the other side of the shoulder to correspond.

The Back.—This is worked exactly the same as the front as far as 11 inches in green wool in stocking stitch, then with the right side of the work towards you, knit to within 14 stitches from the end of the row, turn (always slipping the first stitch when turning).

Next row.—Purl to within 14 stitches from end of row, turn.
Next row.—Knit to within 20 stitches from end of row, turn.
Next row.—Purl to within 20 stitches from end of row, turn.
Next row.—Knit to within 26 stitches from end of row, turn.
Next row.—Purl to within 26 stitches from end of row, turn, and knit to the end of the row.

Join on the yellow wool, and proceed exactly the same as for the front of bodice.

Now join up the sides, and press on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

A Bathing Suit *for* Baby

In Bright Yellow and Blue Wools

THIS miniature but very *chic* bathing suit, made in soft yellow and blue wool, has been designed to fit a child of 1 to 2 years. The baby shown below is just fifteen months old.

Materials and Measurements.

The suit measures 11 inches from shoulder to the lower edge, and 10 inches across the bodice.

To make it, you will require 2 ozs. of blue 4-ply Crocus wool (Paton and Baldwins) and 1 oz. of yellow. You will also need a pair of No. 9 needles.

The work is done in one piece, beginning at the waist-line in front, which is afterwards joined at the lower edge of the bodice part. The stripes of the top are graduated in width and the drawers are plain.

The Front.

Cast on 66 stitches, and work in ribbing (1 plain, 1 purl) for ten rows. Then work in stocking stitch (1 *row* plain and 1 *row* purl), increasing 1 stitch at both ends of the work by knitting into the back and front of the last stitch, every sixth row, until you have 80 stitches on the needle.

At the beginning of the next 10 rows, cast off 6 stitches, which will leave 20 stitches in the centre of the work.

Work 1 row across all the 20 stitches, then, at the beginning of the next 10 rows, cast on 6 stitches. Now continue in stocking stitch, decreasing one stitch at both ends of the work every sixth row until you have 66 stitches on the needle.

Shaping the Back.

With the right side of the work towards you, knit to within 10 stitches from the end of the row; turn (always slipping the first stitch).

Next row. Purl to within 10 stitches from end of the row, turn.

Next row. Knit to within 15 stitches from end of the row, turn.

Next row. Purl to within 15 stitches from end of the row, turn.

Next row. Knit to within 20 stitches from end of the row, turn.

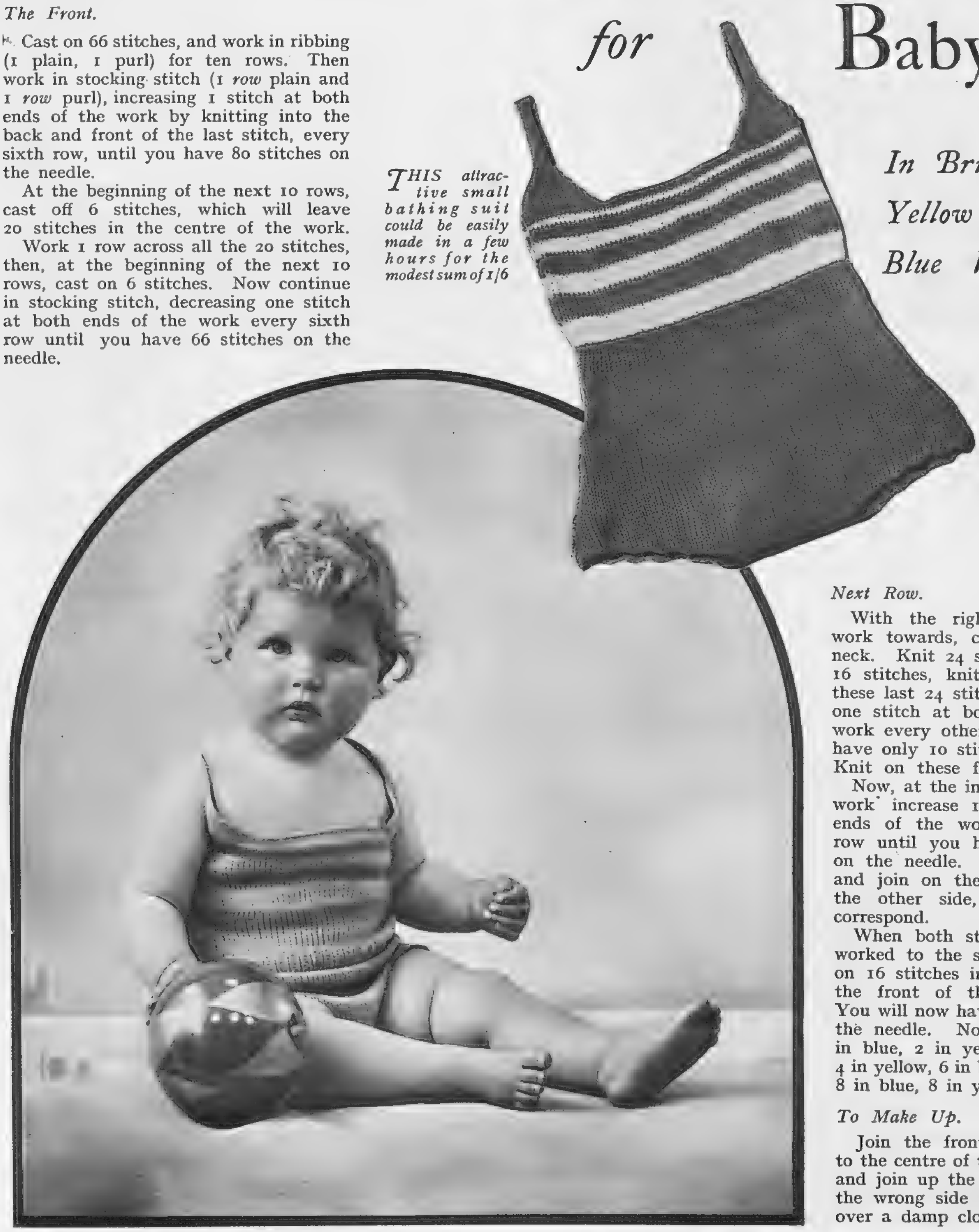
Next row. Purl to within 20 stitches from end of the row, turn.

Next row. Knit to within 25 stitches from end of the row, turn.

Next row. Purl to within 25 stitches from end of the row, turn.

Now work across all the stitches, and work 10 rows of 1 plain, 1 purl.

Join on the yellow wool (still working in stocking stitch) and work 8 rows in yellow, then 8 in blue, 6 in yellow, 6 in blue, 6 in yellow, 4 in blue, 2 in yellow, 2 in blue.



THIS attractive small bathing suit could be easily made in a few hours for the modest sum of 1/6

Next Row.

With the right side of the work towards, cast off for the neck. Knit 24 stitches, cast off 16 stitches, knit 24. Knit on these last 24 stitches, decreasing one stitch at both ends of the work every other row until you have only 10 stitches remaining. Knit on these for 3 inches.

Now, at the inside edge of the work increase 1 stitch at both ends of the work every other row until you have 24 stitches on the needle. Break off wool and join on the inside edge of the other side, and work to correspond.

When both straps have been worked to the same point, cast on 16 stitches in the centre for the front of the bodice part. You will now have 66 stitches on the needle. Now work 2 rows in blue, 2 in yellow, 4 in blue, 4 in yellow, 6 in blue, 6 in yellow, 8 in blue, 8 in yellow. Cast off.

To Make Up.

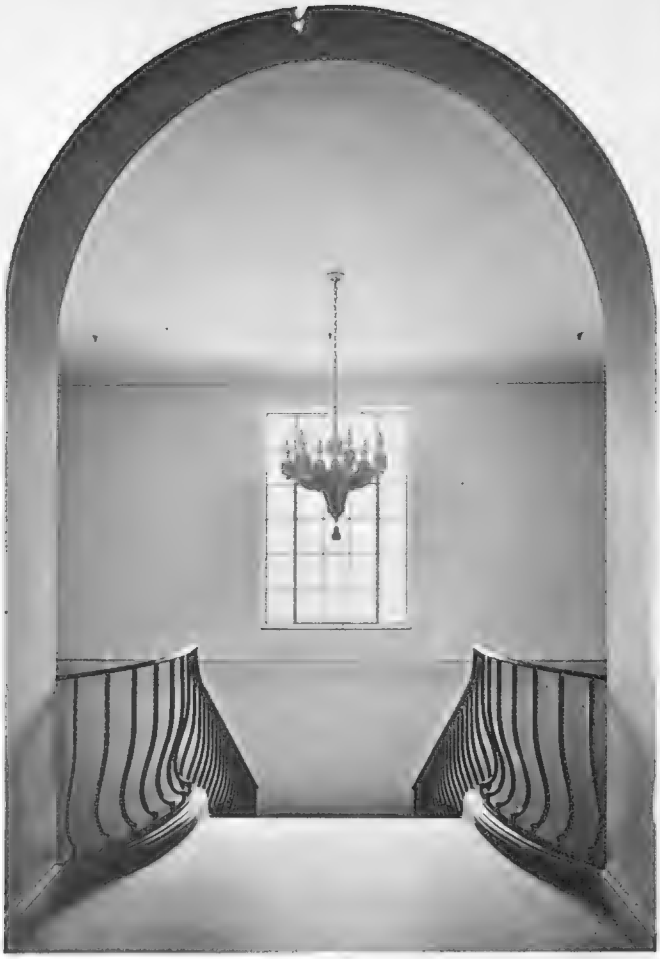
Join the front of the bodice to the centre of the knicker part, and join up the sides. Press on the wrong side with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

Ways *with* Windows

THE really successful window treatment considers both the architecture of the house and the decoration of the rooms

By

Frank Bennett

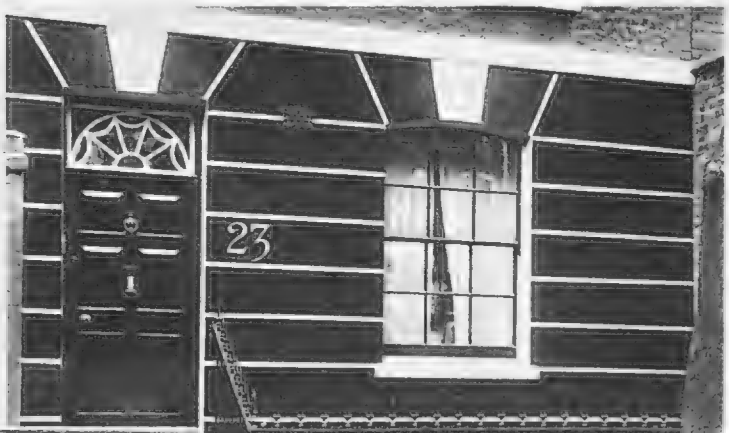


THAT a modern steel window can be extremely decorative is proved by this charming example designed by Lord Gerald Wellesley and Mr. T. Wills. Reproduced by permission of the "Architect's Journal"

SUPPOSING you are taking over a new house or redecorating an old one, what are you going to do about the windows, outside as well as in? How is the valuable opportunity to do something amusing going to be seized before you "settle down"?

A window should be more than a hole in a wall; it should express its own and its owner's individuality, and, quite apart from the architecture, it looks much more assured when it is slightly dressed up.

What do the windows look like from the street before a start is made? Are they sad and weary? How would they look with shutters and window-boxes? What colour shall they be painted? How would they look with colour-wash on some of the brickwork? Undoubtedly, most windows *are* improved with shutters, and, apart from their usefulness, they add a restful air to the house. They do not have to be painted green; they can be of almost any colour, or have designs on them like the Dutch ones, which are painted to resemble curtains.



THE colour arrangement of this stucco-fronted house in Cheyne Row makes a distinguished composition and links the window with the walls. The colours are cream and black

AN early nineteenth-century front has been transformed by cement stucco and a gay window-box

THESE windows have been rejuvenated by green shutters, cream paint, and black window-sashes

An unusual set of shutters was made of plain oak hung with curly wrought-iron hinges of the farmhouse-door type.

Colour-washing of a gauged brick arch is a simple but effective treatment, and alternate long and short "quoin" bricks at the sides of a window picked out in red follow the good Georgian tradition. There is one house in London with every brick individually colour-washed, one red and one purple alternately.

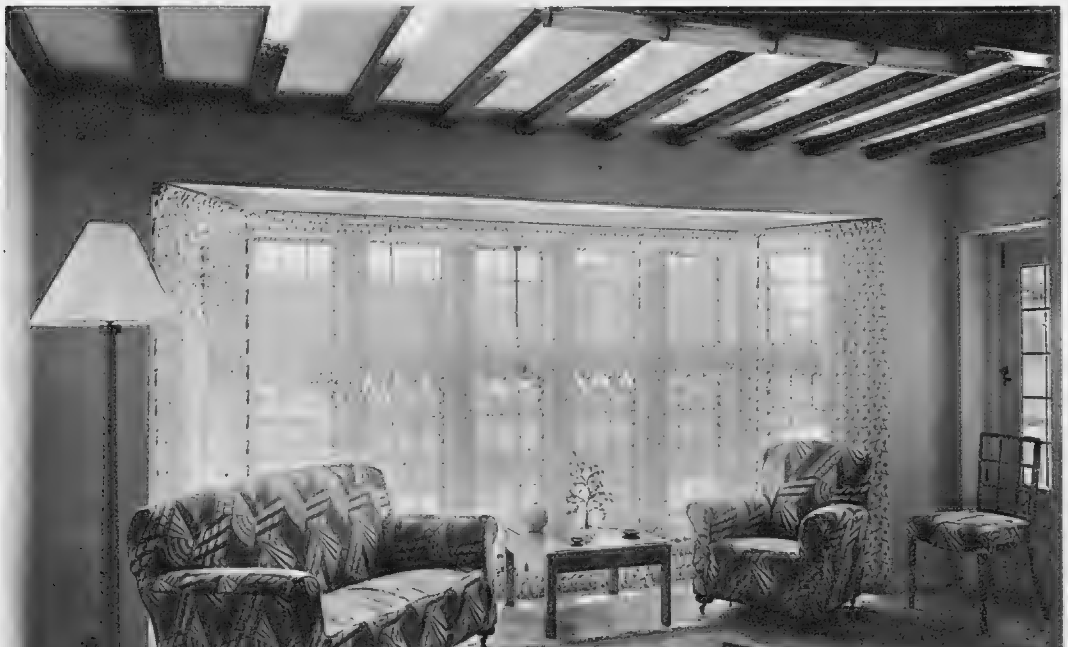
MANY people are slack when it comes to painting the outside woodwork. A coat of black or brown may be economical, but it is hardly good enough. Creams and light greens are the right colours, and a blue or bright red may take the place of a green if used in harmony with the colours of the main wall, and the curtains as seen through the glass. The colours of the window-frames, the flower-boxes, and the shutters may be made to produce a definite effect of composition, as, for instance, when the sashes and window-boxes are of one strong colour, and the frames, jambs, and sills are of another and lighter colour. Stucco-fronted houses of the Nash period give the finest opportunity for this type of colour-scheme.

Pots of flowers behind wrought-iron grilles are preferable to window-boxes. The flowers can push their heads through the openings in the ironwork, or hang down in festoons in a manner not suitable to the wooden box, which needs tall and erect flowers to set off the size of the box below. A piece of wrought iron fastened on to a box so that it projects above is, however, quite a good compromise.

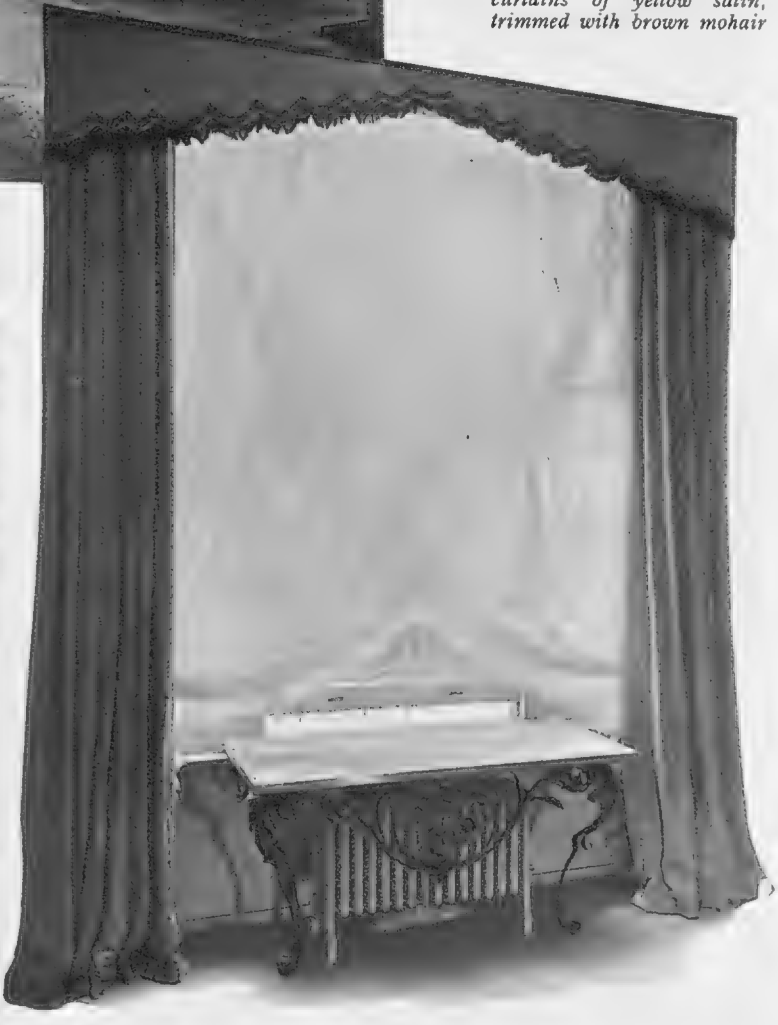
The box which encloses the tops of sun-blinds can be exploited with advantage; the standard pattern does not have to be maintained, and there is no reason why some of the more shapely pelmet forms should not be used. A plain blind-box can be made a feature merely by painting bands of alternate colour to match the blind, and this is also a reasonable treatment for the fronts of wooden flower-boxes.

WHEN it comes to the treatment of windows *inside* a house, it is necessary to realise that *curtains are the main furnishing of a room*: once these and the colours of the walls are chosen, the character of the room is decided.

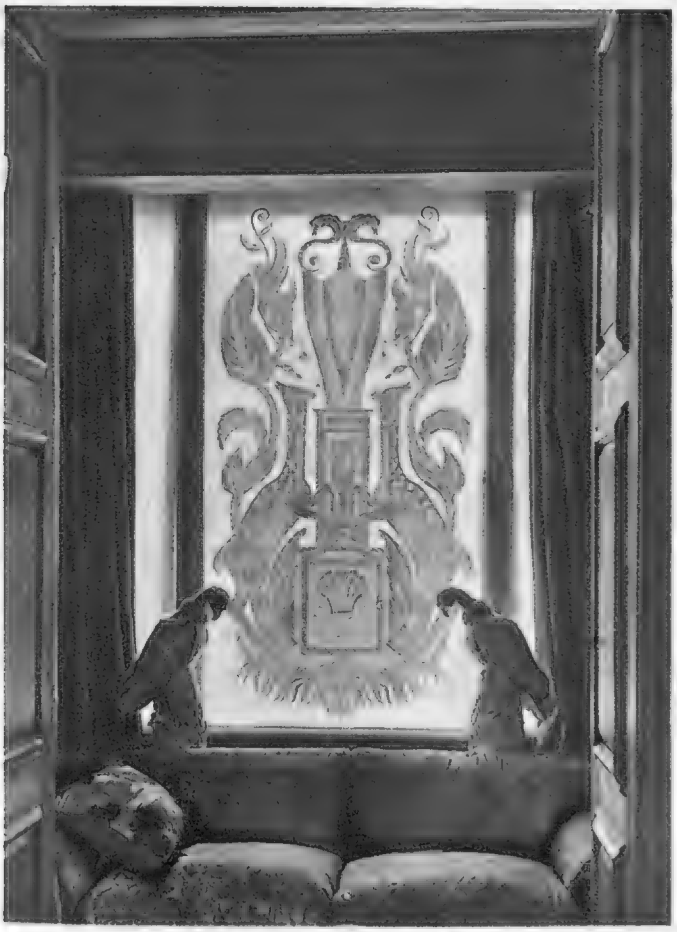
For sunny aspects there will be either double sets—thick and thin—or single sets of semi-transparent curtains that will serve for both winter and summer. This decision must rest on the presence or absence of sun-blinds. The actual selection of material for the curtains depends on the type of room, but the variety nowadays is enormous. Brocades, silks, tapestries, satins, damasks, velvets, brocatelles, chintzes plain or patterned, are only a few of the available fabrics from which a choice must be made, according to the personal taste and finances of the owner. It is best not to line thin silks, for (*Continued on page 92*)



AN excellent window treatment for a small room which gives a sense of space and is economical consists of a single set of figured voile curtains. These are to be seen in a room at Welwyn City

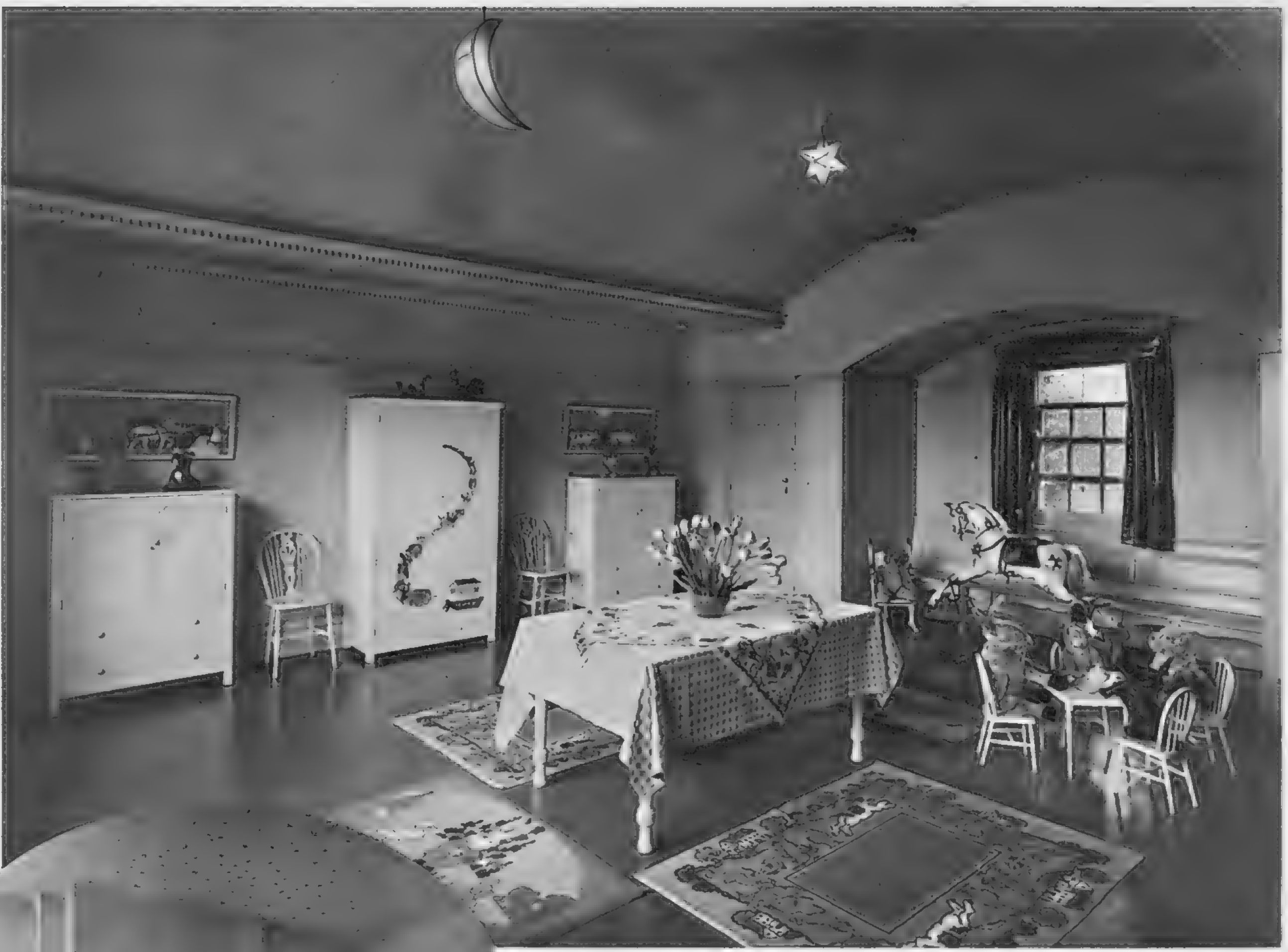


AN original arrangement for a large window shows crossed curtains of transparent yellow muslin combined with heavy curtains of yellow satin, trimmed with brown mohair

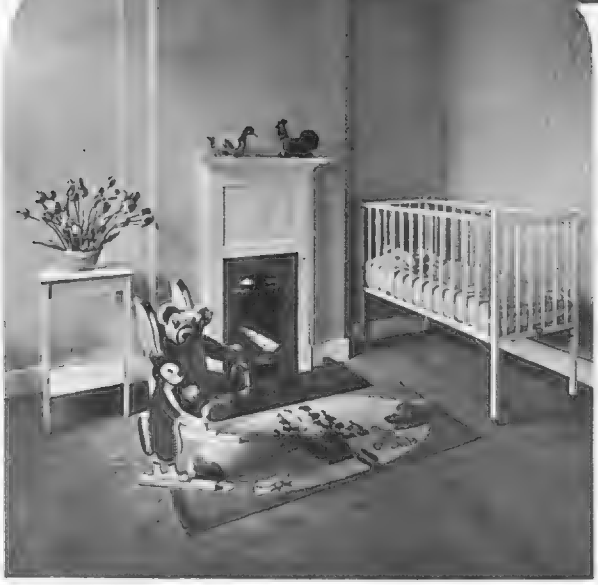


A SUN-BLIND provides an excellent opportunity for painted decoration. This bold design was made by Mr. Colin Sealy for Lady Lathom's house in Regent's Park

Photographs by Humphrey and Vera Joel



ANIMAL rugs, painted furniture, and oil silk curtains are features of this beautiful day nursery at Newlands Park, Chalfont St. Giles, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison



THE night nursery at Newlands Park is papered in "night" blue, covered with silver stars. Gaily painted wooden toys form the mantelpiece ornaments and the cot is placed in a recess protected from draughts

The Ideal Nursery

Hygienic simplicity combined with gay but harmonious colours distinguish the ideal nursery

By

Pamela Murray

THE ideal nursery is not always the big nursery. In these days of flats and small houses, few children possess playrooms on the same scale as did their parents in the ample pre-war era, when Nannie was waited on by a nursery-maid, who in turn enjoyed the services of a tweeny. But if the nursery has shrunk, so has the quota of its small inmates and their attendants. To-day the indispensable godmothers to an ideal nursery are Economy and Simplicity.

Most mothers find it more amusing to choose a colour-scheme than to plan the cupboard space, but it is careful planning (with one eye on health and the other on a reduction of housework) which forms the basis of nursery comfort. The practical details of lighting, heating, and an avoidance of draughts mean more to the little people's welfare than an animal frieze or a cuckoo clock, however fascinating. Wide windows, cosy screens, and a basin with running hot water characterise the perfect nursery. Nannie's bed is thoroughly comfortable, for she needs all the sleep she can get, and such utilitarian objects as the medicine cupboard and the clothes basket can be camouflaged by the gaiety of their colours. Bedspreads harmonise with curtains, and an electric heater defeats both dust and hard labour. Deal furniture (which can be soaped) or pale waxed oak, or vivid painted and enamelled suites grace the modern setting. In both nurseries and in the bathroom, lights are decoratively but firmly shaded to keep young eyes from harm, while "daylight" lamps are used instead of the white variety. The day nursery has a conveniently placed wall-plug for kettle, cooker, or iron, and one corner holds a built-in cupboard where bright crockery and still brighter toys are hidden "after hours."

SUNSHINE-yellow walls with royal-blue paintwork and furniture is a delightful colour combination. A pink nursery calls for silky rubber curtains like crushed raspberries and green marbled linoleum under foot. If yellow glacé chintz, alive with orange sailing-ships, is used for chair covers, then the curtains can be broadly striped in orange and yellow linen. Red-and-white checked linoleum looks splendid in a big country nursery where the curtains are white American cloth and the furniture white to match. If there is a set of "stripped" or waxed chairs and chests, it will call for a silvery-blue paper, highly varnished, or an old-fashioned hunting frieze, full of leafy distances, allied to butter-coloured walls. A painted sun shines night and day on the ceiling, and on all sides are colour, light-heartedness, and romance.

Those first Five Years

By Susan Isaacs, M.A.

Some interesting advice on those early, vital years by an authority who, in collaboration with Victoria Bennett, recently published "Health and Education in the Nursery"

THE other day a charming young mother came to talk over with me a question of her little boy's training. She was essentially the maternal type, and I should have thought she would be a happy and successful mother. Yet she told me she had not had a single hour's whole-hearted pleasure in her baby (now fourteen months old) since he was born. She had all the time been far too oppressed with the sense of her great responsibilities to *enjoy* him. She could not be simply happy in nursing and caring for him, because of the weight of her feeling of how terribly important everything she said and did might be for his future mental health.

Such a state of mind is not at all rare nowadays. It is still true, of course, that the majority of parents don't think quite enough about how they behave to their children. At any rate, they don't often stop to think beforehand as much as they might, but begin reflecting only later on, when they and the children are already in difficulties. But every day now one meets more of the mothers (mothers more often than fathers) who take their responsibilities so seriously that they can never be spontaneous and easy with their children. Such anxiety might almost be called a disease of modern parenthood.

THERE have, of course, always been over-anxious mothers. But they used to be worried about what *the children* did rather than about their own sayings and doings. If infants were rude or rough, mothers were miserable; but the rudeness and roughness were put down to the children's account rather than charged to the faulty technique of their elders.

A host of social and intellectual influences has changed this general attitude. Nowadays we blame the grown-ups much more readily than the children. And intelligent, sensitive mothers blame themselves if things don't go as they wish. Parental responsibility is in the air.

Parental responsibility is an excellent thing. But parental *anxiety* is far from excellent. It has a way of destroying not only the mother's pleasure in her babe, but her usefulness to him.

The young infant, let alone the child, is extraordinarily responsive to the subtle signs of anxiety in the mother's voice and gestures and touch. If she cannot give him the delight of sensing her own spontaneous happiness in his life and being, he suffers an irreparable loss. And if she cannot enter easily and unconcernedly into his play when he is beginning to talk and run about and ask questions, if she has to stop and think before every word and every act, then the whole of their mutual relation may fall under a blight, and the child be robbed of that awareness of love that makes him secure and happy.

And this over-anxiety of the modern mother comes not so much to those who would naturally worry about anything and everything, as to those who have the imagination to see themselves and the world as they may appear in the eyes of their children. They are thus no longer able to take the rightness of their own point of view completely for granted. But the loss of the old blind certainties as to what is good for children often results in little better than hesitation and muddle. Mothers and nurses try first this method and then that, chopping and changing as the wind blows, and never giving any method a proper chance. And then when they and the children are bewildered and desperate, they naturally long for the old days when everyone thought it right to whip children into obedience and peace.

WHAT is the cure for this trouble? I know of only one—the security and the sense of proportion which come from actual knowledge of children's minds and the ways in which they develop.

Experience helps, of course. It is the first-born who suffers most. The second and third child usually benefit from the education the mother has received from the first. But even the mother of three or four children finds greater surety of touch when she draws upon experience still wider than her own. Just as she turns now, as a matter of course, to the science of infant welfare for guidance in the feeding and physical care of her babies, so she is beginning to seek help in their early education from the scientific study of the growth of their minds.

Let me give two or three instances of how a wider and more reliable knowledge of children's ways of growth can be of practical help to mothers and nurses.

How commonly do we meet those little children who are difficult about their food! They won't eat pudding or they won't drink milk. They love their

(*Continued on page 128*)

Holiday Catering

HERE are some useful suggestions and recipes for those who must housekeep away from home during the holidays

PILAFF is an excellent dish for using up remains of chicken, duck or mutton

FRESH custard is attractive when made in individual pots

FOR those of us who spend the summer holidays in a bungalow, cottage or small house rented for the season, the cares and worries which must necessarily arise can, if not met in a practical way, completely spoil the enjoyment and decrease the benefits which are the object of holiday time.

Somebody must assume the responsibility and whether or not there is a cook to do the actual preparing of the food, meals must be properly planned.

The most important thing is to arrange things beforehand. Haphazard catering, leaving everything to the last minute, indecision: these are the pitfalls. It takes far longer to prepare a meal which has not been thought out than when one starts off knowing exactly what one is going to do and how long it is going to take. And half an hour devoted twice a week to working out a scheme for the following three or four days will more than save itself by preventing subsequent confusion. The following suggestions may prove useful.

Have a stock of tinned things suitable for *hors d'œuvre,* such as sardines, tunny fish, filleted anchovies, herrings marinated or in tomato sauce; one of these followed by an omelette, salade and cheese make an excellent luncheon, pleasant and suitable for hot weather.

FOR dinner, start with a vegetable soup, there are endless varieties and they are both nourishing and agreeable and have the added advantage that one can make a sufficient supply to last two or even three days. In cases where the soup is "bound" with yolk of egg, keep the whites, which can be whipped with cream and with the addition of some flavouring make a good sweet.

When ordering a joint think beforehand how far it will go in its first state and what you can do with the remains. Do not throw away the carcase of a chicken because there is not much left on it. Even with the odd bits that can be scraped off quite a pleasant dish can be made, as will be shown later.

Include plenty of salads in the menus, also stewed fruits, junkets and custards. They are easy to prepare, good to eat, and healthy.

Last of all—though it should be considered first—if you have not seen the house you are taking beware of the kitchen equipment. In nine cases out of ten there are never enough utensils, they are usually half worn out or in some way entirely unsuited to your requirements. So take a few of your own things with you. Your own frying pan, one or two trusted saucepans and at least *one* kitchen knife that will really cut!

Cabbage Soup

Take a large cabbage (Savoy if possible), clean it, and cut it up into small pieces. Meanwhile put a piece of streaky bacon, anything from a pound to two pounds in weight, into a large saucepan with cold water. Bring it to the boil and keep simmering until you have skimmed off all the fat scum. Put in the cabbage and keep simmering again. After one hour remove the piece of bacon, which can be kept and used cold for luncheon or cut up and put in an omelette or scrambled eggs. Add pepper and salt and let the soup go on cooking slowly with the lid on for another hour by itself. Ten minutes before serving take a small piece of the bacon (about the size of a match box) chop it up finely with a clove of garlic and a handful of parsley, and throw this into the saucepan. This soup can be varied by adding a few tomatoes and carrots cut up into small pieces. The next day you will only need to bring what is left of the soup to the boil.

Potage Normande

Take a bundle of leeks and a pound of potatoes, clean and peel them, and when you have washed them cut them into small pieces. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in a saucepan and put in the vegetables. Fry over a quick fire for five minutes, add salt and pepper, cover the saucepan, and go on cooking for another ten minutes, shaking the pan occasionally. Then add a sufficient quantity of boiling water. If you are making soup for four people for two days you would add eight portions of water and so on. Let the soup simmer very gently for half an hour. Divide the soup into two

By A. H. Adair

THE pilaff should be both spicy and slightly sweet. This is obtained by adding a few seedless raisins

BANANA junket is easy to prepare and very pleasant in hot weather

portions, taking care to have some of the vegetables in each. Mix the yolk of an egg in a tumblerful of milk and after seeing that the soup is properly seasoned add the egg and milk, after which it must not boil. On the second day the soup can be varied by mashing the vegetables and adding two yolks instead of one, which will make it thicker and more creamy.

Pilaff

A pilaff is one of the best dishes for using up the remains of chicken, duck, or mutton (it is not good with beef). It is also excellent when made with lobster.

First cut up your meat or lobster (adding in the case of lobster the coral as well) into small pieces and fry them in butter in a large pan with a pinch of saffron and paprika (if these are not available curry powder and mixed spices may be used) for a few minutes; add salt and pepper, and keep hot.

Meanwhile cook some rice—a handful for each person. The rice should be firm and not too much cooked. Drain the rice well and mix in with the contents of the pan, adding a handful of seedless raisins which you have soaked for about ten minutes in warm water to make them swell. See that the dish is really spicy and has sufficient salt. Add another piece of butter and cook quickly for ten minutes before serving.

Banana Junket

For the quantities of milk and rennet it is better to consult the label on the bottle of rennet you are using, as they vary slightly, but for a junket for four people two bananas would be sufficient.

Peel and chop up the bananas, mash them with a fork and go on beating them until you have a sort of thick cream. Put this at the bottom of the serving bowl, and add the warm, sweetened milk in which you have put the rennet. Do this slowly, stirring very gently. Add grated nutmeg and put the junket to set in a cool place.

Petits Pots de Crème

This is the French method of preparing custard which is all the more attractive when made in little individual pots.

Take enough milk to fill four little fireproof pots, add two ounces of sugar and whatever flavouring you are using: vanilla, coffee essence, orange, lemon, etc., bring the milk to the boil, remove it and let it get cold. Take four yolks of eggs (the whites can be used another day as explained above), mix them and stir them into the milk, mixing well together. Pass the milk and eggs through a fine sieve into the little pots and then bake, standing in hot water in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. You should shake the pots to see if the cream is set, and if you are at all doubtful leave them for another five minutes.

Serve very cold.

You can, of course, make this *crème* using the whites as well, in which case you would only need two eggs. Made this way the result would be not nearly so good and as we can use the whites in other ways, it would be a pity to spoil the *crème* for the sake of a false economy.

Chocolate Mousse

We have said that the whites of eggs, left over from dishes in which we only use the yolks, can be pleasantly used to make a sweet. In this recipe it is not even necessary to add cream. Beat the eggs to a very stiff froth—it is much better to do this with a fork in the old-fashioned way, starting very slowly and increasing in speed as the white begins to stiffen. For six whites add, little by little, two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, beating again. Then add two tablespoonfuls of powdered chocolate, stirring this in slowly with a wooden spoon. Mix thoroughly, and serve as soon as possible. Of course, if instead of chocolate you are using an essence, it would be better to add whipped cream to the whites to give " body " to the dish.

Dutch Cheese Sandwiches

By which we do not mean sandwiches made of Dutch cheese, but cheese sandwiches made in the Dutch fashion.

To make these sandwiches successfully, it is really essential to have a very sharp knife, also to have a brown loaf at least one day old, if possible, two.

Take a quarter of a pound of Rocquefort cheese, chop it with a knife and then mash it with a fork. Add the same quantity of butter and mash them together, making a smooth paste in which it is impossible to distinguish the butter from the cheese.

Cut the brown loaf into slices about one-eighth of an inch thick, and spread them with the cheese mixture, putting back the slices on top of each other to reform a loaf, and leaving the top slice dry. Press this down and leave it for about ten minutes or so to allow the whole to stick well together. With your sharp knife cut down through the loaf, making long slices of layers which you then cut into conveniently sized pieces, having first trimmed off the outside crusts. These sandwiches make an excellent savoury, or can be used for picnics.

Here are some New Fruit and Vegetable SALADS

SOME novel recipes for dishes which are neither ordinary fruit nor vegetable salads but a delicious mixture of both

HEINZ
SALAD
CREAM

TOMATOES peeled and cut into slices and served with a dressing of cream cheese, flavoured with paprika, parsley and Heinz salad cream, is an unusual savoury

THE importance of the vitamins contained in raw fruits and vegetables is daily becoming more widely recognised, but few of us, no matter how conscientious we may be about our diet, are content to restrict our menus to the monotony of plain salads and unsatisfying fruits. A very little of these foods when unadorned is apt to go a very long way, and it is a well-known fact that food which does not tempt or please us not only does us no good, but is often the cause of indigestion.

The recipes on this page, however, offer a welcome solution to this problem, for they suggest dishes composed solely of such health-giving ingredients as vegetables, raw fruits and cheese, yet they are so cunningly combined and flavoured that the most jaded palate would welcome and enjoy them. They form the really ideal dessert-and-savoury combined and are equally appreciated by those who *never* eat sweets as by those who *never* eat savouries! An added advantage is that they can be prepared beforehand and, provided they are kept in a cool place, are ready to serve as soon as the guests arrive.

Pointsettia Salad

INGREDIENTS.—*Tomatoes, cream cheese, chopped green pepper, salt and paprika, chopped parsley, French dressing, Heinz salad cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Place the tomatoes in boiling water for a few minutes. Skin them carefully and put them on ice to get thoroughly cold. Cut them into eighths without quite severing the sections at the base; press the sections open to resemble the sections of a flower. Beat the cream cheese and mix it with a little salt and paprika, moisten it slightly with French dressing and rub through a sieve or strainer with a wooden spoon. Put a tablespoonful in the centre of each tomato. Cover with Heinz salad cream.

AN apple filled with chopped beetroot, nuts and peas is a delicious dish

Nasturtium Salad

(A means whereby the owner of a garden, however small, can produce a salad fit for a palace).

INGREDIENTS.—*Long-stemmed nasturtium leaves and blossom, cold boiled waxy potatoes, tomatoes, raw apples, minced onion, minced parsley, Heinz salad cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Wash the leaves and flowers carefully in cold water, and shake them gently to dry them. Slice the potatoes as evenly as possible. Plunge the tomatoes in boiling water for a few seconds, skin them and cut in thin slices. Peel the apples, core them, dice them, and mix them with the pieces of tomato and potato which could not be sliced evenly, the minced onion and Heinz salad cream. Arrange alternate leaves and blossoms of nasturtium on a large round plate, stalks towards the centre. Arrange alternate slices of tomato and potato over the stalks, pour a little salad cream over these. Put the apple, potato, tomato, onion and salad cream mixture in the centre of the dish, and sprinkle with the minced parsley.

Apple and Beetroot Salad

INGREDIENTS.—*Good-looking apples, beetroot, chopped nuts, green peas (optional), parsley or water-cress, Heinz salad cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS.—Choose apples all as near the same size as possible. Wipe and polish them well. Cut a slice from the top, remove the core with an apple corer and scoop out as much as possible of the inside with a silver spoon. Chop the apple and beetroot, mix with the chopped nuts and the Heinz salad cream. Fill the apples with the mixture and serve on individual plates decorated with parsley or watercress.

Grape Fruit, Lettuce and Cheese Apples

To be served as a last course.

INGREDIENTS.—*Lettuce, grapefruit, cream cheese, cloves, small leaves and twigs, Heinz salad cream.*

THE "apple" in the centre is made of cream cheese with a twig to simulate a stalk

INSTRUCTIONS.—Wash and dry the lettuce and separate the leaves. Peel the grapefruit like an orange, removing all white pith. Cut across in rounds about half an inch thick, divide these rounds very neatly into their natural sections, removing the pips. Roll the cream cheese into balls about the size of small crab apples, using butter pats for the purpose. Put a clove at the top to simulate the head of the apple and a leaf and a twig the other side for the stalk. Arrange the lettuce leaves on plates. Arrange the sections of grapefruit together so that there seems to be one round slice on each place. Pour Heinz salad cream over the grapefruit and place a cheese apple sprinkled with paprika in the centre.

THERE are few happier days than those spent out-of-doors, provided one has good weather, good food and a good temper. (*Kodak snapshot*)

CARDBOARD cups are inexpensive and easy to pack and add greatly to picnic comfort

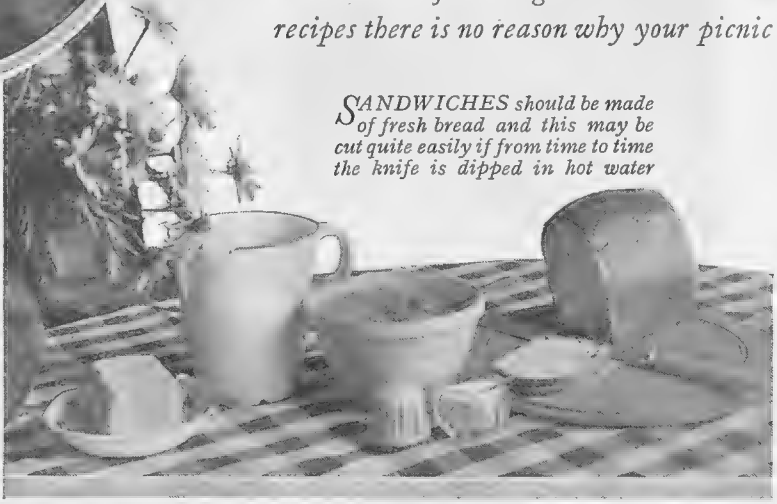
The Perfect Picnic

With a little forethought and trouble and by the aid of these recipes there is no reason why your picnic should be a failure

THE perfect picnic is perhaps rather a vague ideal, but there are three essentials which undoubtedly go to help. Nice food, the right people and good weather!

We can help you with the first, your own good sense will choose the second, but the last must be left to chance.

Picnic food *must* be fresh. Cut your bread for sandwiches as thinly as possible, and don't be mean with the butter. Sandwiches can be so terribly uninteresting unless you bear this in mind.



SANDWICHES should be made of fresh bread and this may be cut quite easily if from time to time the knife is dipped in hot water

Five Successful Sandwich Recipes

HAM AND EGG SANDWICHES.—Take one hard-boiled egg for each member of the picnic, and put them, with salt, pepper, and a generous lump of butter into a basin. Mash with a fork until the hard-boiled eggs are creamed, then add a little finely chopped ham and spread evenly and not too thinly on bread and butter.

"MOCK CRAB" SANDWICHES.—Ingredients required are Cheddar cheese, about 1½ ozs. per person, a little mustard, a piece of butter about a quarter the size of the cheese, and a little Worcester sauce or vinegar. Pound all these together in a basin until they become a thick paste easy to spread on bread and butter.

SARDINE AND TOMATO SANDWICHES.—Bone the sardines and mash them with a sprinkling of pepper and a dash of vinegar or Worcester sauce. Spread on bread and butter with thin slices of tomato on top, sprinkle lightly with salt and a little pepper.

Here are two sweet sandwiches to add to the variety.

NUT AND BANANA SANDWICHES.—On your bread and butter spread slices of banana thinly cut and place on top shelled walnuts (which you can purchase already shelled at any good grocers'). These are delightful and invariably popular with everyone.

APPLE AND SULTANA SANDWICHES.—Peel and slice apples, and lay them on bread and butter, then sprinkle generously with sultanas.

A few more suggestions for varieties :—

Fish paste and chopped hard-boiled eggs, if used in sandwiches, is infinitely improved by the addition of watercress and a little mayonnaise.

Lettuce, shredded with tomato and a little mayonnaise dressing is delightfully refreshing.

Dried figs and almonds, or almonds and seedless raisins are excellent in sandwiches.

Something will be needed when the sandwiches are eaten to provide a "sweet" for the picnic lunch, and no better suggestion can be offered than fruit salad jelly, which is very simple to do. Make the required amount of fruit salad, taking out a little of the juice. Take for each person half a leaf of leaf gelatine and melt with boiling water, stirring until every particle of the gelatine is dissolved. Then mix with the fruit juice. Have ready a number of little picnic cardboard moulds, and having mixed your dissolved gelatine with the fruit salad, fill the moulds and leave them to set. These should, of course, be made the night before so that they are ready to wrap in greaseproof paper when you are packing the picnic food.

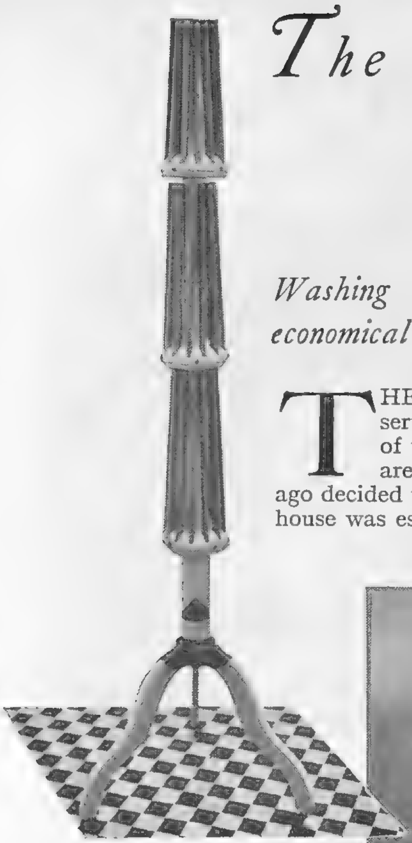
WALKING PICNICS.—When carrying your lunch in a rücksack collect such concentrated foods as biscuits, Diploma cheese, which is excellent when spread thickly between thin slices of brown bread and butter, fruit, and chocolate.

The Recurring Problem of Laundry

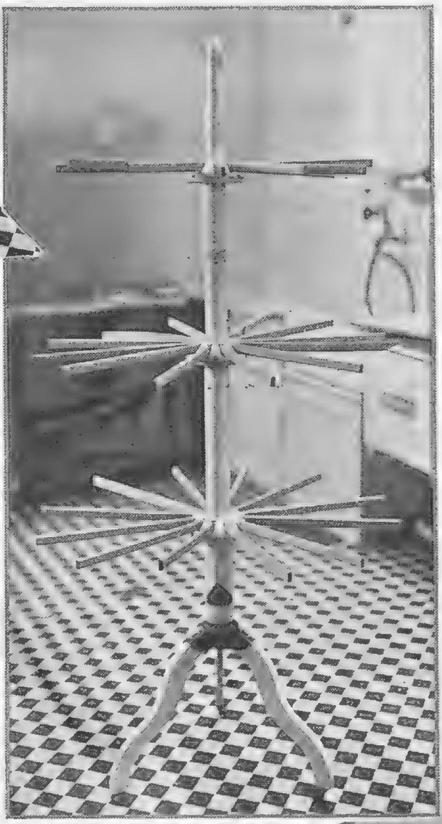
Washing at home is not only more economical but doubles the life of our linen

By Len Chaloner

THE inevitability of Mondays serves as a perpetual reminder of the laundry problem. There are still many of us who long ago decided that a vacuum cleaner in the house was essential but who yet hesitate as to the value of a washing machine.



This clothes-tree is collapsible and, when not in use, takes up the minimum amount of space. From L. G. Hawkins. Price 59/6



When the arms are spread out it can accommodate a large number of garments

The real answer to this, as to all questions about labour-saving accessories, is how much work can we give our machine to do for us? Moreover, in the case of the home laundry possibilities we must think not only of the actual washing, but no less of the drying and ironing. The most satisfactory arrangement perhaps will be to make out a budget.

A reliable washing machine can be obtained from as low as twelve guineas for a small model, and up to fifty pounds for a large one. A model in between these would come out at about twenty-seven pounds. Monthly payments for the most expensive model for 24 months would mean 45s. 9d. per month (apart from ironing attachment).

One of the large machines will wash the equivalent of four large sheets in 15 minutes; allow five minutes for putting these through a wringer, and you still find you can wash three loads per hour. The consumption is about one-third of a unit per hour of electricity. For a whole unit then the machine would wash the equivalent of 36 sheets. Taking the cost as 6d. per unit, this works out at four sheets for 1d., even supposing that the maid gets through only two loads per hour instead of the estimated three.

To this we must add the cost of soap and the cost of the ironing attachment of the washer, which consumes 1¼ units of current per hour. The cost of drying is negligible, involving the necessary lines out of doors and perhaps a portable airer. To this we might have to add the time of the maid who does the work, though it may be that an existing maid could take this on in her duties. Though it does not affect our actual figures, we should consider that if the washing is done at home we have our linen out of use for, say, three days only, as against a week at the laundry, while we have to consider how kindly our particular firm may (or may not) be towards our coloured towels, sheets, etc., or how their weekly pilgrimage is to be reckoned in terms of "wear and tear!"

TO make up a dummy budget does not answer the problem of the individual home, but against our laundry bill of twelve, fifteen, twenty or twenty-five shillings per week we must estimate a little as follows. (The budget has been set out on a maximum basis, since in many homes obviously the maid will not come in specially for laundry work, but the existing staff will cope with it at convenient hours, thus eliminating the extra cost. The item of current is also taken at the full price of lighting current. The deferred payments have been suggested over a period of a year only, and after this year there is only the cost of maintenance to be considered.)

Cost of current for washing, say for five persons, should not exceed 1s. 6d.

Cost of soap flakes, about 30 per cent. less than if the work was done by hand.

Cost of maid to do washing and ironing, if extra help has to be called in, say for two days—about 8s.

Cost of machine . . . ? For a complete outfit of machine, and ironing attachment for the same, for a large household with a considerable amount of laundry . . . (cash £29), £2 8s. 6d. per month for a period of a year. A machine for a quite small household can be bought outright for twelve guineas.

The Universal Washer not only washes remarkably fast, but dries centrifugally, empties all water by means of a pump and has an ironer attachment which is an immense labour-saver. From L. G. Hawkins

Fashionable Fabrics and how to WASH them

Each material requires a different method of washing and ironing: here are a few practical hints for the home laundress

By

Mrs. C. Hughes Hallett

This iron has a convenient rest for the thumb which prevents the hand from becoming cramped and tired. Weight 4 lb., price 14/6. From the General Electric Company

An excellent device is an iron which has an automatic safety switch whereby the heat may be controlled without slowing up the ironing. Weight 6 lb., price 31/6. From L. G. Hawkins

A new type of British-made washer which consumes about ¼ unit per hour and whose capacity is about 5 sheets or their equivalent, costs £29. The porcelain enamel container retains heat, is easy to clean, and cannot be affected by any soap solutions. From the General Electric Company

COLOURED COTTONS. Soak in cold salted water for half an hour if the colours are "fast," but if loose, rinse quickly through the salted water. The salt helps to fix the colour. Make up two lukewarm soapy waters and wash the garments by squeezing until quite clean, turning to the wrong side for the second water. Rinse in lukewarm water to remove the soap, then in cold water to which a little vinegar has been added, to revive the colour. Starch in a thin starchy water if wished, then hang in a shady place to half dry. Loose colours should be dried completely and damped down just before ironing.

Silks and Crêpe de Chines are tackled in a somewhat similar manner, only omit the salt and vinegar if the garment is white. In the last rinsing water a teaspoonful of methylated spirits gives the silk a good gloss. Put the silk into a towel, beat well to remove as much water as possible, and leave it rolled up until next day for ironing. Be careful to use a moderately hot iron as silk scorches easily. The dampness in the silk helps to stiffen it.

Tussore Silk should be ironed when it is quite dry, to prevent it becoming patchy and papery.

Artificial Silk is treated in the same way as silk, but avoid using the wringer. Have the material almost dry before ironing, otherwise white streaks show up.

Woollies. New flannels should be soaked for half an hour to remove the dressing, but otherwise flannels should never be soaked, as it hardens and shrinks them. Wash in warm, not hot, water and for white woollies add a little ammonia to the washing waters. Keep the temperatures of the water the same throughout—the last rinsing water must also be warm, not cold. Pass twice through the wringer to remove as much water as possible, and hang outside to dry. If drying inside, shake and pull into shape occasionally. Iron with a cool iron.

Chamois Gloves require frequent and careful tubbing. Wash them in a lukewarm soapy water, two if necessary, then rinse in a lukewarm soapy water: the soap keeps them soft. Fold in a towel and pass through the wringer, stretch into shape, and hang up to dry. Avoid great heat either in washing or drying, as this shrinks and hardens them.

Fabric Gloves should never have any soap left in them. The best way is to dissolve soap flakes in boiling water, add enough cold to make the water warm, but not tepid. Wash the gloves on the hand. Squeeze them dry, and blow into them to spread the fingers apart. Dry in the air if possible.

Piqué and Linen. Never let linen boil: the fibres rot away if this procedure is carried out. Dissolve some good bar soap (about a cupful to the ordinary wash) in boiling water, to which borax should be added. An ounce to five gallons of water is enough. A good tablespoonful to the ordinary wash will suffice. Rub the clothes on a rubbing board, and rinse at least twice. Both linen and piqué should have a gloss. This can be obtained by a cold water starch, thin, or very often by using a really hot iron when the clothes are very damp. In this case the material is not so stiff as when the starch is used.

Broderie Anglaise. This fabric should be washed with great care. Soap flakes should be dissolved, the material worked backwards and forwards through the fingers, not rubbing very hard, and unless dirty not rubbing at all. Do not wring, but squeeze gently. Hang to dry, and if very fine, put between muslin. Iron under muslin with a fairly hot iron, finish on the wrong side to bring up the embroidery.

Lace, Fine and Coarse, requires the greatest care. Soap flakes should be dissolved in boiling water. Add cold to leave the water just warm. Dip the article in and move up and down; spread it out and swirl in the water to get the dirt out of all the interstices. Roll in muslin and iron under muslin. Very old lace should be sewn to muslin before washing. If needle-run it should be finished off on the wrong side last. Coarse lace need not be tacked to anything before washing, but should also be ironed under muslin.

Muslin. Dimity. Organdie. These fabrics should be washed in the same solution as lace. In all cases they should be starched, either in cold water starch or starch made with boiling water. In neither case should the starch be paste thick. Muslin and dimity are easily laundered if the iron is only moderately hot; it must not be cool but should be tried carefully to make sure it is not scorching hot. Organdie is more difficult. This material needs to be stiff and curls under the iron. It should be ironed quickly, and hung to dry.

A fresh Attack upon Superfluous Hair

Two Liquids which Destroy and Discourage *the* Growth *of* Hair

By "Chrysis"

A bathing suit designed to permit the maximum of sun-bathing, and a pair of unusual sandals are sponsored for beach wear by Joan Marsh, a Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer player

To anyone who has written for a number of years about beauty culture any new process or treatment is of interest, as, although beauty culture has developed enormously, both in scope and scientific application, during the last decade, there is apt to be a certain monotony about the majority of treatments, even though the preparations are different and the methods of specialists vary. I was therefore interested when a new method of removing and discouraging the growth of superfluous hair was brought to my notice. I say "new" because it is new to me, although it has been in use on the continent for some time, and has been practised successfully in this country for about three years.

The treatment consists in the use, under the direction of a lady with great experience in this matter, of two lotions, numbered One and Two. Both are prepared in the laboratories of a French chemist. Number 1 removes the hair, and Number 2 discourages the subsequent growth and eventually eliminates it altogether. The proprietors claim that the lotion Number 2 is also definitely beneficial to the skin and the underlying tissues, refining the former and toning up the latter. This claim seems to be vindicated by a large number of clients who have used the lotion, many of whom have written spontaneously to express their satisfaction and gratitude, for, as any women who suffer from superfluous hair know, the psychological effect is often a serious one, and the elimination of the unwanted hair may make all the difference to the nerves—and therefore to the general health and happiness of the beneficiary.

The formulæ by which these two preparations are made are, of course, a strictly kept secret. Number 1, which destroys even coarse and obstinate hair, must be used only in accordance with the instructions, and clients are asked to give the fullest particulars about the nature of their skin. In cases of *very* sensitive complexions it is sometimes necessary to prepare the skin first by the use of Number 2 lotion and with special creams. These are guaranteed not to grow hair and have a herbal basis. Several of them are made from sea plants.

The Number 1 lotion should not be used on a downy growth. The Number 2 liquid will suffice to remove this and gradually prevent its recurrence.

Lili Damita favours the bare leg fashion in her boudoir as well as on the beach. She is now in Hollywood playing under the auspices of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer group

The advantage of the Number 1 lotion over an ordinary depilatory is that it is so easy to apply, and has not the unpleasant and lasting odour associated with most depilatories. The value of the second lotion, which will eliminate down and which weakens the growth and ultimately eliminates it, is inestimable, as so many methods of removing superfluous hair, to which women resort in desperation, are only too apt to increase and coarsen the growth.

After extensive investigation into the theory and practice of various methods of removing unwanted hair and their effects on patients, I have come to the conclusion that, like almost all beauty treatments, one may be suitable and successful in some cases and another have equally good results with different people. Every patient varies both physically and psychologically and reacts differently to each method, and there are innumerable different factors to be taken into consideration when one is advising any treatment, whether internal or external. The treatment described in this article has the advantage of being a preventative as well as a cure and on this score alone is sure of a welcome. In favour of the two lotions mentioned above there are the facts that they are simple and not unpleasant to use, it is guaranteed that they are not injurious to the most delicate skin, and, indisputably, they have proved completely successful in a number of cases which were brought to my notice.

Further information will be forwarded to interested readers on receipt of a postcard. Write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346 Strand, London, W.C.2

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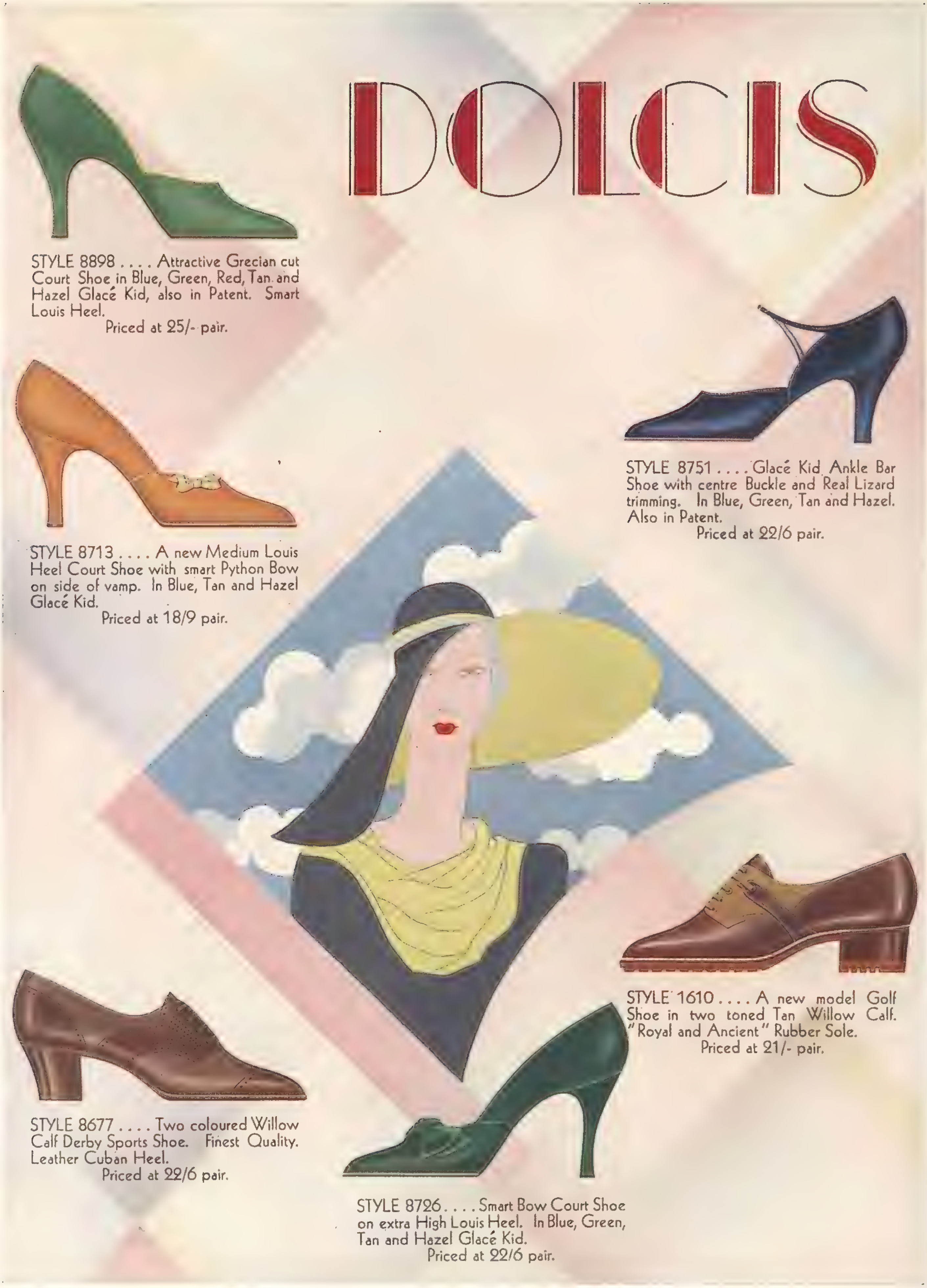

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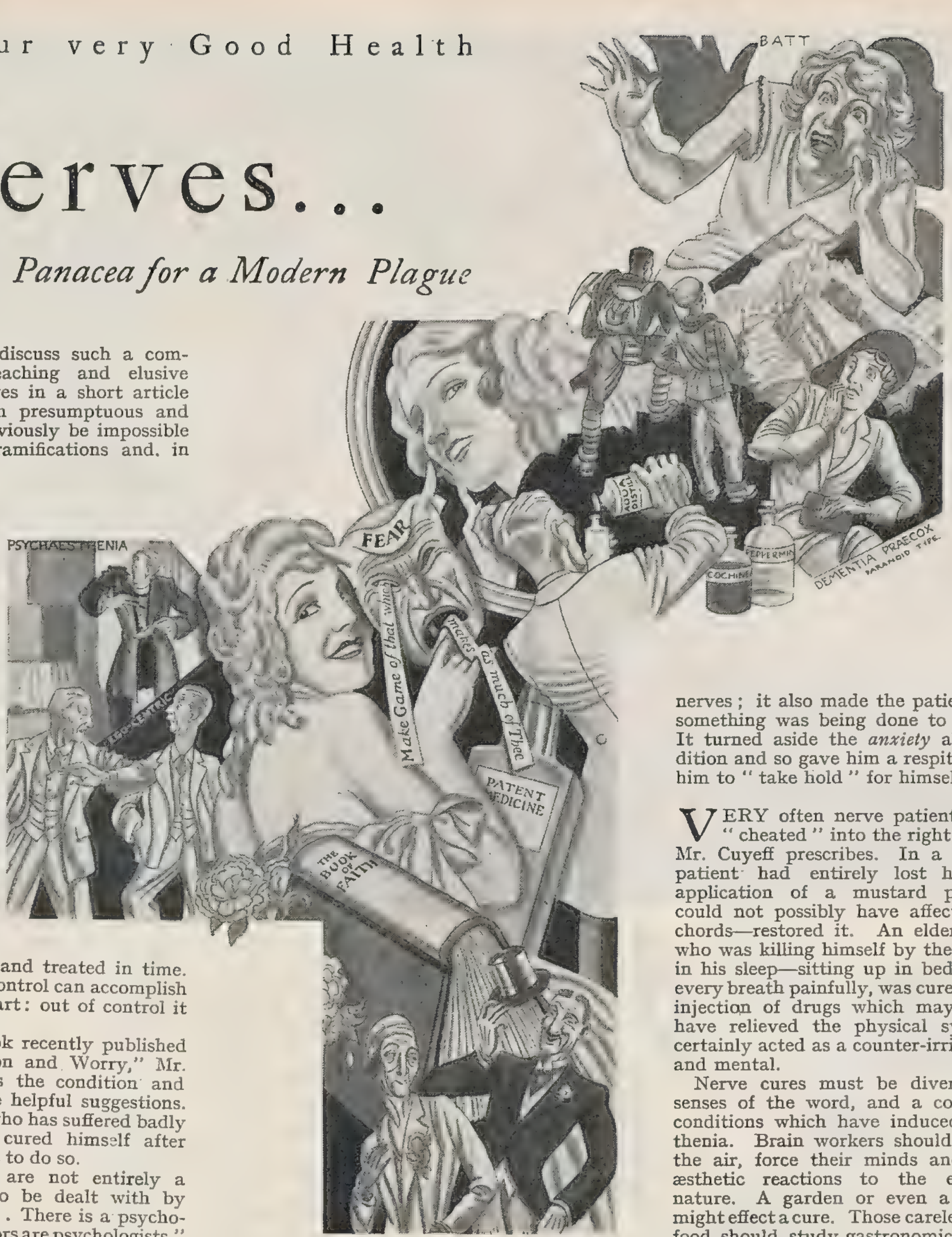
Nerves...

In search of a Panacea for a Modern Plague



TO attempt to discuss such a complicated, far-reaching and elusive subject as nerves in a short article may seem both presumptuous and abortive. It would obviously be impossible to deal with all its ramifications and, in its advanced stages, which embrace acute melancholia, suicidal and even homicidal tendencies and all sorts of eccentric expressions, the sufferers should obviously be under specialists and in the care of trained attendants.

But there are plenty of highly-strung and super-sensitive people who suffer from nerves who are well worth saving from the catastrophe of increasing neurasthenia and nervous breakdown, and who can be saved if their malady—like other illnesses—is recognised and treated in time. Nervous energy under control can accomplish miracles and works of art: out of control it leads to the madhouse.

In an interesting book recently published on "Nerves, Indigestion and Worry," Mr. Xavier Cuyeff analyses the condition and causes and makes some helpful suggestions. He writes as a layman who has suffered badly from nerves and has cured himself after doctors had been unable to do so.

He says: "Nerves are not entirely a physiological ailment to be dealt with by pathological means. . . . There is a psychological side. Not all doctors are psychologists." This is true as far as it goes, but Mr. Cuyeff seems to have been unlucky in his doctors since, among the large number he consulted, he never found a psychologist. Psychological knowledge is an important part of the modern doctor's equipment and almost as large a factor in correct diagnosis as medical and surgical skill.

The trouble, of course, is diagnosis. If a patient comes and complains of, say, backache, headache or indigestion it may not at once be apparent that the real source of the trouble is neurasthenia.

Mr. Cuyeff quite rightly makes the point that "nerves" is really a malady of the mind and suggests that right thinking will cure what medicines cannot. But he misses an important point in the treatment of nerves. All sufferers could not, as he did, subject themselves to a course of philosophical exercises to restore to normality the distorted mental image. An intelligent and sympathetic medical man will set the mind that is awry in the right direction without calling on the patient to make a conscious mental effort of which he may be incapable.

LET us assume that the diagnosis is correct and that nerves, not some organic malady, are the cause of the dyspepsia, insomnia, depression, irritability or whatever it may be. The diagnosis is generally made by a "best friend" or some long-suffering relative! Let us hope that it is made with sufficient tact to ensure its acceptance by the patient. Their co-operation is important. Mr. Cuyeff complains that doctors do not tell their patients enough, because if they did they would reveal how little they know. But it depends on the patient how much he can be told. Sometimes the reason for the doctors' reticence is that candour would show how *much* they know and the knowledge would be bitterly resented.

In a case which recently came under my observation a highly intelligent person, who had been through severe mental and emotional strain, acknowledged that nerves were the cause of his exhaustion, lack of control, and other, apparently physical, symptoms and, sensibly, called in a doctor.

"You must help me," said the patient. "I feel ill. I do not behave normally. I am not a mental case. . . ."

"But you are a mental case," interrupted the doctor, who knew when and with whom to be frank. "All nerve cases are mental." He prescribed self-control and rest. "But I can't rest!" Out came the prescription book. According to Mr. Cuyeff a mixture containing valerian and bromide should have been useless, but it effected a cure. It acted in two ways: its medicinal properties helped to quiet and soothe the irritated and jaded nerves; it also made the patient think that something was being done to effect a cure. It turned aside the *anxiety* about his condition and so gave him a respite and enabled him to "take hold" for himself.

VERY often nerve patients have to be "cheated" into the right thinking that Mr. Cuyeff prescribes. In a case where a patient had entirely lost her voice the application of a mustard plaster—which could not possibly have affected the vocal chords—restored it. An elderly clergyman who was killing himself by the fear of dying in his sleep—sitting up in bed and drawing every breath painfully, was cured by a painful injection of drugs which may or may not have relieved the physical symptoms but certainly acted as a counter-irritant, physical and mental.

Nerve cures must be diverting in both senses of the word, and a contrast to the conditions which have induced the neurasthenia. Brain workers should get out into the air, force their minds and bodies and æsthetic reactions to the enjoyment of nature. A garden or even a window box might effect a cure. Those careless about their food should study gastronomics and pander to their palates. Some fresh interest and enthusiasm must be found, unrelated to the anxieties. If you are not interested in people, buy a dog! Listen to music, read, think, but not about your troubles. It is better for a woman to be interested in her own face than nothing at all. Physical culture, so long as it is agreeable and not too arduous, is one of the finest nerve cures, for a sane body and a sane mind go together. I would like to have a band of trained flatterers to hire out to people with inferiority complexes. I applaud the Frenchman who said that he devoted his life to charity—following in the street all those ladies too old and too ugly to be followed by anyone else. And I would send someone versed in the art of shooting home truths straight to the mark to the ego-centric neurasthenic. Thousands of cases of nerves would be cured if one could take their money from the rich hypochondriacs and give it to the financially distressed. I speak as a penurious psychologist and not as a subsidised communist!

The root of much mental illness is doubt and, in its acuter forms, fear. If a pink potion does nothing more than make a patient believe that he can be cured it is still a valuable medicine. Every man's panacea is the thing he believes in: a faith, a woman, a patent medicine—what does it matter? Mr. Cuyeff was fortunate to find faith in himself—an excellent nerve tonic!

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Show Business

(*Continued from page* 41)

time when everybody began to import them from America. He and Julian Wylie, his old partner, produced four or five pantomimes every Christmas, going in a motor car from Edinburgh to Manchester, and Liverpool to Glasgow, never resting for weeks.

Poor Jimmy caught cold in the Potteries, and died, killed by the "show business," to which he had devoted his life.

Now, his partner has not only built up "The Good Companions," which fills the stage of His Majesty's, but he has concert parties at the seaside towns, and all sorts of shows, while the plans for pantomime are already laid for next Christmas.

"Show business" even includes performing fleas.

If you pick up *The World's Fair*, which is the organ devoted to the circus folk and the show people, you find advertisements offering peanuts for sale, and in the next column a "Princess" who trains boa constrictors offers her services, while there are dwarfs and giants plying for hire.

It is all as important as any Shakespearean actor. It is all part of "show business."

When, in the winter, I go to the annual gathering of the circus folk at the Criterion, I meet people who used to be clowns fifty years ago, and there are former acrobats who now run shooting galleries, and old-time lion-tamers who now own side shows.

They are the happiest people in the world, the fair ground people. Unless they trusted each other, they could not exist.

They complain bitterly when people accuse them of being cruel to animals. They resent any charge made against their community. They are the great brotherhood of the road.

"Show business" is all in all to them.

Then you ought to see the Russian singers, when opera comes to London, and the members of the Russian Ballet, grown-up children all of them. Ill-paid, the bulk of them, judged by business standards, but practising half the day, and singing or dancing half the night. You should meet the German singers, and the French and Italian tenors, and the negroes who sing spirituals. I move in their world and love them and their kind.

They talk of things you would not understand, and, indeed, the world outside is, to them, a strange, unexplored place. They herd together in diggings of their own, quarrel, kiss, some of them, when they make it up. They live on applause.

"Show business" to them began with singing scales for hours, or standing holding a bar while they stretch their legs, or being kicked around.

Sometimes "show business" has led them into the company of kings, and usually they die without a shilling.

Then "show business" includes hundreds of comedians and vocalists and dancers and piano turns—part of the great fraternity of the music-hall—yes, and the Charlie Chaplins and the Mary Pickfords. They all love it, live it.

If you want to see "show business" at its best, go to the annual dinner of the Water Rats, where, in most expensive surroundings, you will come across scores of people who, unknown to you, have scarcely got a shilling in the world. They have dressed up for the night to mix with stars still earning from £200 to £300 a week, and they are all the same—the top-liners and the unknowns—"Jim" and "Gertie" to each other.

There is merely a great love for "show business," about which they talk and talk for hours.

They may be uncouth, and their accents may be that of the four-ale bar, but there is more humanity about them and more kindliness than any people I have ever met.

Yes, "show business" also includes Kreisler, the violinist, with a fine brain, and a passion for settling the troubles of the world by arbitration; Paderewski, that splendid Pole, who became a statesman in his latest years, and then went on tour again to earn money, because the war had crippled him; yes, and Whimsical Walker, the oldest clown I know.

Pachman, with his long white hair hanging behind him, talks, while he plays, to the spirits of dead musicians that he sees around him. The audience think he is babbling on, talking to himself. He lives in a world largely peopled by the past.

As for Paderewski, I shall never forget the deep sorrow always present in his eyes.

They are not what you think, these great ones of the "show business." Unless they have suffered and striven, they cannot feel anything, and if they cannot feel, they are just machines.

Poor Nijinski, whose brain was clouded a few years ago, comes out of his retirement, occasionally, when the Russian Ballet opens in Paris, wanders around among the dancers, trying to remember the steps of which he was once the world's great master, picking up scraps of tunes, capturing little bits of his departed kingdom.

"Show business" is still his life.

It was "show business" that brought Diaghileff from a sick bed to watch his beloved Ballet, during the last season, the glorious child of his creative brain.

One day, when I walked into a sale room in Bond Street, taking Balieff with me, I saw, put up for sale, what were once the glories of His Majesty's—paintings, art treasures collected by Tree. I found, described as an oil painting, a photograph that I had once used on the front page of the *Daily Mirror*, still covered with the artist's touching-up!

Things were mis-titled. The haggling sometimes concerned only a few shillings.

The glory had departed. A great actor had passed on. No one seemed to care.

"Show business," I thought . . .

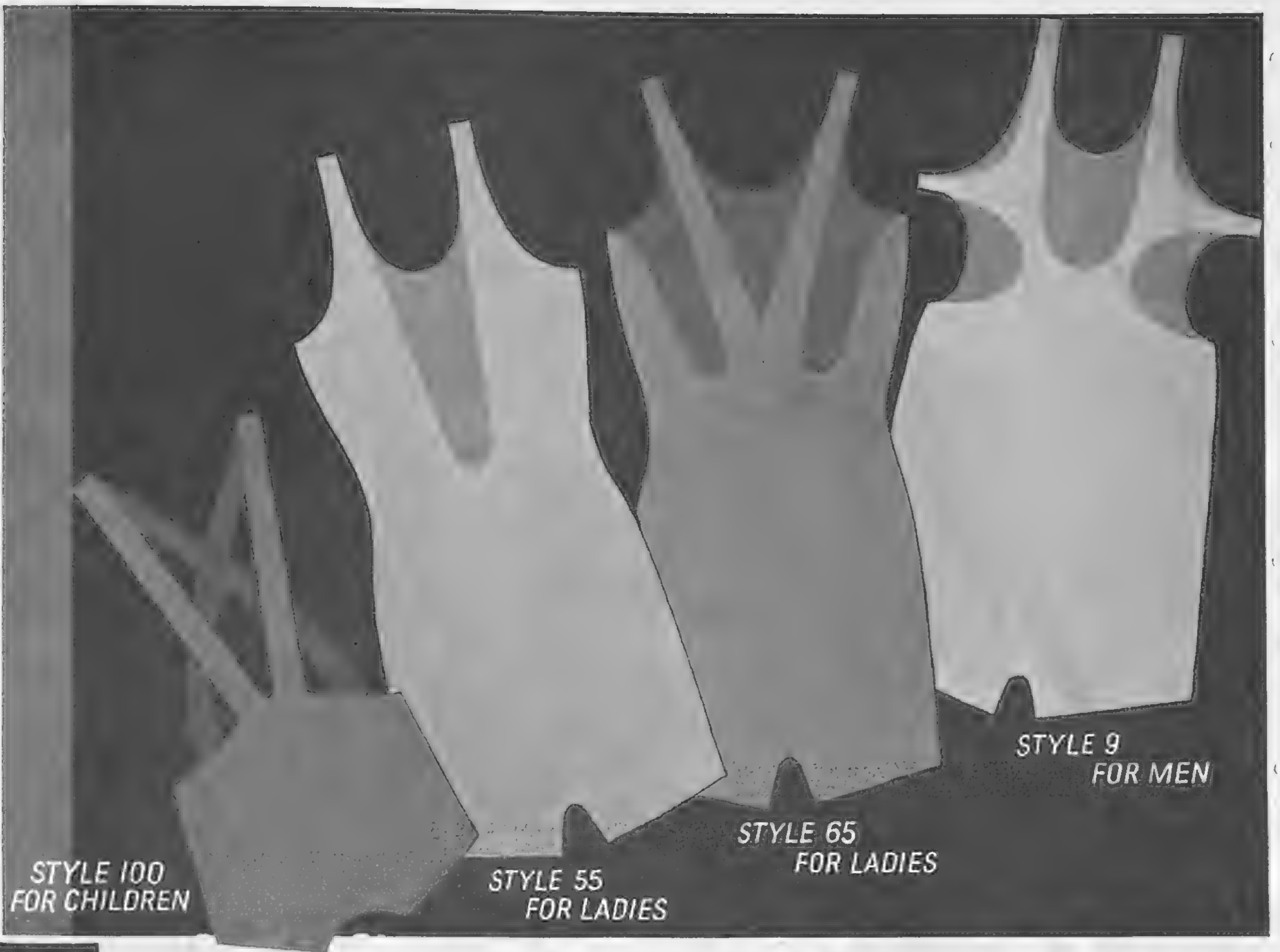
Ways with Windows

(*Continued from page* 79)

the rich quality of sunlight diffused through coloured silk adds a fine glow of colour to an interior. A charming as well as an economical way of curtaining a window is to have an inner sun-blind of glazed and patterned chintz to match the pelmet, and stiff, shaped side pieces instead of the usual curtains of gathered material.

The early-Victorian vogue for gilded plaster-scrolls in place of pelmets was very delightful, and might well be revived. An alternative to the pelmet of material is a wooden pelmet which fits on to the architrave. This may be fitted inside with lights and reflectors, which will illuminate the curtains to their great advantage.

WITH the flat windows usual in the more modern type of house, further decoration is to some extent limited, but the older type of recessed window affords quite an opportunity to be ingenious. The space beneath the window itself can be fitted with a shaped seat, with a cupboard or bookshelves beneath, or the same space may be hidden by a valance suspended from a cushion, and can conceal shelves for gramophone records, etc. Again, there might be a window-box inside, instead of outside, for the cultivation of the rarer flowers. With folding shutters, the opportunity to apply painted decoration so that, when both open and shut, the shutters will be objects of interest, is not to be missed. A charming but rarely exploited idea is to fix a little shelf, attached half-way up the window on either side, on which to display pieces of coloured glass. Pierced by sun rays, the colours show to great advantage. Plain plate-glass may be replaced by curved or tinted glass, and, if the outlook is dull, a glass picture hung from the centre meeting rail will break up the view.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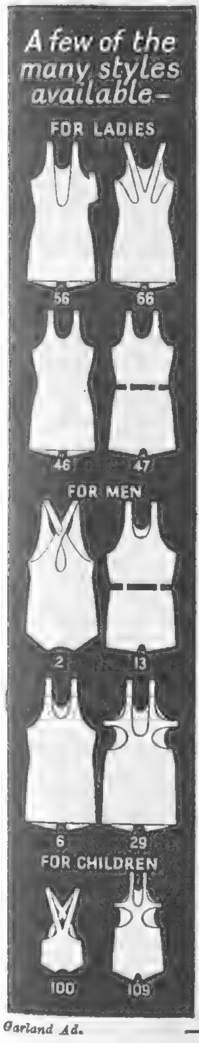
STYLE 55
FOR LADIES
STYLE 65
FOR LADIES
STYLE 9
FOR MEN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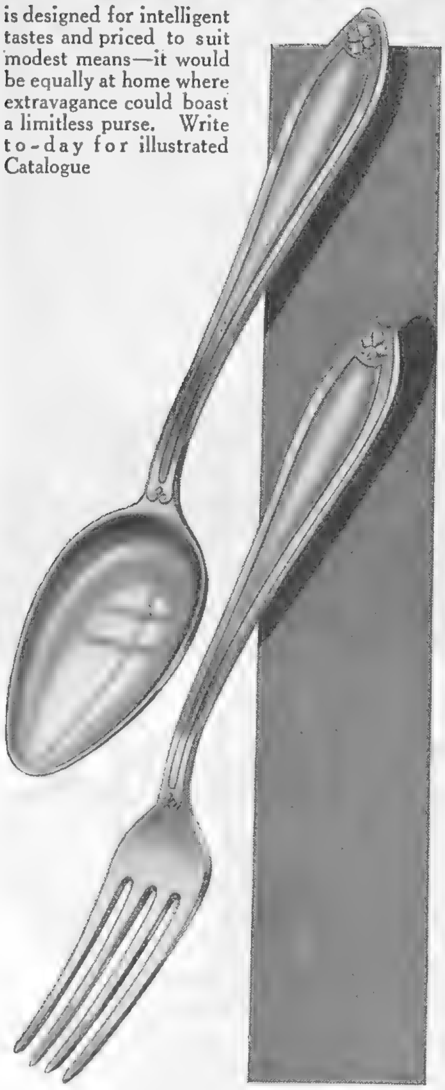

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What I *would do if* I *were* Starving

(*Continued from page* 11)

Her point of view was that the mushrooms and the milk, both above reproach so to speak, had only to be introduced to each other and Nature would do the rest.

As I was leaving I noticed some yellow watercress and a depressed and slightly damaged tomato. My friend noticed my glance.

"I've been keeping them," she said. "You see, I've got a visitor coming to-night who knows how to make a salad. She'll make a nice salad of them."

I thought: "A clever visitor."

There are snags, I will admit, in cooking. The white of the poached egg is unbelievably elusive, to baste the joint requires Early Christian courage, and last, but not least, there is Washing Up!

Then there is another useful woman—the woman who scrubs! The woman who comes at nine and leaves at five and who is never seen in an upright position! The woman who is at once introduced to all the work in the house that no one else wants to do. Another woman who will always be reasonably sure of being fed and paid.

THEN there is looking after other people's children. There is (or is it only a beautiful ideal?) the nurse who "gets on with the servants and likes the mother to come into the nursery"!!! Worth six meals a day if she wanted them!

Looking after children, I have no hesitation in saying, is a much more strenuous job than cooking. You need ceaseless vigilance, superhuman patience, an endless fund of information, and the qualities inherent in a lion tamer! Any intelligent child has an uncanny faculty of sizing up the person in charge of it—and will then act accordingly.

Alas! for the nurse or the nursery governess, there is no book of recipes. You may know all the modern educational theories (and all the old-fashioned ones too) but if the children feel they can bully you—well, they are probably right. And hard will be your lot.

Starvation is not, really, a very easy thing to imagine. We can imagine want, discomfort, poverty, hardship—but not actual starvation.

If some unbelievable catastrophe happened which destroyed food supplies, and we *had* to starve—I hope one would have the fortitude to starve gracefully.

In the end, like everything else, it would be a matter of character. Some of us would die like rats in traps, others like heroes and heroines. Of which stuff one is made—one cannot tell till the test comes . . .

Starvation would certainly be a less painful death than cancer, less tedious than paralysis, though not nearly so quick and convenient as dropping down dead on a hot day. One would be spared hospital nurses and doctors and hushed voices in the sick room and all the hundred and one indignities of illness.

It is even possible that interesting by-products might arise.

According to Herodotus, games and pastimes were invented by the Lydians as a result of famine—a famine which endured for eighteen years.

If we had a famine for eighteen years, what, I wonder, should we invent?

Something, perhaps, very wonderful....

Who knows?

END

England's Youth *goes* Marriage Mad

(*Continued from page* 13)

smart set women who have held off babies for years and years—let us mention no names!—have succumbed with a shrug and a sigh in order to be in the mode. One of them, recently, at the age of 36 and after six years of marriage, made the sacrifice (her friends' phrase). Marvellous, the compelling power of fashion!

The wild parties of yesterday were supper parties given by bachelors and adorned by the pick of the little ladies of musical comedy and revue. These parties never happen now among the crowd who used to stage them. The high-born girls have beaten the stage girls at their own game. They have set out to be more alluring, more exciting, better dressed, more amusing companions, and they have succeeded.

Down in the social valleys youngsters of the proletariat take advantage of what looks like a permanent allowance from the dole fund to get married to the girl of their dreams—in some instances also drawing the dole. They pool the dole and have enough to live on. In the old days the youth would not have dreamed of marrying until he had a job, and the girl would not have had him as a husband without a job anyway.

In the middle classes the phenomenon generally manifests itself in paternal complaints about sons hampering a career and impairing their mobility by marrying very young, and maternal complaints because daughters want to get married at 17, 18 and 19 instead of waiting for a better match than young X, who is only just beginning life in a business or profession and may not make a success of it. (But if the young man wins over the mother, father gets no peace until he has come across with an annual allowance to keep the young couple until the husband gets on his financial feet.)

Up on the social peaks the youngsters of the patrician families are behaving in much the same improvident human manner as the youngsters in the social valleys. Their families in former days expected them to go heiress hunting in the States or London plutocratic circles, or at least to hold off marriage until something turned up. A liaison with a married woman did not matter; an affair with a show girl was unfortunate, but in the tradition of aristocracies the world over. A regular marriage without financial foresight and for love and companionship and whatever else people get married for was a calamity to be avoided at all costs.

YET the love match is the rule, and the liaison or the wild-oat sowing the exception, these odd days. The heir no sooner comes down from Oxford or Cambridge, and takes a commission in His Majesty's Guards or some half-commission job in the brokers' quarter, than he meets the only girl in the world—usually of his own class and invariably without any money—and rushes with her to the altar. And there is nothing to be done about it. Unlike the designing widow, she cannot be frightened off; and unlike the showgirl she cannot be bought off.

So the happy couple set up in a little flat in a Mayfair alleyway among the garages and chauffeurs' quarters, and proceed to live as best they can on their own resources and the combined facilities afforded by their families and relatives and friends. They know enough people with country places always to have somewhere to go week-ends; and if a friend cannot run them out by car, they borrow a machine or travel third-class.

They dine on kippers and coffee, or lager beer and a brace of sausages and mashed potatoes, and dance at a cheap attic night club run by one of their friends for folk in their class and plight.

This crowd has created an entirely new sort of set and party in Mayfair and the pleasure quarter. Few of them can afford houses or expensive service apartments and fewer still are willing to move away from London and rough it in the provinces or dominions. Hence

(*Continued on page* 96)

"It's nice Mummy, I like it!"

PEGGY'S appetite used to be capricious during the summer months and her mother had great difficulty to get her to eat enough food to maintain her health and energy.

Now she has cold "Ovaltine" and enjoys it—as all children do. And the addition of cold "Ovaltine" to a light summer diet solves the problem of ensuring that sufficient nourishment will be taken when there is little appetite for ordinary food.

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much mental activity generated on the subject of a nest to live in.

One of the leading couples of the smart young married set make their home under the roof of the wife's mother's town mansion. The servants' quarters used to be there; but they have been cut in half, and the five rooms thrown into a modernistic bedroom, bathroom, and big studio-living-room with a dance floor.

This particular young man's father was a noted buck in his day, and there are a lot of stories about him. But probably his son, as a hard-up young married man, in the automobile sales business and coming home every night, has a gayer and more exciting time than his father did.

I REMEMBER a little luncheon party a year back in which sat a young man of rank who, at 22, was getting married to a second-season girl barely 19.

The youngster who was getting married was attractive, good-looking, popular, an earl's son with a fat allowance and no lack of feminine company—a good subject for the question put by a wise publisher, which was just why he wanted to get married so young, with all life before him and a thousand girls to play around with and choose from.

He said, cheerfully: "I believe men used to bamboozle themselves. I don't believe they really had all the fun they say they had. The sort of women they married just weren't good fun, good companions, in their day. They couldn't go out and about with their men as they do now, so the men found girls they could jazz about with, while the girls who were eventually to be their wives sat at home waiting for the male lords to finish their game. Well, everything's changed. A man has a better time with a girl of his own sort now than his father ever had with his light-o'-love.

"Further, you know, I do think you have to understand whether you're the sort who wants to share his fun with a whole assortment of girls, or with just one. I find I want to share it with just one, while I'm young, too—before the edge goes off. I don't want to mess about until I'm forty, and then either marry a girl who'll think I'm stuffy, or make a good match that bores me so I'll start sowing my wild oats when I'm fifty."

OVER the course of the next few weeks I kept raising the subject of that young man's philosophy whenever I found myself alongside people who might have something important to say about it. The most interesting reactions I got came from a divorce court judge and an elderly but famous surgeon. The former said that even at the risk of being regarded as a cynic, which he was not, he could not help feeling that if many youths held that philosophy and acted on it his court was going to get very busy.

"If you examine divorce statistics," he stated, "you will find that practically no divorces occur in the first year of marriage. They begin to get frequent after the eighth year, and they reach their peak between the fifteenth and the twentieth year of marrying. Twenty years of marriage sounds a long time. But if a couple marry at 20, they'll only be 40 when the divorce comes along, and that isn't even middle-aged as things go now.

The discussion thereupon shot off at an angle and circled round the question of whether women to-morrow are going to be as middle-aged at 40 as they were at that age yesterday. The consensus of opinion was that if they are, then the divorce mill is indeed going to grind fast. For a healthy man of 40, virile, still adventurous in love and in business, will be impatient with a wife who cannot keep up with him, share his fun and interests as she used to do—a partner, who after 15 or 20 years of married life is settled, tired, slowed-down, without zest, without much interest in clothes, *ageing*.

The surgeon surmised that the man would be particularly impatient, and ready to come to a final decision about the necessity for a parting of the ways, if his wife has made no attempt to preserve herself, taking it for granted that it is her husband's *duty* to love her and not look at another woman. "I foresee him realizing that he is going to be virile and vigorous for another 20 years at least, and refusing to submit to circumstances for the rest of his life."

"The woman who marries at 20 and settles down and ceases to play games, go about, look after her health, body, brain, appearance—and this is the effect marriage has on many women still; they feel they've got their man for life and needn't worry further—will be *passée* at 40. So, for that matter, will the lazy man who doesn't keep himself exercised, trim, alert, striving, competing, young."

The conclusion that emerged was that this youth movement is going to make all the difference when the couples who to-day are marrying so young come to look at one another, after 15 or 20 years of marriage, and speculate on one another's possibilities over the next 15 or 20 years.

At the rate its youngsters are rushing into marriage, there is going to be plenty of this mutual secret glancing and speculating in the homes of the England of to-morrow.

The Tribulations *of a* Star

(Continued from page 71)

two other qualities which have never been called upon for duty before; the one a *flair* for the judgment of plays, the other a business sense which will seize upon the theatre most exactly suited to the play.

All these marvels, moreover, must be brought to occur with one eye on the calendar and with something more than the deftness of the juggler, since time is of the essence of all theatrical undertakings, and the four frequently conflicting elements of star, play, finance and theatre have to be fitted into their places simultaneously. Add to these the innumerable strange considerations of artist's contracts, scenery, costumes, advertising and so on, and very little time remains for the artistic difficulties of production and the learning of a heavy part.

Another grave anxiety which recurs at regular intervals during the career of every stage favourite, more especially if he is in management, is the necessity for reconciling the contradiction that while there are nothing like enough good plays to go round it behoves a star to keep himself before the public as steadily as possible. The apparently logical solution of appearing continuously in the best plays which may happen to be available is not altogether satisfactory, for the last twenty years have shown a steady decline in the personal drawing power of the star—the star, that is, in *any* play, however indifferent.

Some managers seek a way out of this impasse by commissioning plays from the leading and most successful dramatists. But, since play-writing has not yet been rationalised, this procedure by no means eliminates the gamble. The only certainty is that very heavy advance fees will have to be paid, and the play which they secure remains a pig in a poke, however famous may be the name upon the label of the poke.

Here, then, are some of the ills which stardom is heir to, and there are many others, such as the selection of a suitable stage partner and the advisability of playing in British talkies. They hardly accord with the popular conception of a star as continually posing in an old-world garden or gracing the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, but no matter for that. The true figure of a harassed artist perforce turned business man and reading scripts or conning his pass book far into the night is much more deserving of our sympathy.

Pity the poor star. He needs it.

END

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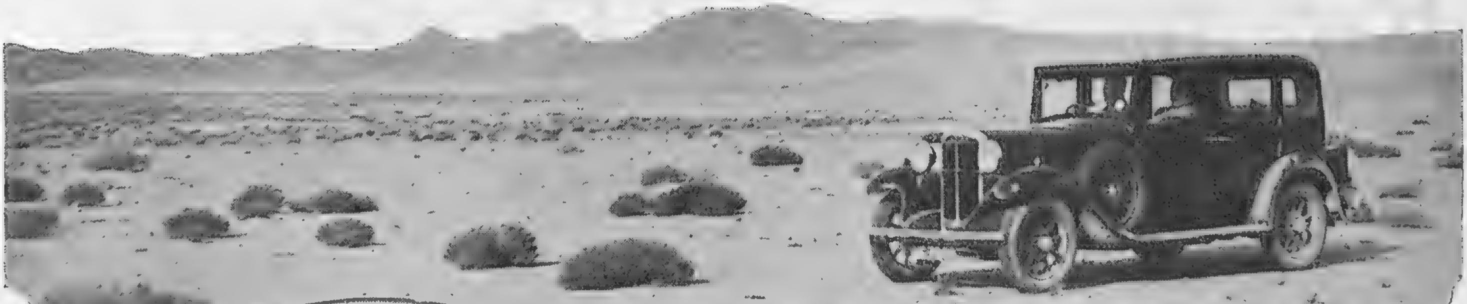

One of the new Hillman "Wizards" in the desert of Northern Africa. Extensive tests have been carried out under all climatic conditions

A Hillman in the hills. A "Wizard" on a rocky road in Morocco. In the background on the hill-top is the holy city of Mulay Idriss

The Earl of Cardigan

describes the

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Following the Prince's precept. Mr. R. C. Rootes with Mr. Leeding, chief engineer, and Mr. Cook, sales director of Rootes (Argentina) Ltd., with a Hillman "Wizard" in Buenos Aires

NOT everybody realises that for some time past the Hillman-Humber combination has been systematically fostering an entirely new fashion in British motor-cars. It has not been done aggressively, and the average motorist may not even now be consciously aware of it. The fact remains, however, that what five years ago would have been deemed a miracle—a high-powered British car which can be bought for a few hundred pounds—is to-day an accomplished and even a popular fact.

When I bought my first motor-car, which was not so very long ago, I paid £300 or more for a 12 h.p. two-seater. If anyone had told me then that in a few years' time a 20 h.p. British car of superior refinement would be available at a slightly lower price, I should have refused to believe it. Even if I had visualised the repeal of our disastrous horse-power tax—an incubus which still remains apparently immovable—I should have been, to say the least, extremely sceptical.

To-day, none the less, it is possible to write a cheque for £270 and to obtain a motor-car which is all-British, powerful, well sprung, amply equipped, and of genuine quality—in other words, one of the new Hillman "Wizards." From the English motorist's point of view, I should regard this as exceptional value for money. When I realise, however, that this same car may be the means of gaining for the country a foothold in the world's export motor trade, that the Colonies may buy it not for patriotic reasons but because they will actually like it—then I feel that I must certainly take off my hat to the men who have produced it.

THERE is no doubt that the "Wizard" was originally designed with one eye on the colonial market, and I have therefore tried to keep one eye myself in that direction when testing and describing it. I have not actually experienced colonial road conditions, but I have driven some thousands of miles in the Balkans where the roads and geographical conditions must be almost equally bad. Thus I can appreciate an engine of substantial power from two points of view; its convenience and ease of running over English roads, and its immense saving of fatigue in slogging through difficult country.

THE "Wizard" can be fitted with two alternative power units, of 16 and 21 h.p. respectively, and it was the larger of these two engines which was employed in the car which was lent to me for trial. Geared rather low, it developed a quite remarkable degree of power at low speeds, and yet showed no tendency towards "fussiness" when travelling fast. The "running in" process had not yet been completed, so that I was not able to ascertain its maximum speed, but at 45 m.p.h. the reserve of power was still so ample that something like another 20 m.p.h. should be easily obtainable.

The gearbox is of the well-known "silent third" variety, having four speeds of which third and top have a particularly simple dog engagement. This third gear ratio is admirable, being silent, easy to obtain, and covering a range of speed which is ideal for traffic or for climbing purposes. Acceleration in top gear is excellent, but the experienced driver will appreciate the fact that the lower gears also can be used with efficiency and ease.

ANOTHER most valuable feature is the springing, which has obviously been designed with unusual care and thoroughness. Long, flat semi-elliptic springs have been employed, assisted by double-acting shock absorbers. The result is that, in spite of the relatively short wheelbase, bad roads can be taken really fast without undue discomfort. This is a considerable achievement, since it will permit the car, in any country, to compete on level terms with its American competitors.

TO the ordinary Englishman, the "Wizard's" chief appeal, apart from its power and unusual flexibility, will probably be found in its combination of low price with "quality" performance. There certainly is nothing "cheap" in the way this car goes about its work, and one is never tempted to say, as in the case of some other low-priced cars—"I wish they had spent another £20 and made a proper job of it." The controls are pleasant and light in operation, and the coachwork is comfortable and replete with many convenient accessories not usually found in the £250-£300 class.

Seldom, in fact, have I driven a more agreeable mixture of the cheap, efficient car which is required abroad and the good-looking, well-mannered vehicle which we demand at home. In both of these capacities, the "Wizard" deserves to succeed.

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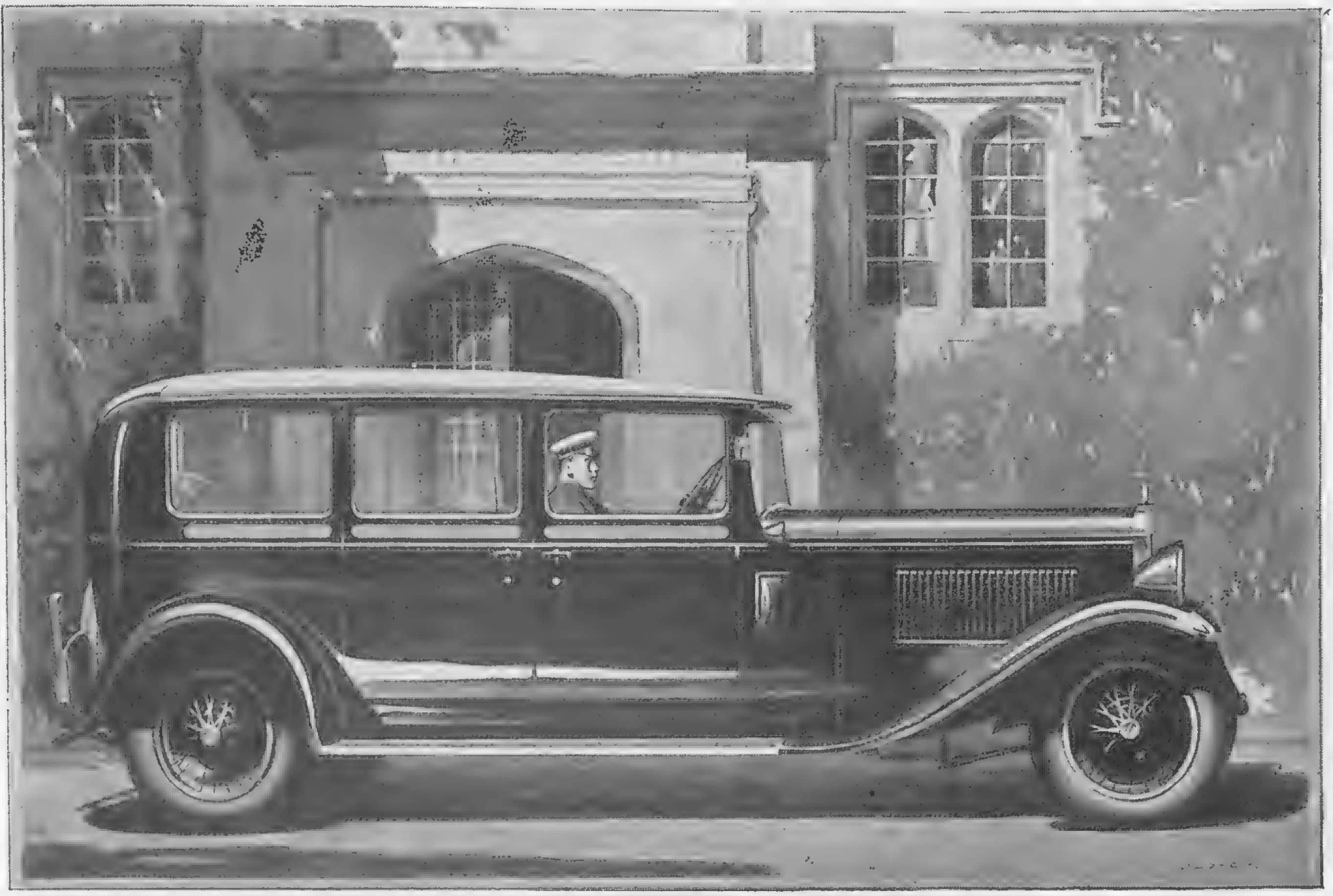

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AIRCRAFT

The Mobile Police *and the* Road-Hog

By The Earl of Cardigan

Enormous Possibilities and Moderate Results

THERE must be many motorists who sometimes wish, as I do, that they could have a temporary commission in the new mobile police force. It is not that one doubts either the zeal or the ability of the men actually selected for this duty, but the fact remains that, with some hundreds of specimens of the genus Road-hog still at large, the number of really satisfactory prosecutions has so far been disappointing.

It is, if one may judge by the reports published in the daily papers, comparatively rarely that the dangerous and discourteous driver is located, rounded up, and brought into court, whereas there have been a large number of prosecutions for such trivial offences as obstruction which may or may not have involved public danger and annoyance. The practical motorist, however, will agree that it is hardly possible to drive a hundred miles without seeing at least one case in which action of some sort would be justified.

Let us imagine ourselves, endowed with the now familiar uniform, setting out one week-end to carry out a 200-mile patrol. Before very long we should encounter some slow-moving vehicle such as an antiquated lorry, and might have to follow it round a blind curve in the road. If we were lucky, and our official status had not been observed, some criminal would come up from behind, trusting to chance and a powerful horn, and attempt to squeeze past both the lorry and ourselves in the face of possible oncoming traffic.

An interior view of the 20 h.p. Golden Crossley Saloon

HERE would be a splendid case with which to start our bag, and yet it is the sort of case which apparently is never brought. "Constable Blank stated that defendant could not possibly have seen the road ahead, and that grave danger would have been caused to anyone coming in the opposite direction. When stopped, defendant stated that he had sounded his horn loudly before committing the alleged offence. The Bench imposed a fine." What pleasant reading this would make, and how many accidents and "close shaves" might be prevented by a few similar convictions!

Continuing our patrol, we should soon meet some well-intentioned person emerging from a side road at a steady 15 m.p.h. Following him a little way, we should perceive that this was, in fact, his customary pace, and that he was, judged by his own standards, exercising admirable caution in never exceeding this very modest speed. In this case we should merely call on him to halt, and deliver a friendly homily on the danger of the "safety first and fifteen miles per hour" fallacy. We should endeavour to explain how 40 m.p.h. on a main road can be safe, while in certain circumstances 15 m.p.h. can be madly reckless.

Returning over a cross-country route, we might find yet another case for our attention. A small car in front of us would stall its engine on a hill, there would be a few agonising screeches from the gearbox, and it would commence to run back alarmingly in our direction. The brakes would then be violently applied, and several attempts to restart on the gradient would be followed by the same result. We should soon realise that remonstrance would be useless, and would, not very reluctantly, decide to prosecute.

Here is material for another pleasant paragraph. "The Bench, in recording a conviction, expressed the view that Mrs. Dash was obviously incompetent. Her defence, that it was a very steep hill and that she got confused, was no excuse for dangerous bungling. Constable Blank of the mobile police had done rightly to report the case."

Those words, I suggest, would be music to the ears of the vast majority of road users, those who drive sensibly themselves and expect others to do likewise, and yet I do not remember that I have ever seen them in serious print. On the contrary, I have heard of such incidents as that described immediately above, incidents which have occurred under the very noses of the new mobile police, of which no official notice whatever has been taken. I even know of one case where two officers indulged openly in laughter at an exhibition of bad driving which might have had serious results.

THE fact is that the new force has yet to learn exactly what constitutes a genuine source of danger and annoyance on the road. To ex-pedestrians this might not originally be obvious, but it should soon become so to men who have presumably already covered a considerable mileage by car. The comparative unimportance of technical "obstruction" and the genuine danger of incompetence and thoughtlessness must eventually become apparent.

The opportunity for really valuable public service presented to the new police force is immeasurable, particularly when it is realised that prosecutions on the lines which I have suggested will always have the support of the vast majority of ordinary motorists. So long, however, as attention is confined mainly to trivial breaches of unimportant regulations, and the fool and the knave continue to escape detection, the general feeling will be mainly one of disappointment.

A Rally for Rileys

Owners of that increasingly popular light car will be interested to hear that the Riley Motor Club is staging a 24-hour reliability trial over a Welsh mountain route on July 3rd and 4th. There is already ample evidence that the event will be enthusiastically supported.

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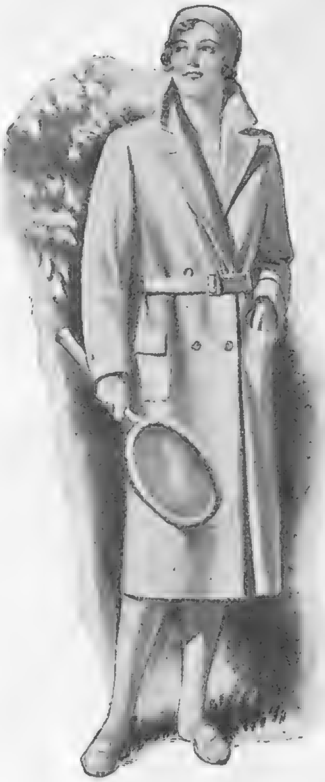

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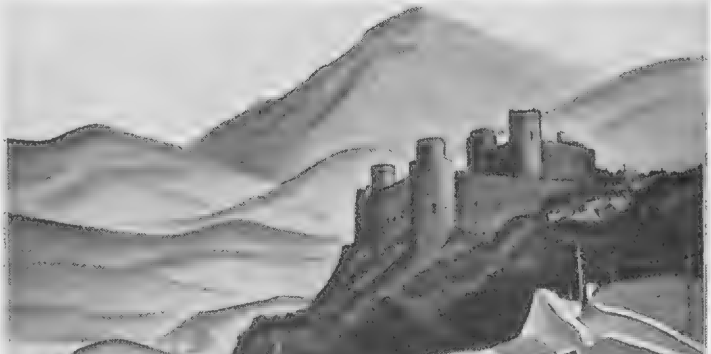
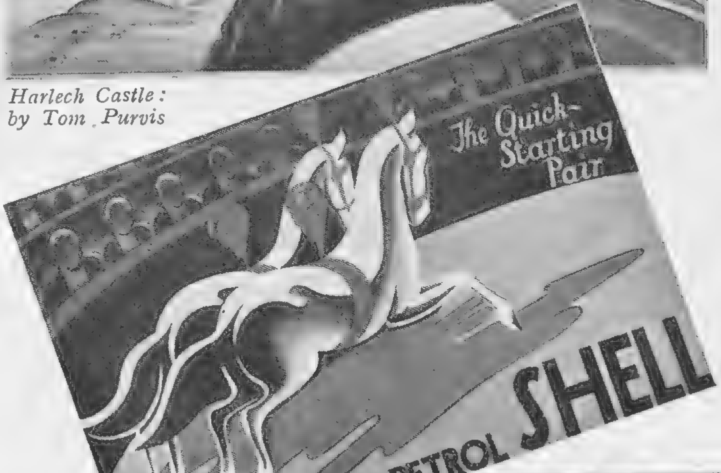
Modern Art
in Pictorial Advertising

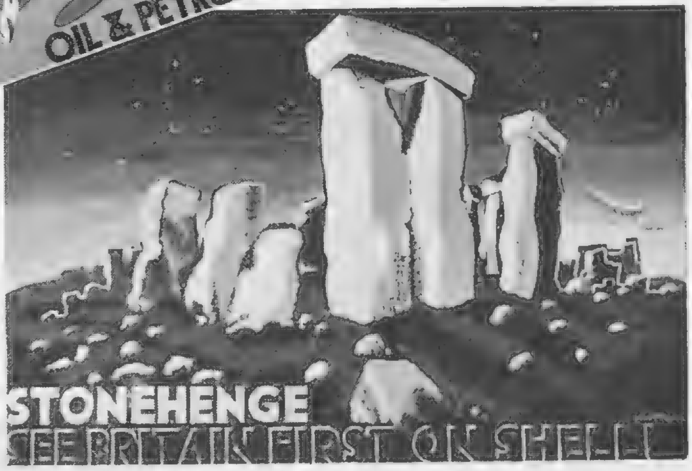
ALTHOUGH the high standard set by Shell advertising has long been synonymous with the excellence of their products, the recent exhibition of their posters at the New Burlington Galleries was a revelation in good taste and good publicity. To preserve the beauty of the countryside and thus encourage the motorist has been the sound policy of this firm, and their series of posters representing various aspects of the English landscape is an excellent means of stimulating the motorist's interest. The far-sighted and intelligent policy which is responsible for the choice of such first-class artists as those represented in this exhibition more than deserves the success with which it has met.



Harlech Castle: by Tom Purvis



Above: Circus Horses: by James Holland



STONEHENGE
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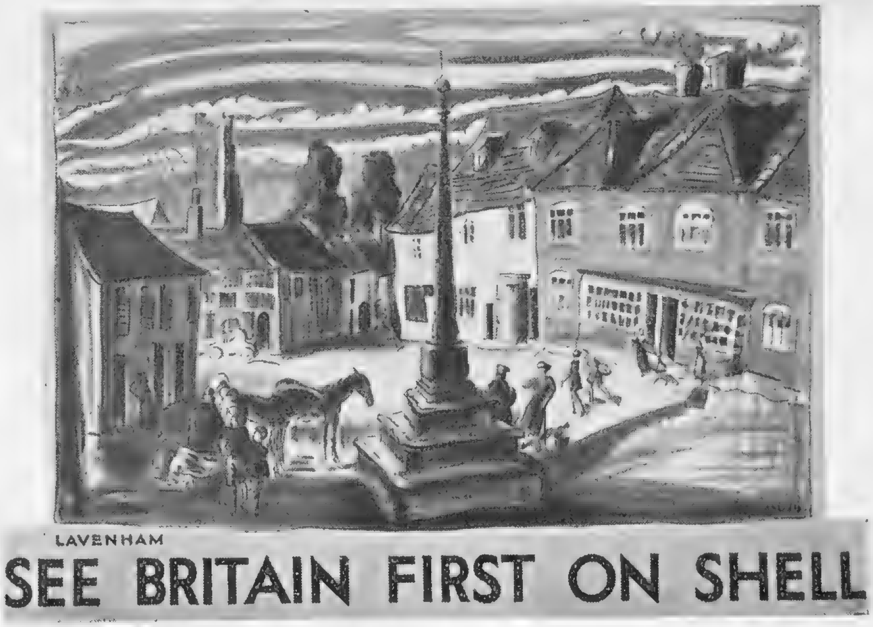
Right: Stonehenge: by E. McKnight Kauffer

Below: Lavenham: by Edna Clarke-Hall



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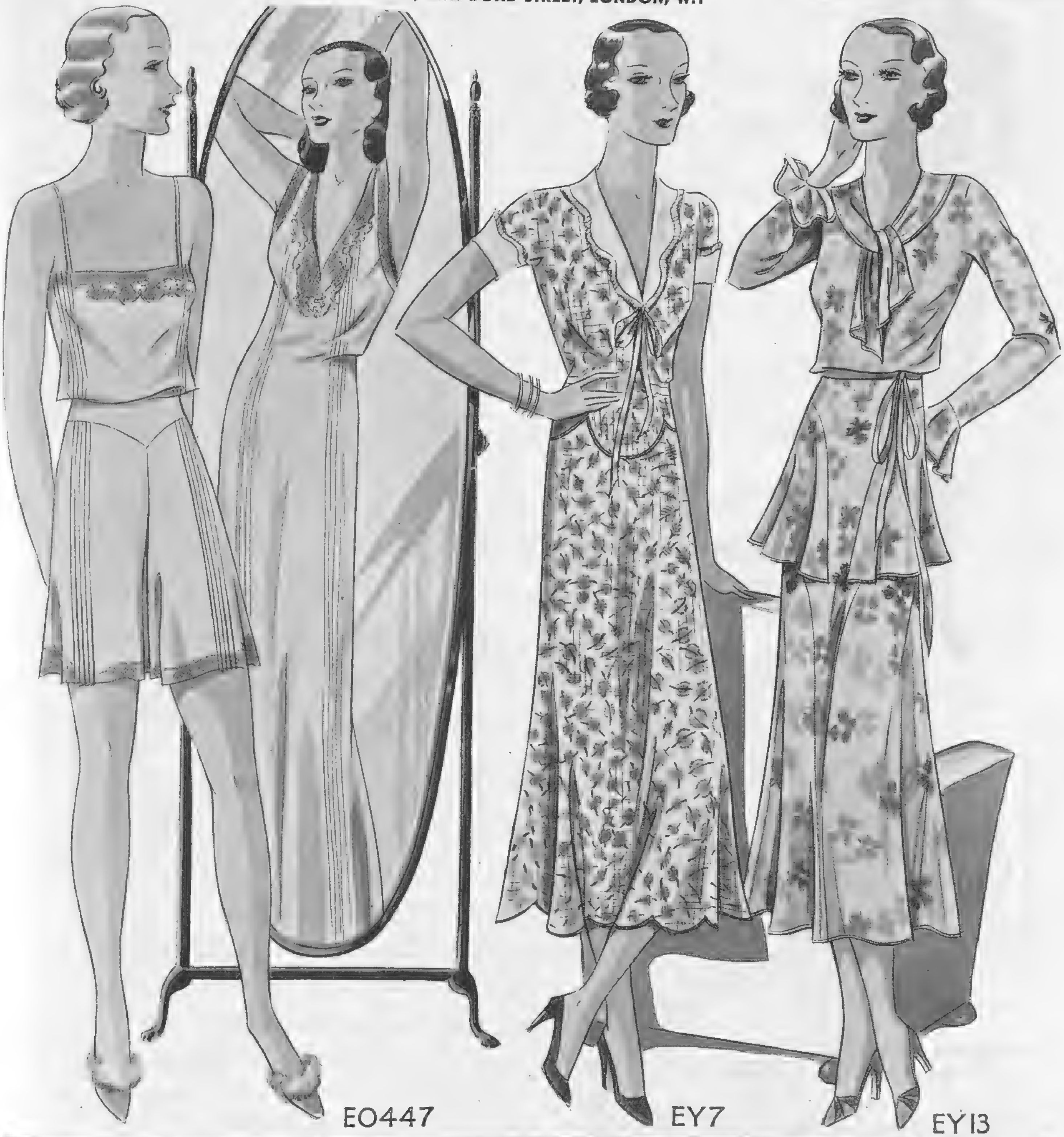

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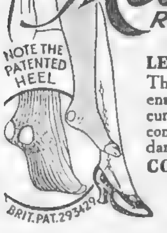

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ACADEMIC Depot, 156/58, Oxford Street London, W.1.

Desire Beside the Stream

(*Continued from page 51*)

But the day dawned when he had closed the great tomes for the last time. He had come to the parting of the ways with Jung, Freud and Ellis. He had broken all up over Kraft-Ebbing.

Yet at last he had his theory, pellucid, easy for the quietest intelligence to comprehend. He had made, as it were, a *précis* of remarkable terseness; his studies all concentrated into one resolution:

"The man who makes the dream come true will get the trout stream."

It was late afternoon, and they were sitting with him, the little band of men—Colonel Bushes, the Vicar, the legal Molford and Henry—tying flies. To please Frank—with his rosy prospects—even the Colonel had consented to be shown how to tie a fly. The day was softening to evening, and away beyond a line of pollarded willows might be seen the luring sheen of water.

"What dream, Frank?" said Henry, hanging upon his words.

"The dream of pursuit."

"Whatcha mean, Frank?" said the Colonel anxiously.

"The next time Lizzie runs——"

"You run too?"

Frank inclined his head, but averted his eyes. He was pale, and his lips moved like the lips of a person with a little gastric trouble.

"Come! Come!" said the legal Molford, who had manipulated many marriages and funerals in the course of his profession. "Bear up, man. A little thing like this is soon over, and luridly as the affair may present itself just now," said he, giving Havelock Ellis a hearty push to the floor, "I do assure you that these cases go off quite nicely; quite nicely indeed."

"My friend," said the Vicar, laying a hand on Frank's shoulder, "I have in the course of my duty sponsored much happiness, and I look forward to another charming wedding."

"Do you feel sick, Frank?" asked Henry, who had begun to love this man dearly for his own sake; and he got out the bottle of rare old liqueur whisky which was always kept in that happy room; and they all had one.

"She's seemed so quiet lately," said the Colonel. "Not nearly so much running about, and the question is——"

"The sooner she's started up again the better then," said the legal Molford soundly.

"Certainly, sir," said the Colonel, "I say, start her up now, and then let Frank go. But naturally one doesn't want to bungle the business. Woman has her feelings, no doubt. Where is she?"

"In the drawing-room with the other women."

"The question is," said the Colonel, who was fond of posing questions, although he really preferred answering them, "what are to be Frank's tactics when he catches her? If I know anything about women——"

"You're not a woman's man, Colonel," said the legal Molford.

"Sir!"

"I was a young man once," said the Vicar, hastening into the breach, "and I used to flatter myself that I knew a great deal about women, and I suggest——"

"Sir!" said the Colonel, "if I know anything about women—and I do, in spite of our friend here—Lizzie Rollop is likely to do as she has always threatened to do if any man paid her attentions, and strike Frank in the face, when all, in my opinion—contemptible as our clever friend here thinks that opinion—would be over. All, I say, would be over."

"Leave it to Frank's instinct," cried Henry warmly.

Now, surprising as it may seem, just at that moment there was a wild stir in the garden beneath the open window of the high room in which these men sat quietly communing and, looking out swiftly, the legal Molford beheld Cousin Lizzie running at speed across the lawn, while behind a crimson rambler hedge the aged butler Teak trembled, alarmed at what his unwitting approach had done.

"Frank!"

"You cannot disappoint——"

"Man, we believe in you——"

"Think of the trout——"

These cries were uttered simultaneously, and yet before they had died away, with the speed of a greyhound, Frank had left them. Barely—it seemed—two moments later, a scream was heard by the assembled watchers. Then another scream. They burst from the hunted girl as, glancing over her shoulder, she perceived that what she had for many years anticipated and dreaded, suddenly with a terrible unexpectedness had eventuated, and that a cave-man, overbearing and relentless, was in strong pursuit.

THE course lay across as fair a bit of country as beauty-lovers could wish to see; gently undulating, charmingly spotted with little copses where persons could take cover; open, and yet not too open; criss-crossed by summer hedges, and yet in no sense to be described as blind. The trout stream meandered about the boundaries of the track taken, and the watchers in an upstair window, and the alarmed—not to say resentful—watchers in a ground floor window, where Bessie, Lady Widdower, Flora Bushes and Gertrude Bowling, were all crying petulantly: "What can he see in her?" could glimpse the pleasant waters shining in the sunset.

With the varied hunting cries bursting from the watchers in the attic room we have nothing to do.

The girl ran like Atalanta, shrieks dropping from her like notes of music in the air, but Frank was gaining upon her with every second. They had left the calm gardens—so beautiful with their innocent flowers—the girl had leaped the sunk fence into the park—Frank had leaped it too. In a furrow under a ridge a young hare was sitting in its form; this startled animal now sprang up and bounded before them so that the chase for a moment assumed somewhat the aspect of an ordinary coursing event; but soon the hare won, and Frank and Lizzie were alone again, pursuer and pursued. They flashed—no lesser word is adequate—across the park, burst through a small coppice and breasted the hill on the other side. It was believed—in the attic room—that the girl was heading for home, but no. No. She turned aside—"Begad, sir, she's making for the wood," the Colonel roared, disappointed. "So should I," said Lady Widdower, nodding her head two floors below them, but no one took any notice of her. Into this bosky wood, then, the hunted girl dashed, and disappeared from view; into the wood Frank also dashed and disappeared from view. And a sigh of frustration went up from both attic and drawing-room.

IN the wood the hunted girl sank upon a mossy carpet under some nice beech trees. She was conquered. She knew it. But now a strange thing happened. As she looked up—after waiting quite awhile—from between the trembling fingers that she had spread over her face, she perceived Frank standing and looking at her, and—there is no other word for it—sort of tottering on his feet. Was he exhausted? Ah, no. No. Was he, then, shy? Certainly not—he had shown himself a true caveman. Was he pausing before the spring. Ah, no. NO! Why pause? What then, was the meaning of this terrifying silence in the lonely wood where she had taken shelter and hoped—vainly—for sanctuary?

Mughouse men have very seldom been known to fail in the simple problems which life sets them. And yet . . . and yet . . .

Frank could hear the exhortations of the little band of men who trusted him still murmuring in his ears; and in his vision he could see the trout leaping, bulging, nymphing, and staring first out of one eye at one bank and then out of the other eye at the other bank, as they sailed the enchanting stream. And yet . . .

"Lizzie," muttered Frank hoarsely, "I love you. But——"

(*Contd. on page 106*)

'And how the dear child has grown!'

'It's nothing short of wonderful – the way they've all shot up since Vita-Weat's been standing orders in the nursery too.'

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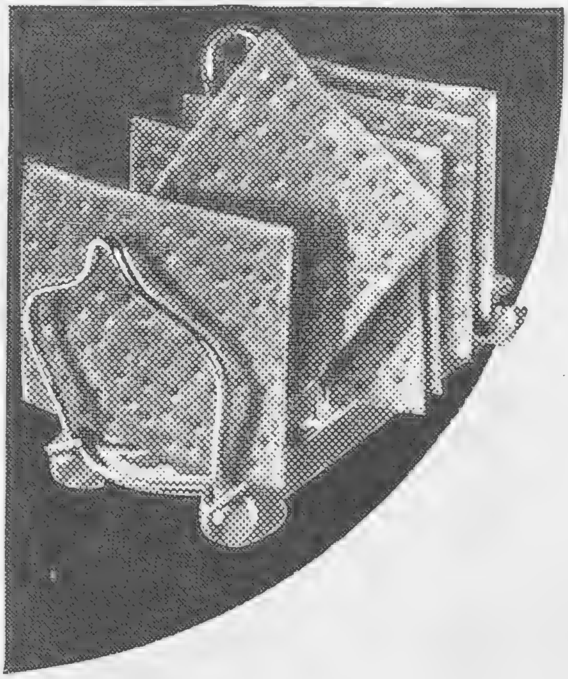


The maid rose from beneath the pretty trees, gazing at him with a smile that had never been seen on her face before, and he fled.

There they were then, he and the now enraged maid, running adown the glade, for a very short while neck and neck. But at Mughouse he had always easily won the Senior Five Miles Open Country Challenge Cup, and soon he was well away, with the enraged maid on his tracks. He was headed for what was, at this time, the only home he knew, that attic room whose walls were beautifully festooned with greenhearts, split canes, and other rods, including his early self-made models.

If it is imagined that the little band of men were still idle in the attic room, this is an error. At the first intimation from Teak—who had stationed himself at his pantry window with a pair of field-glasses—that Lizzie and Frank had already left the wood in different formation from that in which they had entered it, all was active business. The Colonel and the Vicar posed themselves upon the terrace, Henry ran into the park, where he hid himself in some bushes on the course, and the legal Molford made ready for anything.

It was seen that Frank was well ahead of Lizzie and running strongly.

"Play up, man, play up!" cried Henry, his face rising from the thicket, but Frank flashed by. He also flashed by the Colonel and the Vicar on the terrace, avoided the legal cousin, jumped the leg which Teak—presuming on his privileges—extended to trip him, and gained his attic room.

A little while after Lizzie arrived.

The girl was—understandably—in a great state; in fact, in just the state that they wished—for her own happiness—to see her, panting, exhausted and so bewildered that you could have put anything across. They laid her assiduously upon a couch and got the brandy.

"He loves me," was all she could cry. "Isn't it terrible? He loves me."

The legal Molford slipped away and rushed up to Frank.

Frank was packing. He had just put in some boots.

"*Frank!*"

"Listen to me. I'm going. I'm all in. I'm sunk. It suddenly came over me in the wood. I'm going."

"*Frank!* When three miles of the best trout fishing in England is at stake."

"Is it? I'm a tired man. I've been studying too hard. I throw it up."

"*Frank!*"

"If I give myself, how do I know she'll let us fish the stream?"

"You want a settlement?"

"I ought to have a settlement."

"Frank, stop packing."

"When I've recuperated a bit I'm sure I could get Bessie back. Bessie's a sure thing. Whereas Lizzie——"

"Frank, don't we want the whole five miles? Doesn't England—doesn't sport—call for it?"

"Perhaps and perhaps not."

"Sit down, old man. That was a stiff run."

The legal Molford hurried down again. Lizzie was sitting up, sipping brandy. "It's rather terrible being a woman and attractive to men," she was saying. "All one asks is quiet, and beauty, and music, and flowers, and the singing of birds. I have always been so happy just with quiet and the singing of birds. But now!"

The legal Molford walked in.

"He is going."

"Who is going?"

"Frank. He is packing."

The girl shrieked.

"No!" cried Henry.

"Yes. He has put his boots and shoes in."

They gave Lizzie more brandy.

"Poor fellow!" said the legal Molford, "he loves this very cruel and attractive woman. But he is proud; and he is jealous. I see a lot of pride and jealousy in my profession. Though I have never seen pride and jealousy so strong as Frank's!"

The girl burst out sobbing. It was pitiful to hear her.

"What is he jealous about?"

"He says he would always be envying Henry."

"'Envying Henry!'" cried the girl, turning vermilion.

"Yes, Lizzie. Because Henry has a wife who loves him."

"He envies Henry that woman!"

"Yes, Lizzie."

"Is there anything about Bessie Molford," said the girl, getting up and stamping about, though in all other ways she remained on the point of collapse, "that I cannot give a man? Is there anything——?"

The legal Molford raised a hand. The Vicar, who had been merely an observer so far, could not resist raising a hand too. So the Colonel raised a hand. These three hands impressed the girl so that she paused.

"Yes, Lizzie," said the legal Molford. "Bessie makes her husband happy. She loves him in spite of little errors that may occur and which outsiders may distort. Henry knows Bessie loves him. She has given him the fishing of her wonderful stream because she loves him. Whereas you——!"

"You, Lizzie!" said the Vicar, shaking his head.

It seemed to the distressed girl as if the three men were closing in upon her; as if they represented the hostile judgment of a world of men.

"Bring Frank to me!" cried Lizzie, beginning to weep.

The legal Molford departed to the attic.

Frank was folding a Savile Row lounge suit and putting it in on top of the boots.

"Stop packing, Frank. She wants to see you."

"No!"

"Yes."

"I ought to have a settlement."

"Will you stop packing, Frank?"

"No."

The legal Molford descended.

"Where is he?" sobbed Lizzie.

"He has just packed a grey suit."

"Oh no! No!"

"Lizzie, listen to me. In my profession I see broken hearts every day. Do you know what that poor fellow has just said to me? 'It's not only that I should envy Henry the softness and kindness and generosity of Bessie,' he said, 'but,' he said, 'I am a jealous fellow and a sensitive fellow; I'm very, very sensitive,' he said, 'and if I married this girl whom I adore, every time I strolled down to the stream I should think: She prefers a trout to me. She puts the trout above me. Whereas Bessie——'"

Lizzie screamed. They listened acutely.

"Bessie nothing! That woman! Does any man here think that I could not make a husband a million times as happy as she can? Does any man here think——"

"In my profession, Lizzie," said the legal Molford, in a grave but rather sweet manner, "we are obliged to believe in deeds rather than words." He now drew from his pocket a long envelope, and from the envelope a form. "I have been carrying this about with me, really for another client," said he, "how lucky. If you wish to make Frank believe in your love, Lizzie, it is easy to do it. Settle the stream on him as a wedding gift."

"What a *beautiful* gesture!" said the Vicar mellowly, in a surprised voice.

"Bessie will be furious," added Henry, earnestly.

"So she will!" cried the girl, stamping.

"Aunt Widdower will be very angry," continued Henry earnestly.

The girl interrupted him with a sharp shriek of pleasure.

"You think Aunt Widdower will be angry?"

"I know it. Poor woman! Poor woman!"

"Flora will be desperate," said the Colonel, willingly adding his wife's reputation to the general holocaust.

"Gertrude, also, I am afraid," added the Vicar, flinging his wife in too. "As a husband—and a good one—I cannot help apprehending—although I do not condemn; I shall try patience. Well, Lizzie, you are a young woman and beautiful; and I cannot blame you for thoughtlessly breaking Gertrude's heart."

"'Thoughtlessly' be blowed!" said Lizzie, looking more robust than she had ever done before in her life. And she turned her eyes on the document which the legal Molford had already unfolded.

This was a simple affair; merely a marriage settlement without complications.

It was unexpected that at this juncture Lizzie should begin again to weep; but weep she did.

"My trout sanctuary!" she gasped. "My poor, poor fish that trusted me."

The legal Molford rose, document in hand, and left the room.

The Colonel produced a silk handkerchief, and holding it firmly to the girl's troubled face, poured into her ear a great deal of information as to the sporting make-up of the trout mentality; a fish—he said—that courted danger; that loved a game; that disliked coddling and softening. . . . The legal Molford returned, and standing before Lizzie, commenced slowly to fold up the document.

"I fear," he said briefly, "that we are too late. It is practically over. Frank is just putting in his dressing gown and bedroom slippers."

There was a long silence. Then:

"I always pack them last, too," said the Vicar simply. Then:

"Ah well, Gertrude will be glad."

"And Flora."

"And Aunt Widdower."

"Lizzie chooses the trout."

But with a last poignant cry the girl tore from her face the handkerchief with which the Colonel was practically gagging her.

"I will sign!"

It was an eye-opener for the high-strung girl to see with what admiration the men pressed round her. Begging her not to hurry—yet at the same time insinuating the Vicar's fountain pen helpfully into her hand; pointing out the place for her signature, while explaining to her dutifully the delightful consequences; trying to get her to understand to the full the rare sensitiveness of a man like Frank—indeed, of all men; of themselves too—if he cannot get what he wants; and enlarging upon her qualities of mind and heart, so that she realised what before she had only gravely suspected—that all these men, in their different and simple ways, loved her; and loved her none the less because hopelessly.

Teak had arrived unsummoned, and stood by with a blotter.

It was done.

They led the surrendered girl to the drawing room, where with pæan of flattery and admiration, they turned her loose among her sister-women. They closed the door and stood without mopping beaded foreheads.

"Go straight to Frank!"

"Certainly, straight to Frank," said the legal Molford, going before them.

"There is a moon to-night."

"Trout—according to Teak—are rising marvellously."

"Will she expect . . . ?"

"To hell with her!"

"To hell nothing. She must still be humoured."

"Reasonably. Reasonably only. Now,"

They arrived at Frank's door, entered.

"Old man."

"Stop packing."

"Telegraph the Fishers' Amalgamation and the Trout Ticklers' Union and all of 'em. Here's the settlement. Hold Frank up."

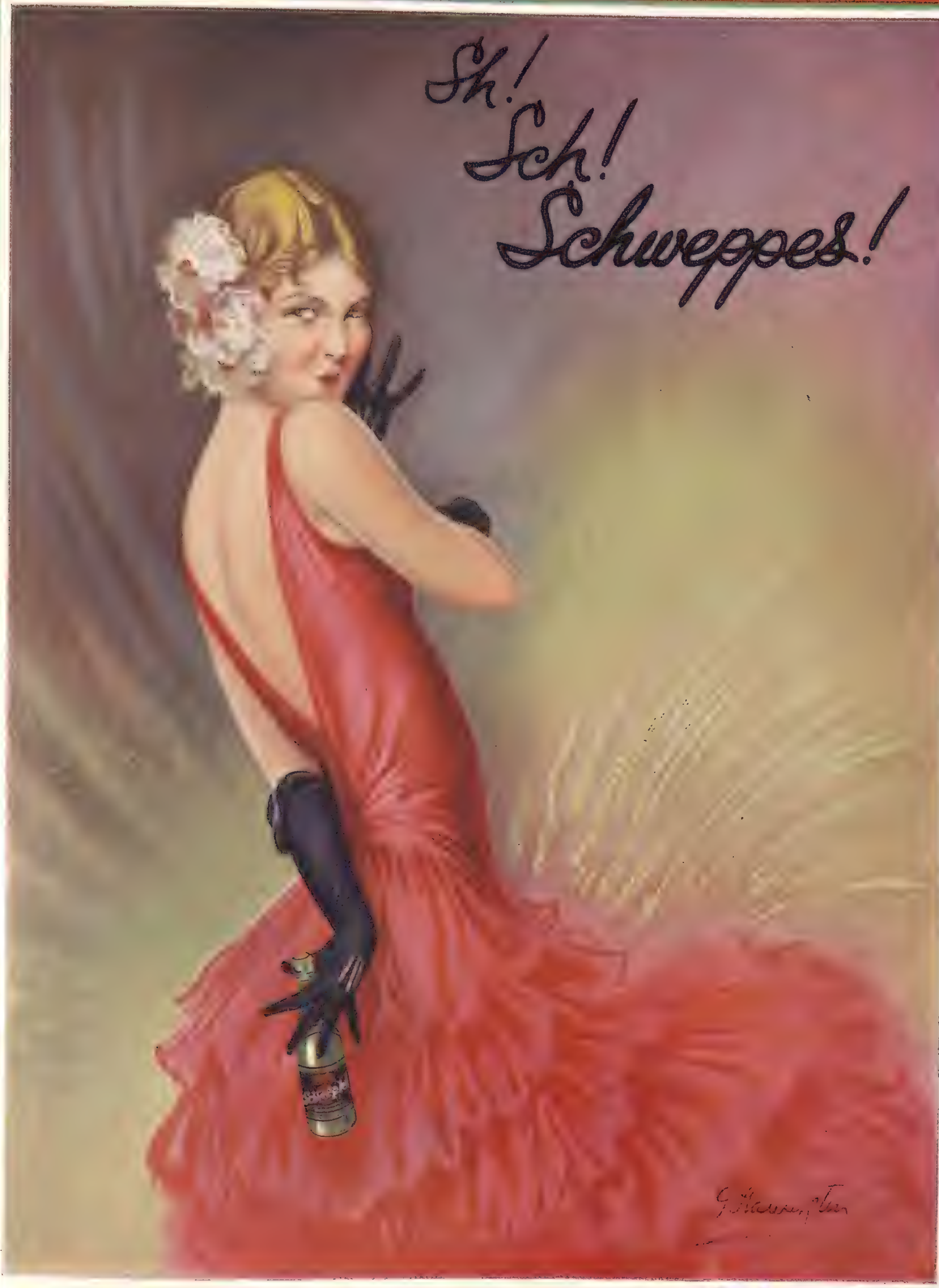
"What's the time?"

"Sixish."

"There's two hours."

Down to the forbidden stream, the wan bridegroom-to-be among them, with rod and creel; worm and fly. No animosity in this great hour. No argument. No bitterness. All brothers. Trout stared and leapt, and swam and—justifiably surprised—died. Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!

END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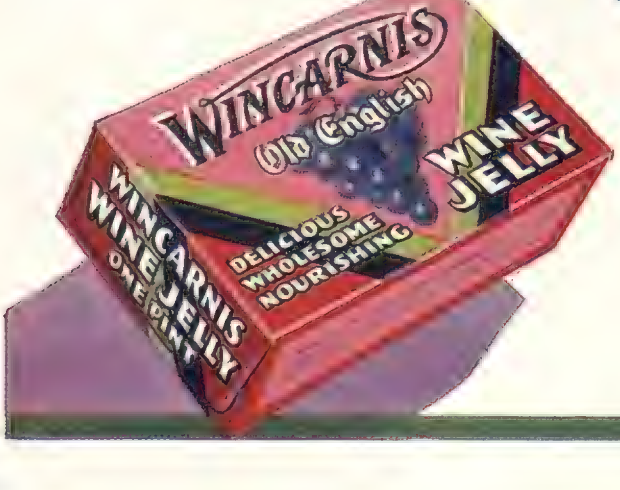

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The Fourth Bridesmaid

(*Continued from page 23*)

happen when Julian Waye returned from America.

Pauline and Theo were very tender with her. They loved Willa and were glad that she was going to be married. They informed her at great length about the way to treat a husband and what one needed with regard to house linen. Dolly wrote her from Venice where she was spending her honeymoon—

"Isn't it marvellous to think how lucky we four have been? Don't you adore being in love, darling?"

That made Willa smile in a strange twisted manner. Being in love. She forgot that no one knew how for three years she had loved Anthony. Not being able to stop loving him, and going through this last most difficult act of the grim farce—playing sister to him because he was lonely now that Dolly was away. Grim it was too, lying all the time to Anthony about Julian Waye.

One evening during dinner with him she even went so far as to describe what her wedding frock was going to be.

"Perhaps you'll be best man, Anthony."

Under the heady influence of champagne and Anthony's proximity she had said that. Laughing with her eyes wild with fright and pain. Lying all the time. Because it meant Anthony would go on taking you about. She looked upon the opal lately as a sinecure for Anthony. For there was nothing compromising in taking the girl who was engaged to a chap you knew at Oxford to dances and dinner three times a week.

"I'm safe," Willa thought, "So far as he is concerned. That's why he likes being with me. He's lonely and he knows he's safe." She never refused his invitations, and chided herself for a poor fool, for blushing and trembling when he took her arm to pilot her across the road.

During the last week or so, however, she had noticed a subtle change come over him. He seemed older—quieter and more remote. They began dining at restaurants in Soho off the beaten track and hardly ever went to dances. When he talked it was mostly about Vienna and how he was looking forward to getting back.

ONE day, he turned up unexpectedly to tea. He had never been to her flat before except to call for her. Willa's maid was out and she made tea herself. It gave her a strange aching feeling of intimacy having Anthony lounging in her favourite chair while she knelt in front of the fire toasting crumpets. He was in a gay mood, and teased her when she dropped a plate and burnt two crumpets in succession.

"Fine kind of wife you'll make," he said, picking up broken pieces of china.

Willa agreed. "Still," she bluffed, "Julian knows what I'm like."

"Does he. I wonder?"

The laughter faded from Anthony's eyes and he looked glum and unhappy.

"Does anyone know the real Willa," he went on.

Willa got up from her knees, and poured out tea. Her hand was shaking and a lump had risen in her throat. It came to her that one day Anthony would have to know this ugly trick she had played on her friends, Pauline, Theo, Dolly and Anthony. Lately she had managed to forget that her time was limited. Julian Waye was not stopping in America for ever. And when he came home. . . The girls might understand and forgive. She could hear them discussing it.

"Poor old Willa. After all, it was pretty dull for her trailing up the aisle after us one by one. Willa's always been a bit different but she's a girl too and every girl wants the thrill of an engagement ring. She was very silly, of course, but we must be kind to her."

"She didn't mean any harm. Oh! yes, very silly, but Willa didn't realise that she was being a bit mean. *We know Willa.*"

But not Anthony. Never, Willa reflected scalding her mouth with hot tea, would he condone. An older, more sophisticated man might perhaps, but not Anthony, who was still so young and idealistically raw. You could never make him see that bitter unfightable loneliness which had crept into your soul when Dolly asked you to be her bridesmaid, as you had been bridesmaid to Pauline and Theo. Your passionate fear of yourself and what Anthony had done to you. That quivering sensitiveness which amounted almost to physical pain when they tried to comfort you.

"Your turn next, Willa."

No man as young and nice as Anthony would believe how poignantly you were aware of your big ungainly body and the unbecoming pallor of your cheeks. And you could never explain—"I hate talking to people because I know I only say silly unimportant things which no one wants to listen to." Especially as she had never found any difficulty in talking to Anthony. For him she had dug in strange, almost forgotten corners of her heart. She had told him a little about her parents. Condoning courageously their neglect of her.

"They love each other so much, Anthony, they don't need me." He had not, as she had half-expected, sympathised. His bright blue eyes merely sobered down a little and he said quietly,

"I should like to care for someone like that."

She watched him now, stirring her tea and staring as though she were not there.

"Julian will be back in a month now, won't he?" he said unexpectedly.

"Yes."

Willa put down her cup and saucer.

"You'll get married right away, I suppose."

She nodded. Another month. That meant two had passed since she stood at the altar holding Dolly's flowers and gloves. Playing bridesmaid for the last time because her three friends were now all married. Two months in which Willa—Willa to whom people were kind because she was big and uninteresting but rather a dear—had become a person of importance in her own small world. Just because of a fiery opal shooting lovely lights from the finger of her left hand.

She caressed it lovingly. For two months it had given her a little of Anthony—some poor insignificant crumbs—and for this she would always bear it affectionate gratitude. A brotherly Anthony to be sure—still during these months she had seen him two or three times a week. And there was still another month to run.

A swift rush of bravado came to her. She felt reckless and strong as she had felt when she first put that ring on her finger. Grotesquely uncautious in the manner of the man who spends his last pound on a wing of chicken and a bottle of good wine. She got up from the table and went over to Anthony. She put her arm round his neck and drew his head against her. A rough clumsy embrace it was, but then Willa had had no experience.

"Anthony," she said and her voice rang out in harsh defiance. "Anthony, I'm awfully fond of you, have been for ages."

Her face was even whiter than usual. Her lank, dark hair fell untidily over her eyes hiding their feverish brilliance. It was the end of course. For a brief moment—but it was worth it—the ensuing humiliation and the wounding pain—one which you must carry with you to the grave—you had felt the pressure of Anthony's head against your breast. Bravely she put up her hand and ran her fingers through his fair hair. Anthony made a jerky, undecisive movement. He sighed and then all at once he began to laugh. Boyishly, with his shoulders hunched and his face buried in his hands.

"Willa," he said, "Willa, my dear."

Then he got up and went quickly out of the room. She heard him slam the hall door noisily behind him. For a long time, she sat in front of the fire wondering at that strange laughter of his. It had not been unkind or mocking—rather did it seem to hold a note of gladness—of release.

"SO he's dead," Anthony stood at the back of Willa's chair, reading the newspaper she held in her hands over her shoulder. "Killed in a motor accident."

She put in lifelessly. "Rotten luck."

"Yes."

The paper slid from Willa's hands on to the floor. Rotten luck for Julian Waye. She felt very sorry for him and hoped that death had been instantaneous. She held her hands, palms downwards towards the fire. The opal glowed blood-red. It took on a kind of dangerous quality with the leaping flames reflecting in it. Soon—at any moment the others would be ringing up—calling, sympathising. She would have to tell them the truth now—a fortnight earlier than she had intended.

Julian Waye's fatal motor accident had, she thought resentfully, done her out of the last two weeks with Anthony, for although she had been able to keep up the silly masquerade about being engaged to a man she had never set eyes on, she could not mourn his death. Oh! no, she was not as bad as that.

"Of course you've had a cable," he insisted. "But I thought you might like to see the paper."

The funny part was he had sounded almost triumphant. Willa could not understand. Not that it mattered. Nothing mattered any more. Nothing but a few bitter sweet memories of the last two weeks, when Anthony had been a good deal more than brotherly. Always would she cherish the exquisite anguish of that moment when he had raised her large, white hand to his lips—and his gay chivalry which might mean everything or nothing—when he assured her, "I love the way you stroked my hair the other afternoon, Willa dear."

She felt his hand grip her shoulder.

"Well, Willa—what are you going to do about it."

"Do about what, Anthony?" Silly Willa-ish question—but what could she do but tell him quickly—

"This man means nothing to me—I just pretended because I was tired of being pitied—no it was worse than that. I was raging jealous of the way my friends found men to love and marry them."

Yet how could you, with Anthony's fingers pressing into the flesh of your shoulders—caressing you with the steel-like firmness of their grip.

"I love you, Willa."

He leaned over as though to kiss her. Willa pushed him roughly aside.

"I haven't got a bean except my pay and I know you are rich, but does it matter, do you think—I minded at first—but I seem to love you so much that everything else becomes unimportant."

"But you mustn't—you don't—you won't—when you know," she cried hysterically. "Anthony—listen."

"I don't want to." He put his arm round her gently. "Willa darling—you needn't tell me anything." He gave the paper lying on the floor, a friendly, contemptuous kick. "You see I happen to know Julian was married two days before he sailed for America. I was his best man."

Willa made a reeling movement, holding out her arm. "But why didn't you tell me, Anthony?" She was sobbing violently. "Why did you let me go on——"

He held her very tenderly to him. "Couldn't help myself, my sweet. It was a dead secret. I promised not to say a word until he got back. Difficulties with the girl's rich father, you see—that's what's put the wind up me about all your cash. Julian wanted to make a pile quickly in America first—poor chap. He didn't want people to say he was marrying for money any more than I did."

The telephone bell rang violently. Willa looked up. Dolly—Pauline—Theo—it didn't matter—of course she'd tell them—and they'd understand—but later—for the moment there were only the two of them in the world—dear old Willa—and Anthony.

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By No Means Murder

(*Continued from page 16*)

go. "The eagles!" he called them, not unkindly, and strolled over to the arbour.

Here the Grazzia joined him—but no, she did not join him, she joined nobody; hung upon the hem of all our lives.

This time, however, it was a trifle different. For though Suliman sat without so much as asking her to take a seat, she stood there talking to him long and earnestly. Once, indeed, I saw her wring her hands.

As for Suliman, he appeared to listen, though without so much as moving a muscle of his face.

After a while the poor thing went away shaking her head dolorously; and meeting her later on, wandering lonely through the town, overcome by shame at my own hard thoughts, I insisted upon her coming back to the hotel and taking a cocktail with me.

It was the first time I had seen her drink with anyone and she was dreadfully grateful.

"That's right," remarked the Archbishop, joining us—"that's right, my child. A little glass is a very pleasant help in time of trouble—No, no, I thank you, my dear sir, I've had my allowance—but mam'selle here takes life too seriously."

"But—but—*he* would not allow . . ."

The words fluttered like thin withered leaves from the little woman's lips. Kalitzka, however, seemed to understand, patted her on the back. "Believe me, he has trouble enough of his own to attend to," he said, with a sort of grimness; at which the Grazzia stood transfixed, holding her glass upside down, with what was left of its contents dribbling down her black dress.

IT was the Irishman who accused me of being in love with Margaret Harte, and as I made no denial shook his head gloomily. "No good, my friend. We've pretty well all of us been that way, and not an inch—no, not an inch gained. My belief is that she's married already.

"Flores Bey . . .," I suggested, meaning to say that perhaps he'd know. But at this McCreedy burst into a jovial laugh.

"Good lord, no. They're great pals—playmates: but it would take more of a man than that for her. Apart from everything else he's a Mahomedan. The tale is that he did propose, explained his other wives, expressed his desire for an intellectual equal. But that's all talk. She likes him, she's trying to keep him out of mischief."

"What mischief?" I was eager and curious, but the Irishman would do no more than shrug his shoulders.

By this time the spring was well advanced. It was growing hot. The best of the roses had already overbloomed themselves and drooped: the young storks were launched on the world. A week or so more and the leaves would be withered; the town stinking to heaven; the dirt jumping with fleas.

A few of the commercial men dropped away in despair. But the rest of us hung on, waiting—as though under a sort of spell—for the brooding storm.

By this time Suliman was all in, and I myself as opposed to him as anyone else.

All the same, in the major fact, we had most convincingly found ourselves mistaken. It was not to the Turks that he was selling his country—for he was an Albanian by nationality—but rather to the Italian Government.

The first idea had, of course, originated in the knowledge that his father had been of Turkish birth. As to the other side of his family there seemed no sort of evidence, though it was said that he had been educated in England.

I remember asking Margaret if she had ever met him there, and she answered: "Yes." Just that: "Yes."

Upon that evening—at least for a precious hour of it—I had her to myself.

She was very quiet, quiet as the evening, hardly speaking, as we sat together in front of the little arbour, so that we could see the storks floating home to roost on the flat roofs: a tiny crescent moon, and in the foreground a leafless pomegranate with its sparse, gem-like blossoms.

All the fret and irritation had gone. The only thing that disturbed me was the fact that Margaret was so plainly worried.

I put my hand on hers, lying folded on her lap, said: "You know I'd do anything on earth to help you," and she nodded; looking down at my hand with a sort of regret as it seemed, but without drawing her own away.

Then, with no sort of explanation, she remarked, and I realised that she was going back to my question regarding Suliman Pasha:

"He was in my father's house—at Harrow, you know."

Of course I did not know, had no idea that her father had been a schoolmaster.

"No one here knows—at least no one apart from Adèle Grazzia," she went on. "But I needn't ask you . . ." She did not so much as trouble to finish her sentence, and that pleased me.

It was a day or two later that I asked her to marry me; and very gravely, with no hint of "yes" or "no" she asked me to wait "till all this is over"—she said.

With a gesture of weariness she brushed her hand across her eyes; and I had made up my mind to let her be, at least for a while, when she burst out suddenly with:

"This marriage business—marriage—oh, any sort of marriage! It's a terrible thing. It's—it's—well, sinister's no word for it."

"Margaret—my dear—my dear."

At once she turned to me, softened, and back in herself: "Oh, my dear, I don't mean us——" And for a moment that "us" heartened me—"at any rate we are grown up now, able to take care of ourselves. What I was thinking of was those boy and girl marriages. Adèle Grazzia's, for instance."

"The Grazzia! I didn't know—I didn't think——"

"Yes—yes, because she looks old now, old and battered, none of you men *would* think. But twenty years ago she was lovely, lovely—as lovely as any young Italian girl can well be, and that's saying a good deal."

She turned round sharply, peering at me through the dusk. "See here, Hal, I have so many acquaintances, sort of friends—but let us two at least begin by trusting each other."

"You know you can do that, and I know you know—to death."

"Yes—yes." She spoke slowly, her eyes still on me. "The Dutch boys are very nice, oh, they are all nice." She dismissed them with a gesture. "But apart from yourself, Adèle and Suliman——"

I was amazed at this last. "What—my dear, surely you don't——!"

"I knew him as a boy. I deplore, nowadays—I deplore—oh, a great many things! All the same——. He came to our house oftener than the others, he was so lonely, you see, and my father was sorry for him. I was a tiny girl, while he was a big boy, but all the same——"

"I think I understand." I was very stiff about it. For I really thought that I understood. And when she went on again to speak of the Grazzia, the two topics—in my mind at least—had nothing whatever to do with each other, so that, in the end, we parted as though whole worlds divided us.

And, of course, now, what I thought was, that Margaret—instead of being in love with Flores Bey—was deeply attached to Suliman Pasha, the friend of her childhood.

And this is the sort of thing that happens in love; all these tortures which go to make up what poets alone describe as bliss.

IT was the day after this that it became known, as an actual fact, that Suliman Pasha was going to Italy, taking that evening's boat up to Durazzo and from there crossing the Adriatic.

The day after, I say, but Margaret and the five Beys must have known it the evening of our estrangement. For that night at dinner they sat and sat on. Again and again the candles burnt down, casting weird and menacing shadows across the ceiling, the whitewashed walls and table; while a strange uneasiness hung about us all.

It was close upon midnight when Margaret crossed the market place to her own rooms. I had waited in the verandah, hoping to be with her. But two of these grave men were at her side; while Flores Bey walked a little apart, humming to himself; his head held high, his face upraised to the sky; a look upon his face as though he held in his mind some pleasant and exciting secret.

All next day we hung about, trying to put in time.

That evening the Grazzia had actually ventured to invite our inner circle to a cocktail party. I was amazed that all five Beys accepted, as well as the rest of us. The party was fixed for half-past seven, and we seldom dined earlier than nine.

It had already struck six when, strolling through the town, I saw Suliman Pasha coming down the outside stairway from Margaret's room.

He made no attempt to pass me in the twilight; rather ostentatiously, indeed, he hailed me, held out his hand.

"I've just been to say good-bye to Miss Harte—my boat sails at eight o'clock, and now that I have had the pleasure to meet you, I'll take the opportunity to say good-bye to you also, Mr. Boynton. Though it's really ridiculous; for I'll be back for certain in a day or two—still, I wish you luck. These are troublesome times, and after all anything may happen."

There was a certain stiffness in my own good-bye. I had once thought I liked him. But had I—had I really liked him? Had it not been because everyone else disliked and mistrusted him. Anyhow I now felt that there was something sinister about the man.

I had someone to see in the town; a trifle of business to transact. Directly that was over I went down to the hotel.

The greater number of the Grazzia's guests had already assembled. Her high, thin voice ran on and on like the note of a cicada. She herself ran to and fro, from the garden gate to the house, from the house to the arbour.

"Where has Flores Bey got to?" she kept on crying: "What on earth has become of Flores Bey? We are all here—the rest of us, I mean; and Flores Bey—. Tut, tut, we must have some more brandy! Baron von Eckhardt, I'm so sorry, just a moment, the gin has run out. No, no, that glass has been used. I can't imagine—can you imagine what's become of Flores Bey?"

The other four were there; for some reason or other they had taken to encouraging the Grazzia—though not to sit down with them at meals, never, never that.

The moon had risen in an open space between the trees. It was so bright that it shone through the glass of fine old brandy the Archbishop held up, stared at meditatively, then sipped. "Anything may happen to anyone in this country," he remarked, and patted the pistol which he, even he, wore in the girdle encircling his full-bodied person.

"Pheut!"—the Irishman drew his hand across his throat with a ghastly gesture, and the Grazzia screamed shrilly.

"Well, anyhow, Suliman's gone."

"Not much to make a song and dance about there, eh?" said I. "He's safer under our eyes."

"My boy he's safe nowhere, and no one's safe with him," remarked the Archbishop. "He lost me long years of my life, and half my weight. We are forbidden to bear malice. All the same, we're fools to put our heads twice in the same noose."

THE night was perfectly empty. The children who played about the dusty road outside the high iron gates of the hotel had gone away. There was no one, apart from a single greasy waiter in the dining room, all lighted up as it was.

The four Beys, curiously enough, stayed with us; two of them sipping at what seemed like an (Continued on page 112)

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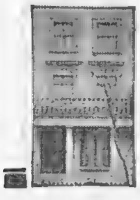

eternally full glass of vermouth, the third with a tumbler of sugared water before him.

Not one of them attempted any sort of conversation. I might have wondered why it was that they did not go in and start their dinner, had it not seemed to me that they were continually watching the Grazzia.

At last, quite suddenly, she jumped up again with a little cry, wringing her small brown hands, so like a bird's claws.

"I can't bear it—I don't know—I—I—oh, if only I knew!"

She ran to the gate, threw her frail weight against it, and pushing it open went out into the road, and stood there staring.

To my amazement I felt Margaret's hand in mine. She gave it one squeeze, as though to reassure and comfort herself; make certain of something. Then she, too, jumped up, ran out into the road and put her arm about the Grazzia.

I saw the little woman lean her head against her breast: cling to her, like a bird. For a moment or so they whispered together: the Grazzia's shoulders shaking.

One thing I did hear in Margaret's voice—heard it because I loved it so; my every nerve attuned to the sound of it:—"I told him—begged him—begged him not to—believe me——"

They were coming back then. I saw the small brown woman, clinging to Margaret's arm, give her head a sharp jerk upwards and sideways, saw something bright fly off in the moonlight, and realised that the tears had come. Tears because Flores Bey had forgotten her party!

All the same she still had pride enough not to give herself away by wiping her eyes; and sat down again; this time between Margaret and me. Then she jumped up again: "Well, what about dinner?" she said, and caught Margaret's arm. I myself rose, so did the two Dutchmen, and Baron von Eckhardt. But the four Beys sat perfectly still, as though carved in marble.

For a moment the moon was hidden behind the heavy bough of a tree, with the queerest effect too. For though we could see each other's legs and feet, with the ground beneath us, our faces were in darkness.

With a loud clash the iron gate fell open, slammed to again: and Flores Bey came airily into the garden. "A thousand pardons Madame, a thousand thousand pardons, but I was kept—so altogether unfortunately and unhappily kept—a thousand million pardons."

The words were those of regret. But his voice was lightly gay, gay and triumphant, as he stooped and kissed the Grazzia's hand, which, to my amazement, she snatched away from him, staring with wide eyes.

"If I may be allowed a drink after keeping you all from your dinner like this, but—Pheugh, the dust on that road."

"Which road—but which road?" It was the Grazzia who questioned him in a voice hard and low, and fierce.

He had, however, turned towards the little table holding the drinks; was helping himself to a brandy and soda, apparently without hearing her; stood there with it in his hand drinking and laughing:—

"Mon Dieu, such a thirst!"

Margaret stood up. And by now we were all standing—apart from those four solid, silent men, with their hands on their knees.

"Oh, then you too have been down to the quay?" she said lightly.

"Yes—yes—Mam'selle—Now, what about dinner? I've kept you long enough already, hem?"

"The steamer got off all right, eh?" Margaret's tone was light enough. But I felt sure that there was something at the back of it: could see, indeed, that she had one hand on Adèle Grazzia's shoulder: that the other held her arm.

"Oh, yes—everything all right—crowded, as usual. And now——"

Here Flores Bey swung round. The moon had once again lifted herself above the tree, and he was looking very straight at Margaret.

There was something odd in his face: triumphant, and yet—well, like a naughty child.

"Ah, then, I suppose we'll not be seeing Suliman here for some time," remarked Baron von Eckhardt heavily.

"No—no, not for some time!" Flores Bey laughed, actually laughed at this; a high joyous laugh. Though the next moment he gathered himself together as it were, glanced sideways at Margaret.

"You saw him off, eh?"

"Yes—yes—I saw him off—surely I saw him off."

"He has gone on the boat?" It was the Grazzia who spoke and Flores Bey turned again. I could see her face now and not his. She had her hand to her throat and Margaret's arms were around her.

"Well, that's all right, Adèle dear. I told you. I said good-bye to him myself, this very evening."

"Well, he didn't come to say good-bye to me," the other woman struck out suddenly—"he——" with a long shudder she drew herself together and away from Margaret's arms: moved a step forward facing Flores.

"He has sailed then," she insisted—"He went on board the steamer—he went on board the steamer, I say," she repeated the words louder, stamping her foot.

"No, Madame." The Albanian's voice was grave enough: "When I say I saw him off, I do not mean——"

"But he did, he did, I say!" The little woman's voice rose to a scream. "He said good-bye to Miss Harte—he said good-bye to everyone but me—I saw his luggage go off in a cart. In two days—in a day and a half he will be in Italy. And you—you—" she actually spat at him in her excitement.

"Look here, Flores Bey," put in one of the Dutchmen, "of course the fellow's gone. The steamer people——"

"He has not gone, not that way at least." Flores' voice was perfectly quiet and level: his eyes full on the tormented woman before him.

"But how can you say that, how—how? You beast, you devil you— He—he—Suliman—I know better—I know—I *know*——"

Her voice rose to a scream.

"He—has—not—sailed," repeated the young Albanian in widely separated words with his hard, bright smile. And at this the Grazzia flew at him—actually flew at him like a cat, her hand against his face.

As she dropped away, shaken by sobs, he turned a little, and took out his fine white handkerchief. I could see the blood running from one eye, down the side of his finely cut nose.

"All the same he has not sailed," he repeated calmly: then paused; and added in a light high voice: "Who should know better than I, *Madame*?—though you were—*were* I say—his wife, his jackal—his spy. He has not sailed. And for this reason——"

It could not have been a second before he continued his sentence, for there was no appreciable break: but in that second the garden grew horribly still: the cicadae even were silent; while all eyes alike were—not so much fixed, as drawn out towards Flores Bey; so lightly poised in his white clothes: a flower—a perfect flower of manhood.

"He has not sailed, I repeat. I say it to all those who love Albania. Above all I say it to you—to *you*, Madame. He has not sailed for the reason that I—I myself——"

At this moment Adele Grazzia—knowing what was coming, backing against Margaret, with a look of awful despair on her face—gave vent to one piercing scream. And waiting until all was quiet again, Flores Bey finished his sentence:—

"—— I went down the quay," he said, "passed among the crowd, and—so as not to injure others shot him through the top of his head—I myself shot him like this . . ."

He made a gesture of one holding a pistol downwards. And then throwing back the light cape he was wearing, he turned to his fellow-countrymen:—

"And now, what about dinner, eh? It is time—time for some refreshment."

END.

The Pursuer

(*Continued from page* 69.)

pushed his pen behind his ear and lay back in his chair.

"Well?"

"I want to tell you something, sir," said Maloney. The super raised his eyebrows.

"Well?"

"I was running, sir——"

The sergeant leant across his table, very intent, very alert.

"I was running away, sir. I've gotter tell you. It's Jemmy Taylor, Super, known as Snicker. Him what got three years for the job at old George Waller's. And he's out to-day, Super. You know I was on the square with you then, sir. I came to you, didn't I? And Snicker when the judge sentenced him, you remember what he said? 'I'll get the —— what's split on me.' And he's out and after me."

"After you."

"Straight, honest to God he is. In the Dark Arches he had a cut at it."

"So that's your reason, is it?"

"Yes, sir. It isn't safe for me."

"Safe for you?"

"He'll get me. You don't know him like I do. He knows the way with a razor."

"You're sure it was Snicker in the Arches?"

"I couldn't swear to it, sir, but who else would it have been? I wants protection Super."

"Oh! do you?"

"That's what police is for, ain't it, Super? To see harm don't come to nobody. I could stay here, couldn't I? It isn't safe for me——"

"I can't help that, Maloney."

"Now look, sir——"

"You must get along, Maloney. You've got no proof. We'll keep our eye on you, and when you've definite facts, bring them along, my lad."

"Proofs!" Maloney's voice rose. "Proofs! A lot of blooming proofs I'll have, won't I, with my blooming throat slit from ear to ear."

"Cut it out," said the sergeant.

"I ain't going out there again, to-night—"

"You aren't staying here, my lad——"

"I won't go. It ain't right."

"Now come," said the super. "Pull yourself together, Maloney. You're more of a man than this. If you take on nark's work, you've to take a nark's risks with it. We guarantee you reasonable protection and more we can't do."

"Do you call this reasonable protection?"

"Do you call your story reasonable proof of need of it?"

"He grabbed me, I tell you."

"Did you see him?"

"No, but——"

"Come along, now, Maloney, you get back to your lodgings."

"I won't go out there again."

"And you can't stay here."

"See, Super, I swear——"

"Take him out, sergeant."

Not for the first time had Maloney struggled in an officer's grip, but never before with the tables so turned. Often enough the police of Chatterdon Docks had hoped to see Maloney in closer custody than his cunning permitted, but never before had they sought to expel him. And Maloney pleaded. He clawed at the sergeant and the sergeant thrust him off.

"Out with you," said the sergeant, and Maloney shot through the swing-doors; and the sergeant returned, dusting his hands.

"He'll not come back," he said.

But Maloney stood beneath the lettered lamp of the police-station in Dockside Passage, and the rain fell down and the darkness crawled up to the edge of the light; and against the pattern of the shining falling rain, Maloney saw his wretched life and what a shameful thing it was and what a poor and broken thing he too was. He thought of Snicker and he thought of Snicker's girl and the voices inside Maloney cried out and grew louder and louder, and more and more insistent. He thought of Babs and her clinging hands, her

(*Continued on page* 114)

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face, pinched as it might have been with cold, but he knew it to be with fear and misery. He thought of the good times he'd had and the other girls he'd known, and he knew that to no one person had he done a manly thing. And terror swept through him, when he thought of the slashing razor.

He couldn't move; he couldn't go forward, and he couldn't go back. His face was wet with the stinging rain and he wondered why rain should taste salt. And he knew, he stood in the glow of the light, and the tears ran down with the rain, because his body ached with fear, and the fear was strong, since it was right that he must pay.

And he saw himself for what he was; and on the moment, on the edge of the light, he saw Snicker.

The same droop of the shoulders, the lean tall form, always a little on the slouch, the rakish, raffish cap and the white choker, the saturated but inevitable cigarette, hanging loosely from the loose lips, the intelligent eyes, and the long thin nose—Jemmy Taylor, known as Snicker! And Snicker was smiling, just as he'd always smiled, as if he had a good joke all to himself.

Then Snicker moved. His right hand went into his coat pocket, and it seemed to Maloney that no moment in all time could compare with this for the hideous agony of his suspense and fear. He tried to call out, but his breath wheezed in his throat, so that no sound came from him except one that was like the last monstrous outgoing breath of a dying man. Then Snicker's hand came out of his pocket and it had hold of something, a whiteness amidst the fingers. The sight of the thing that might in the next moment be slashing at his face, cutting through, eyeball and nostril, quivering lip and pallid cheek, sent Maloney reeling backwards against the half-open doors of the police-station. He staggered in, and blindly stumbled back into the white cold-lit interior of the station. The Superintendent jumped up, but Maloney had caught his arm, before he could take a step forward.

"He's there!" cried Maloney. "Outside. I told you. I told you."

The Super flung him aside and was across the room in a second, and out on the steps. His voice came harshly from the vestibule.

"There's no one here. What the devil, Maloney——"

The sergeant and Maloney joined him. The rain made its steady falling pattern, but no sinister figure lurked at its border.

"He was there," said Maloney. "I saw him. He was——"

The Super spun round. His eye was fierce as he spoke.

"Now see, Maloney," he said. "We've had enough of this for to-night, my man. You're not drunk, as far as I can see, but I wouldn't say you're not mad. Now, get to hell out of it, Maloney." And he shoved Maloney towards the steps. But Maloney fell on his knees. He clutched the Super's legs. He knelt suppliant, and agonised before the Super, as others in their dreadful pain had knelt before him and begged for mercy. And because the Super was an honest and efficient and courageous man who'd known what it was to feel death stalking him on the heels of his shadow, his anger rose, keen and bitter above the necessities of his profession, since a man could sink so low. He knew Maloney for the thing he was and his indignation might this night have overruled his discretion, and had the razor gleamed in the darkness, the temptation to send this rag of a man to his end would have been too great to resist. But no blade gleamed.

"Off with you," he cried.

But Maloney had his arms around the blue uniformed legs and Maloney was talking.

"Take me in. For Gawd's sake, Super. He'll have me. I can't get home. He's waiting for me. Down at Farnham, Super, in nineteen-twenty-nine—Frensham Grange—Lord Chowley's place—you remember, Super—I done that job—yes, I did—I done it—I done it——"

And across the Super's anger, into his eager disciplined mind, a sudden wonderment and cold calculation came. He stopped his struggle with Maloney and listened to him.

"A thousand pounds' worth of stuff . . . and you never got the bloke . . . and I know where the stuff is . . . and I done it——"

The Super nodded to the sergeant.

"If you want to make a statement," said the sergeant, "I must warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you."

THEY got his story from him. The sergeant took it down and Maloney signed it, when they'd read it through to him. The Super got on to the phone and for an hour and a half he talked through to the Yard and through to Farnham Station, and at the end of that time he knew Maloney had spoken the truth.

But Maloney scarcely heard the Super's voice. The room with its strong solid walls, its all-discovering light, seemed like a citadel to Maloney. He was safe. He'd made his bargain and his life was still in him. Whatever they gave him was striking a fine bargain. And Snicker was cheated of his vengeance.

But it was as the Super rang through for a cab to take Maloney for a final interrogation at the Yard that the door swung open and in the cold strong comforting light stood Jemmy Taylor known as Snicker.

He touched his forehead, for his cap was in his hand.

"Good evening, sir," said Snicker.

Maloney shrank back behind the sergeant and the Super came forward.

"Stay where you are," said the Super. He'd known a man throw vitriol a dozen yards in a police-court, before to-night.

"What do you want?" said the Super.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," said Snicker. "But there's a pal o' mine in here and I've been waiting for him."

"You'd best be off," said the sergeant.

"I wanted to see him, sir," said Snicker. Then he saw Maloney and he smiled.

"Dandy, old boy," he said. "Bl'ime, there you are, old Cockie. I'm out to-day and I've been looking for you——"

"Stand where you are!" shouted the sergeant.

A look of bewilderment and dismay made Snicker gape like a naughty schoolboy.

"Sorry, sir," he said. "But Dandy Jack's my old mate. He isn't in trouble, I hope." And again his hand went into his pocket, and he took out a white packet of papers. But Maloney, with the Force at his disposal, wasn't afraid any more.

"See," said Snicker. "It's like this, sir. I've had enough of this jag. I'm going straight, I am. Three years has done me good. Them's my emigration papers and for Canada. And I can get similar for my pal if he's quick. There's just one passage left. That's why I've been running round after him. That's why I came in here, sir, making so bold, 'cos time's pressing."

The sergeant glanced across at the Super. And the Super nodded. The handcuffs clicked over Maloney's wrists.

"Hey!" said Maloney. "Hey."

"Thought you might be for changing your mind at news like this," said the sergeant.

"What's that you're saying?" cried Maloney.

"Plain facts, Dandy," said Snicker. "We was allus pals, you and me. I don't forget. I want to make good and I want me old mate with me. Babs told me where I could find you. I know you had a tiff, but it's all over and forgotten. She's been a-waiting half the night for you, too. She saw you in the Dark Arches, Chatterdon Dock way, but you tore off like a mad thing, when she came up to you. And when I saw you just now you did the same. Strewth, Dandy, what's the matter?"

For Maloney was struggling to free his wrists of the encircling irons.

"Lor Lumme," said Snicker. "What's he gone and done?"

"This man," said the Super, "is under arrest for a job of a year ago that he's just confessed to."

"Well I never did," said Snicker.

A motor horn sounded outside the station.

"That's the cab," said the sergeant. "Come, Maloney." And he put his hand on Maloney's shoulder and directed him to the door. The Super went back to his desk.

"If that ain't the limit," said Snicker. "How long will he get?"

"Six years, I hope," said the Super. "Good-night, Taylor."

"Good-night, sir." And Snicker went to the door.

Maloney and the sergeant were on the bottom step and the sergeant had Maloney's right arm. Snicker ran down the steps. Maloney heard him coming and half saw him over his right shoulder, but the sergeant was urging Maloney on. And though Maloney had made so bad a bargain, and though he was still confused and furious with himself, yet the rapid movement of his old mate down the steps made Maloney suddenly glad that the sergeant was so close to him.

Then Snicker was beside him as the sergeant jerked open the door of the cab.

Maloney realised in one crystal-clear second a dozen things, but chief amongst them his unguarded left flank. And because he knew in less than a second the greatest moment of all was at hand, he prepared to make the old familiar motion. The Toledo boys had taught him that. Drop your hand and swing your arm and the driving steel is guarded clear. But the bracelets were on Maloney's wrists. The bracelets held Maloney fast since his fear and guilt had put them there. There was no time to shout. Before him was the cab, on his right the sergeant. He scarcely made a step because Snicker was too quick. But if Snicker's arm was up and down in less than a second, then even in so short a time Maloney saw how his fate had led him on and betrayed him.

"Now then," said the sergeant, and dragged at Maloney's arm.

"One," cried Snicker, and Maloney gave a sudden cough—"one for the —— what split on me."

And "Two," cried Snicker, "for the piker what pinched my gel and left her."

Then along the pavement and across the road, through the rain and into the dark, went Snicker, fast and cunning as a fox. But Maloney sprawled across the bonnet of the cab and the life ran out of him.

"What the devil," said the sergeant, and while he fumbled for his whistle he tried to pull Maloney to his feet. But Maloney's weight was very great, since a dead man seems heavier than a live one.

END

Books (*Continued from page 47*)

second novel, later than *Maurice Guest* and earlier than *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony*. It first appeared in 1910, and so, although it has almost certainly not been read by any reader of this page, I abstain from reviewing it and content myself with the most enthusiastic recommendation of which I am capable. Popularity has come very slowly to the author. But in her enduring merits it must surely be anchored for ever.

You know, in advance, that Mr. Carl Clausen is not a spinner of gossamer threads, for he calls his novel *Jaws of Circumstance* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). The scene of this American murder story is laid, throughout, in a court of law. There is a certain guilelessness about the author which is not without charm. The prisoners—there are two of them—are young and handsome and in love. As if that were not enough to establish their innocence, all their witnesses are simple, kindly, truthful souls, and they are defended by a big hearted, fatherly counsel, complete with unkempt mane. The prosecuting counsel is, of course, a rat-faced bully whose lips have an interesting habit of becoming transparent, and he is supported by as rascally a pack of witnesses as ever escaped the charge of perjury. For more sophisticated readers, there is the fun—and it is often uproarious—of observing the differences between American and English legal procedure.

END

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The "Eve" Girls' Championship

and some of the Girls

By Eleanor E. Helme

SISTERS have done well in "Eve" Foursomes this year, and the pair seen on the right, Miss Diana and Lulu Esmond, carried off the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh last October. Miss Diana Esmond, the runner-up for the French Open, was Girl Champion in 1926

GIRL Champion in 1925: Miss Enid Wilson

MRS. PERCY GARON, holder of the Essex title, was runner-up in the Girls' Championship in 1921

ON the next page is to be found the entrance form for the Girls' Championship. Everybody who will be under nineteen on the 8th of September, 1931, is advised to lay instant siege to the parent or guardian who can decide the matter and to say: "May I go to Stoke Poges?" And, having been told "Yes," instantly to fill up the form and send it in. Nobody knows. We have never yet had to refuse an entry because the limit number of 64 was reached, but since the Scottish Foursomes have broken all records this year, the Girls' Championship may do the same. After all, the entry can always be cancelled, but the horrible "too late" has something very inevitable about it.

This year there is an additional attraction, for not only will there be the usual challenge cup and memento prizes for the runners-up and semi-finalists, the Craig Challenge Cup for a consolation bogey round, and prizes for the chaperones' competition, but Stoke Court, where the majority of competitors usually stay, are giving a Challenge Cup for the competitor staying there who remains longest in the Championship. Complications will arise if neither the winner nor the runner-up should be staying at Stoke Court, and the management have been racking brains over the subject. They have decided that if both semi-finalists lay claim to the Cup the matter must be decided by their playing the best of three holes then and there on the conclusion of their semi-final. If all the Court girls should be out by the end of the previous round (an unlikely contingency this, but one must provide against everything), then all the claimants will be sent out to decide the tie in an American fashion which seems to have no name in this country, but to which no disrespect is meant by calling it Musical Chairs. All the tieing competitors play the first hole together, and the one or more who takes the highest figure drops out. Again at the second hole the one, or more, who takes the highest figure also drops out, and so on, until at last one little nigger boy is left all alone. If any correspondent can supply the right and dignified name for this excellent method, we shall be glad to employ it! All of which offers all sorts of possibilities for a good time.

Our Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton

ENTRANCE form and conditions for these will be published in the August and September numbers of "Britannia & Eve," and entries cannot be accepted until August

THAT is what competitors seem always to have at Stoke Poges, and most of them have a sneaking feeling ever afterwards that nothing is quite the same as those few days of the Girls' Championship.

But the time has come now when it is players who first made their name at Stoke Poges who are the

MISS AUDREY HOLMES, English Semi-Finalist 1931, first qualified for the Girls' Championship in 1928

THE ex-Open Champion, Miss Diana Fishwick, has twice won the Girls' Championship

MISS PAULINE DORAN (right), who won the Girls' Championship last year, when she was fifteen

MISS DOROTHY MARSHALL (above), the holder of the Lincolnshire Championship, reached the semi-final at Stoke Poges in 1929 players most to be reckoned with in the world of ladies' golf. Miss Gourlay is just a little bit senior, but if you come to think over it, one can give a goodly string of reigning champions who graduated in the Girls'. Here is a list of them: British Open Champion and English Close Champion, Miss Enid Wilson; Girl Champion, 1925. English Semi-Finalists, Miss S. Bailey, Girls' Championship runner-up 1929 (also last eight Open Championship); Miss Audrey Holmes, Girls' Championship qualified first in 1928. French Close Champion, Madame Lacoste; Girl Champion, 1925. French Open Champion, Madame Lacoste; Girl Champion, 1925. French Open Runner-up, Miss Diana Esmond; Girl Champion, 1926. Autumn Foursomes, Miss Diana and Miss Lulu Esmond. Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes, runners-up Miss Diana Esmond and Mr. Wethered. Essex Champion, Miss Dorrit Wilkins; Girl Championship runner-up, 1930. Lincolnshire Champion, Miss Dorothy Marshall; Girls' Championship semi-finalist, 1929. Middlesex Champion, Miss R. Rabbidge, one of the youngest competitors in earliest Girls' Championships. In addition to actual reigning champions, look at Miss Diana Fishwick, the ex-British Open Champion, who was Girl Champion in 1927 and 1928, and Miss Dorothy Pearson, who was quite expected to win the Girls' in 1925, and has been one of the most successful players of this spring. This is all for the good of the game: why should not the young ones be encouraged? A horrifying tale has been told this spring of a club mean enough to reduce the amount spent on a prize because it had been won by a girl who had only just left school.

If this page started with an exhortation to the girls to enter quickly, perhaps it may end with one to the older golfers to fight against their ridiculous jealousy and to give the young golfers their due and their chance. There is a great deal more pleasure to be had out of helping someone over a stile (and the young have many stiles to climb) rather than in pushing somebody down into the ditch.

The "EVE" GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (1931)

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th and 11th. No Qualifying Round.

Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under nineteen years of age on September 8th, 1931.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Wednesday, August 26th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below, and will be repeated in the August number.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th and 11th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of BRITANNIA AND EVE reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 10th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court who remains in the championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Mothers and chaperones of competitors playing in the championship will be eligible to compete in competitions for handicap prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE, to be played at Stoke Poges on September 9th and 10th. Conditions will be posted at Stoke Poges on September 8th.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 7th.

ACCOMMODATION

Accommodation may be had for competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Manager, Stoke Court.

STOKE POGES CLUB HOUSE. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Secretary, Stoke Poges Club, Slough.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 18s. per day, or 15s. without lunch. Apply to the Manager, Baylis House.

Early application is recommended to all of these.

All entries for EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

"EVE" GOLF COUPON **JULY**

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss* ....

Address ....

....

For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

....*of which I am a member.*

The "EVE" Golf Competitions

Results of the May Monthly Medal Competition

CLASS I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Welchman	Hockley	81	16	65	75	10 below
Mrs. Hambling	Long Ashton	81	14	67	76	9 "
Mrs. Grierson	Carlisle City	85	18	67	75	8 "
Mrs. Warltier	Leamington	84	18	66	74	8 "
Miss Davies	Burnham	78	17	61	68	7 "
Mrs. Knox Gore	Hythe	83	12	71	78	7 "
Miss Gregory	West Byfleet	82	13	69	76	7 "
Mrs. Helm	Burnley	79	12	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Stepney	Chevin	87	18	69	75	6 "
Miss Davies	Heswall	86	17	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Bamber	North Shore Skegness	83	14	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Robinson	Trentham	86	16	70	76	6 "
Miss Gibson	Harrogate	87	18	69	74	5 "
Miss Lamont	Balmore	81	11	70	75	5 "
Miss MacDonald	Craigmillar Park	80	11	69	74	5 "
Miss Pearson	Tunbridge Wells	66	plus 1	67	72	5 "
Miss Crompton	Banstead	81	10	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Heald	Willingdon	89	18	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Cook	Stockport	87	16	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Tarleton	North Hants	81	9	72	77	5 "
Mrs. Ford	Chorley	89	17	72	77	5 "
Mrs. Wright	Cleveland	79	8	71	75	4 "
Miss Hartley	Oakdale	88	16	72	76	4 "
Mrs. Rostron	New Course Tollygunge	81	12	69	73	4 "
Miss Hammand	Whitchurch (Salop)	91	15	76	80	4 "
Miss Platt	Thonock	80	14	66	70	4 "
Miss Hackney	Brocton Hall	85	14	71	75	4 "
Mrs. Pickles	Stockport	87	14	73	76	3 "
Miss Hampson	Hunstanton	85	9	76	79	3 "
Mrs. W. A. Huggins	Ashford Manor	85	12	73	76	3

CLASS II (Handicaps over 18)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss K. Morris	West Lancashire	96	36	60	74	14 below
Mrs. Braithwaite	Sale	98	35	63	75	12 "
Mrs. Nicholas	Rushcliffe	95	36	59	71	12 "
Miss Coulson	Western Park	96	36	60	71	11 "
Miss Shipcott	Chorley	90	24	66	77	11 "
Miss Greatrex	Brocton Hall	92	28	64	75	11 "
Miss Clay	Sundridge Park	97	32	65	76	11 "
Mrs. Hanley	Headingley	101	35	66	76	10 "
Mrs. F. Russell	Grange Park	98	31	67	77	10 "
Miss Woodrow	Stockport	100	34	66	76	10 "
Miss Kyffin	Ashford Manor	100	32	68	78	10 "
Miss B. Stevenson	Brough	100	36	64	74	10 "
Mrs. Bean	Heysham	102	36	66	76	10 "
Miss Battle	Headingley	100	34	66	76	10 "
Miss Foden	Brocton Hall	101	36	65	75	10 "
Mrs. M. Jones	Frilford Heath	101	36	65	75	10 "
Mrs. Alexander	Lancaster	97	32	65	75	10 "
Miss Jubb	Wetherby	90	24	66	75	9 "
Lady Phyllis Cahn	Rushcliffe	90	28	62	71	9 "
Mrs. Hargreaves	Chorley	100	32	68	77	9 "
Miss Vickers	Hexham	99	33	66	75	9 "
Miss Poyser	Fairhaven	97	29	68	77	9 "
Mrs. W. Smith	Sandbach	89	26	63	71	8 "
Mrs. Sugg	Abbeydale	97	28	69	77	8 "
Mrs. Myerscough	Lancaster	94	27	67	75	8 "
Mrs. Seares	Shortlands	96	30	66	74	8 "
Miss Hepton	Hull	95	26	69	77	8 "
Mrs. Wimshurst	La Moye	88	23	65	73	8 "
Miss E. Deane	North Hants	100	31	69	77	8 "
Miss G. Davey	Fulwell	88	24	64	72	8

THE "EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

Leading results for May

	Member-ship.	No. of cards.	Per-centage.		Member-ship.	No. of cards	Per-centage
Thonock	80	108	135.00	Gerrards Cross	70	2	2.85
Langholm	68	60	88.23	Tamworths, Ltd.	70	2	2.85
Ryde	67	57	85.07	Knot End and Fleetwood	39	1	2.56
Cowes	62	13	20.96	Hythe	40	1	2.50
Bowdon	46	3	6.52	Chilwell Manor	135	3	2.22
Market Rasen	16	1	6.25	La Moye	45	1	2.22
Brocton Hall	100	5	5.00	Wilmslow	135	3	2.22
North Hants	150	6	4.00	Rugby	92	2	2.17
Chorley	131	5	3.81	Tollygunge (India)	186	5	2.11
Hockley	80	3	3.75	Ashford (Kent)	48	1	2.08
Wetherby	90	3	3.33				
Nuneaton	60	2	3.02	Bournemouth (Meyrick Park)	98	2	2.04

Position of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

	Percentage.		Percentage
Ryde	49·39	Trentham	5·20
Langholm	48·52	Tamworth	4·57
Thonock	36·59	Bowdon	3·91
Cowes	21·94	Hockley	2·50
La Moye	5·33	North Hants	2·12

SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One.

Mrs. Alix de Winton	3rd hole at St. Leonards.
Miss G. Robinson	4th hole at Hesketh.
Miss B. M. Nield	a Cheshire Golf Course.
Miss Doris Greenwood	7th hole at Shaw Hill.
Miss Dorothy Ryley	9th hole at Mickleover.
Miss D. W. Bradley	15th hole at Leeds.
Miss E. J. Burns	5th hole at Western Park.

ENTRANCE FORM **No Entrance Fee**

The "Eve" Girls' Open Golf Championship, Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th and 11th.

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Wednesday, August 26th.

Please enter

Miss..

Home Address..

....

Date and year of birth..............................*Club, if any*..............................

Telephone No..............................

IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS GLOWED THE EMERALD HE HAD GIVEN HER THAT MORNING . . .

. . . . The lights in the auditorium were dimmed. Only on the vast red curtain remained a soft glow, like some giant's hearth. Music meant so much to her . . . It meant so much to him that she loved it.

And the duchess had been so kind, so understanding to lend them her box on that night of all nights. He touched lightly the hand on which in the semi-darkness glowed the emerald he had given her that morning—the touch of a comrade who knew.

Thus began the magic of Wagner, wedded to the magic of their own happiness.

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Good wine suggests South African Hock and Burgundy. Paarl Amber Hock and Veldt Burgundy.

Burgoyne's South African wines are famous for their delectable quality and in particular Paarl Amber Hock and Veldt Burgundy are becoming increasingly popular with those who desire a really good wine at a reasonable price.

Thanks to Imperial Preference Paarl Amber Hock and Veldt Burgundy are only 3/- per bottle and 1/7 per half bottle.

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Films

(*Continued from page* 45)

that she hit herself on the wind-screen of her car. American journalists are not to be put off with a little innocent patter about the colour of curtains or opinions about policemen. A film paper recently expressed just what they feel about that sort of thing :—

"I asked a studio publicity woman for some news and this is what I get : 'Lilyan Tashman is having her studio dressing-room done over in white to match the one at her home.' And they get sore if we don't stop the presses for items like that."

Oh, no ! Here are some of the items of interest actually published lately : "Charles Farrell's hair began to go grey at the temples when Janet Gaynor was ill. When she learnt from the papers about his sudden marriage to Valli Valli she just cried and cried, and now she has had a breakdown." (As a matter of fact Janet Gaynor has never properly got over her operation for appendicitis.) "Constance Bennett was expected to succeed Gloria Swanson as the Marquise de Falaise but now the Marquis, 'Hank' to his friends and the press-men, is looking lonesome while "Connie" Bennett dances with Joel McCrea, the fair young man who acted with her in 'Born to Love' and whom she has described as 'the ideal leading man.'"

Charles Chaplin had plenty of publicity of one sort and another while he was in England. We heard all about his visit to Chequers, his supper parties with the nobility, his friendship with Bernard Shaw, Sir Philip Sassoon and Lady Astor, but it remained for an American paper to tell the world that he made friends with a photographer's model called Patricia Detering when he was here, gave her a marmoset and that she may be going out to Hollywood later on ! After that, my own little private piece—that when his barber went to him at the Carlton his sitting-room was crowded with his society friends, drinking his cocktails, smoking his cigarettes and (presumably) amusing one another while Chaplin sat alone, his hands clasped, doing nothing in an adjoining room—pales into complete insignificance !

If our newspapers did follow American journalistic examples, the circulations might go up, but what about the temperature of our notabilities ? And of course there is the law of libel to be considered in this country. In America, if liquor is dear, speech is free, and presumably the film stars think any publicity is better than none. Anita Loos once told me that it just did not matter *what* you wrote about people as long as you *did*. In "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" she wrote about Fanny Ward having been a flapper for years and years and buying her hats in the juvenile department, and she thought Fanny would be "wild," but she was delighted. Anita Loos is not out of place in a film article, because she wrote slap-stick comedies for Griffiths from when she was fourteen. She told me all about it and a good deal about Hollywood, in an interview.

If our film stars have private lives, nobody knows or cares. Can you imagine "a well-known English film star" telling an interviewer whether she really had had her face lifted or not, or a "famous actress" admitting that before the divorce she went to the theatre where her husband was acting with another woman, very nicely on the stage and anyhow off it, and asked them to desist ? And if they did tell, it could not be published ? No English journalist would exhort "a charming little comedian," in print, to "lay off the booze" ! The first time I wrote a column of social news for a weekly paper there was a solicitor's letter in the office within twenty-four hours of publication, and I had only described the clothes of "a titled member of the intelligenzia"—but I had broken the rules and mentioned his name !

Apart from the question of English law, the English public is sentimental. People over here don't want to know unpleasant facts about their favourites. They would cast Eve out of the Garden if they heard she had been flirting with the serpent.

END

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There is hardly anything so bracing, and so exhilarating, so immediately refreshing as "*4711*"—this exquisite and genuine Eau de Cologne. "*4711*" calms throbbing temples, revives flagging energy and creates a wonderful new fund of vivacity. Its volatile aroma for tired nerves, its astringent properties in light massage for tired muscles, are restorative qualities which active women in sport and business find essential to their well-being.

"*4711*" Toiletries fragranced with the same refreshing aroma form a complete and most delightful Beauty Treatment. Under the famous Blue and Gold Label you may also enjoy all the other exquisite "*4711*" Toiletries — Powders, Creams, Soaps, Bath Salts and Beauty Aids in tune with your personal preferences.

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A high quality refined face powder in twelve shades exactly graded for every complexion. Price per box 1/-.

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Red for dark hair, golden for fair or grey hair.

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Do your gums bleed easily?

Then the days of your health are numbered, unless . . .

Unless you take action now. Your gums bleed because Pyorrhœa has gained foothold in them. And Pyorrhœa is Slow Poison! Its effects are not confined to your gums and teeth. Gradually its poisons filter into your bloodstream, affect every part of your body, undermine your health, make you weak, irritable, *ill!*

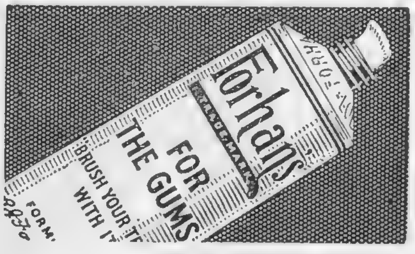
This very day, start using Forhan's For the Gums. Used in time, and used regularly, it will prevent Pyorrhœa, check its progress. It was made—by a dentist—expressly for that purpose. Brush your teeth with Forhan's For the Gums twice daily and massage your gums regularly with a little on your fingertip. Especially if you are nearing the danger age of 40, use Forhan's For the Gums. Don't wait for Pyorrhœa to strike. Prevent it.

4 OUT OF 5

after 40, and many
younger, sacrifice health
to grim Pyorrhœa

Forhan's

For the Gums



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The Virtues of Victorianism

(*Continued from page* 63)

with me. There were two other people present, both older women. The girl is a good-natured creature, who spends her life dancing and playing games and occasionally reading novels (*i.e.*, her particular type is no more "worthily" occupied than the "Miss" of fifty years ago!). During luncheon she didn't speak more than twice—because she wasn't interested in her fellow guests or their talk. When she did speak it was in so vague, detached and mumbling a fashion that she made no contribution to the conversation at all.

IT seems to me the faults of this complete lack of manners counterbalance the advantages in freedom and self-expression, not only from the point of view of social intercourse in general, but from the point of view of the individual who lacks any training.

The "Victorian Parent" may often have been tyrannical, unreasonable, unjust, or unperceptive, but from the recollection and memoirs of people brought up at that time, there must have been a great many children whose lives were full of pleasure and interests. . . . Briefly, the Victorian parent, conscious of the standards of the time, felt an obligation to bring up his children to recognise certain moral, social, and intellectual obligations; modern parents have felt it their duty to give their children what they suppose to be freedom and the habit of self-expression.

In fact, the latter training doesn't seem to have produced a particularly remarkable set of human beings. The modern young man or young woman has less manners and fewer conventions than the children of Victorian training. The girls have no knowledge of household arts; they do not trouble to walk or sit becomingly; they do not trouble to make conversation, and they frequently hide the light presumably gained from their elaborate "emancipated" education under the bushel of social laziness, so that indeed the Victorian young woman, discussing the dozen works which it was considered proper for her to read, was a more lively intellectual companion than the girl who has achieved a first at one of the universities. . . . The young men to-day have not only lost the habit of politeness to their elders, but, not unnaturally, have lost the cult of chivalry towards the girls of their own age. There was, after all, some reward in springing up to open the door for a young woman who thanked you prettily; a pleasure in devoting your conversation to a girl who took trouble to listen intelligently.

In the same way the conventional morality of the day, though it had its hardships and injustices, not only gave a certain standard to human conduct, but also set a very real value on the passions and emotions which could defy the strength of that moral code.

Nowadays a couple will not only tell all their friends, sometimes as mere conversation, that they are not "getting on"; or that one or other of them is "having an affair" with someone else.... But the whole business has become facile and easy and almost without importance. It needs no courage or sacrifice to-day for two people to go off together unmarried.

An age, like an individual, must be judged, not by its weaknesses and absurdities, its hypocrisies and mistakes, but by its best characteristics. . . .

The Victorian Age can claim to have produced very great men and women among its significant characters. While its ordinary people—its social rank and file—maintained, however conventionally, certain standards of behaviour, of politeness and kindliness which at least testified to a desire to be civilised, to be, in however stereotyped a way, cultured and considerate. It set, fundamentally, certain limits to egoism and animalism, and by doing so probably gave the individual spirit a freedom which modern liberty and unrestraint denies.

END

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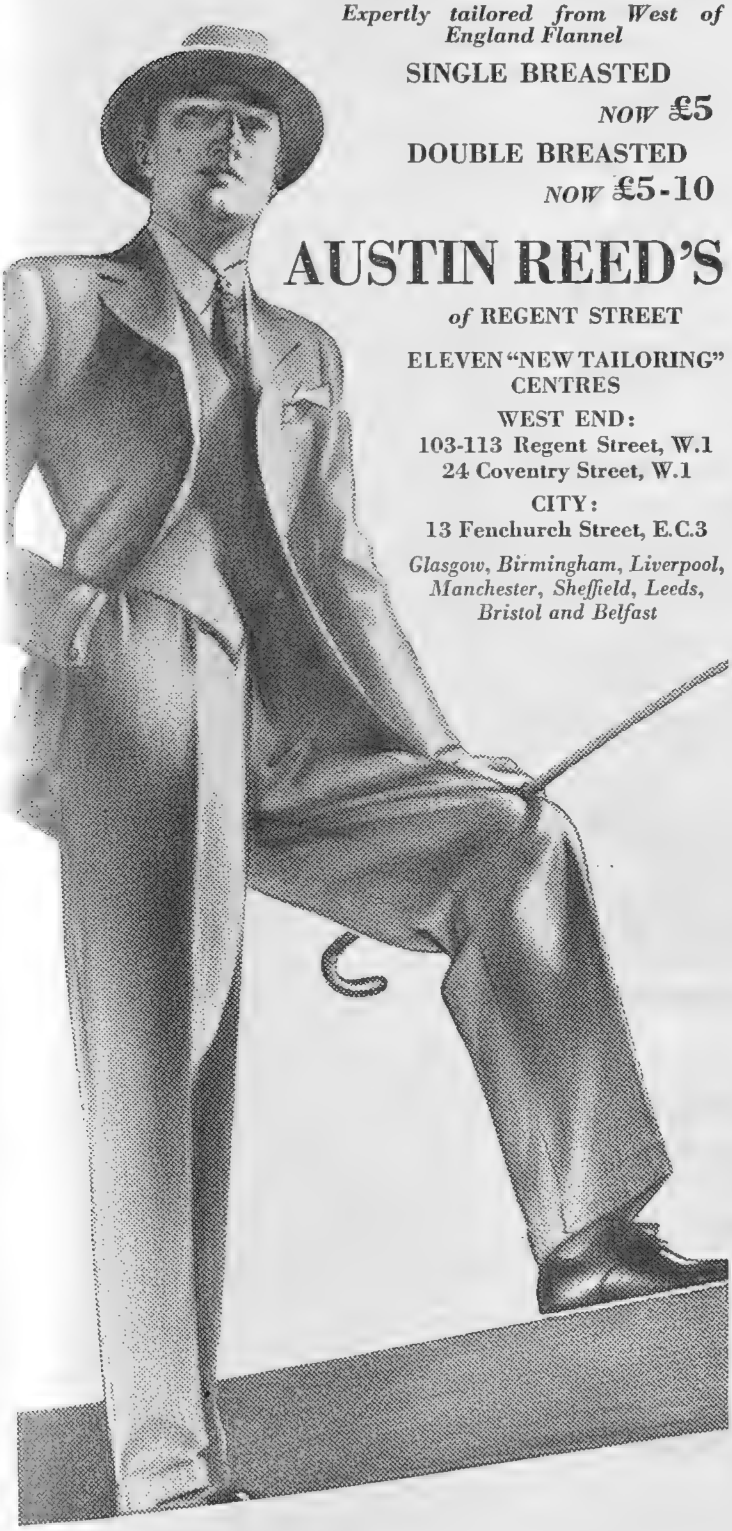

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The Circle *of* Green Chalk

(Continued from page 33)

Now, at the foot of the daïs on which that man had sat listening to Richard Dakers there stood a table. And on that table coffee-urns were steaming. There were cakes too, and sandwiches, and boxes of cigars. But the young newspaper-man, unlike those with him, could not drink of that coffee nor eat of those sandwiches.

On the daïs itself typewriters were now clicking. From the little room behind—the room to which the man with the impassive face had retired after refusing pardon to Richard Dakers—his ears were deafened by the buzz and tap of the morse-keys, so that only in imagination did he hear the tick of the white-faced clock.

But his eyes never left the clock, which—for all that the click of the typewriters and the buzzing tap of the morse-keys silenced it—went on ticking, ticking away the life he still believed innocent of murder. And after an eternity of watching the black hands on that dead white face began to draw together; and presently less than ten minutes separated them; and presently the feet of the young newspaper-man—and the feet of his colleagues with them—carried him out of that room to where a warder was unlocking the high white lattices of the inner gaol.

And behind those lattices, where the steel staircases led up into the prison, was another clock; a clock whose hands were so close together that had it not been for the measured tread of those who went with him the feet of the young newspaper-man would have started running—lest he should come too late.

Past thin steel pillars he came; past steel chapel walls, showing dirty white in the subdued glimmer of one electric, and thence into utter gloom.

And still in gloom, treading softly as a man may, he came to that cage whence the Face whose eyes were also cold (but its hands hidden) regarded him coming. But one watched by that Face, lest it gibber at him, and so set others of the Cage and the cold eyes gibbering—with that last fear, which still lingers even after all human sanities have been burnt away. And past that Face, and the one who watched it, the young newspaper-man came, all suddenly, into the death cold glare of that passage where are both the Shut and the Open Door.

AND now, just for a second maybe, as his mind would have passed through the Open Door, the memory of the young newspaper-man refused its office, and flung him back into the present world—the world of the clacking wheels, and the whirring fan, and the dust and the brassy sunshine—the world in which that other with the cold eyes, but whose hands were not hidden, regarded him, and murderously, through the smoke of a cigar.

Yet now, curiously, he was no longer fearful of that other, but only of the circle—of the circle of green chalk.

And now, swiftly, swiftly as a thin snake uncoils, memory drew that circle on the red concrete floor of the death-chamber. And from high above the circle, the yellow rope came drooping down to where the noose hung, greedy, round the black hook on the green-washed wall. And now, already, the Shut Door, too, had opened; and through it, through the death-cold glare, with the Priest at his side, came Richard Dakers, manacled, in the black trousers and the loose shirt that shows the neck.

And now the Open Door of the death chamber had closed behind Richard Dakers. And now his feet were on the circle. And now two were moving, swiftly, silently—since all was silence—to grasp him by the shoulders; while one knelt to strap his knees and ankles, and another lifted the yellow noose from the black hook.

And now, even while the noose lifted—and the very entrails of the young newspaper-man turned to water inside him—his eyes

(Continued on page 124)

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In no department of life has the modern woman shown saner judgment than in the matter of diet. To-day our meals are lighter, tastier and far better for our happiness and well-being. Never before have vegetables and fruit been so fully appreciated or so skilfully served.

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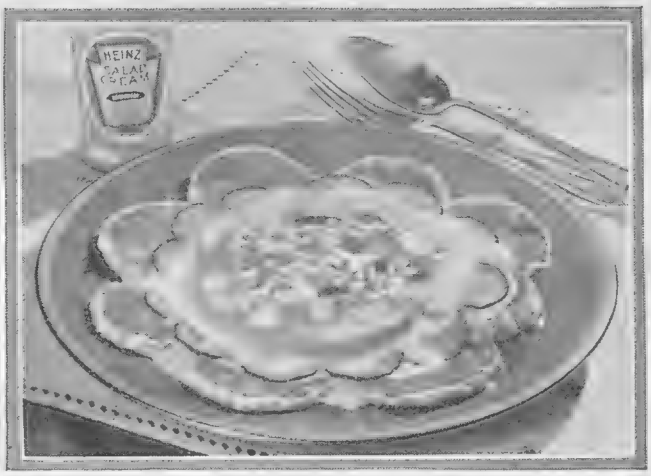
Send name and address to H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., London, N.W. 10, who will send you a Recipe Folder of new salads.



Orange and cucumber salad

INGREDIENTS: *Cucumber, 2 sweet oranges, chopped nuts and Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS: Peel most of cucumber, soak for 1 hr. in cold salted water and cut into slices. Peel oranges and divide into sections, removing all pith and pips. Arrange on dish and cover with Heinz Salad Cream. Garnish with chopped nuts and thin slices of unpeeled cucumber. This salad goes particularly well with roast meats.

Brazilian Salad

INGREDIENTS: *White grapes, fresh pineapple, apples, celery, Brazil-nuts, lemon juice and Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS: Skin and pip grapes and cut into halves. Chop pineapple, celery and nut kernels finely. Mix thoroughly with Heinz Salad Cream, and season with lemon juice.

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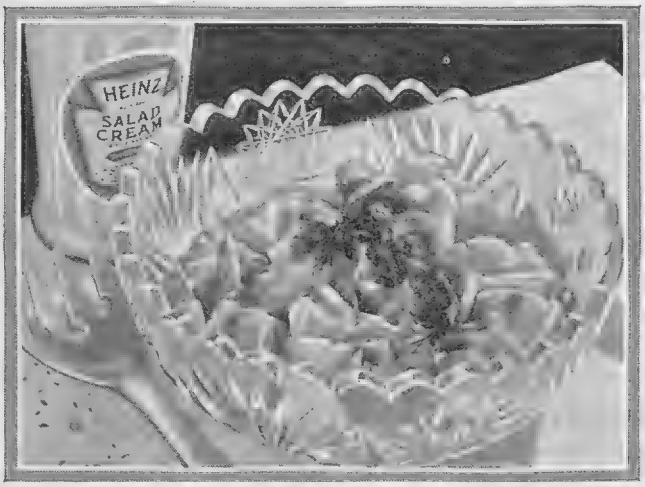
Lettuce and mixed fruit salad

INGREDIENTS: 1 *Grape-fruit*, 2 *oranges*, ½ *cupful white grapes*, ⅓ *cupful chopped pecan nuts, lettuce, red pepper or tomato and Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS: Peel grape-fruit and oranges and divide into sections. Skin and pip grapes. Shred lettuce and arrange on flat dish, placing fruit and nuts on top. Cover with Heinz Salad Cream and decorate with strips of red pepper or tomato.



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sought the face of Richard Dakers, and saw it deathly grey, yet very fearless; saw the blue pupils undilated, and the cheeks firm, and the teeth unclenched; and the lips half open. . . .

But even as he sought a message from those half-open lips, the noose dropped, knotted, to the neck; and over the face of Richard Dakers, fearless still, dropped the black death-cowl; and the knot of the noose tightened, tightened . . . till the weight fell, fell with a great clang, to whip the yellow droop of rope taut as piano-wire, and send the cowled figure of Richard Dakers leaping, as the young newspaper-man had once seen a Russian dancer leap, on the curve of death.

Then the twitchings of after-death, which mock at life itself, began to shake the cowled figure of Richard Dakers, and with that yellow rope again vibrant, memory shut away the horror of the things that had been from the mind of the young newspaper-man, leaving it, defenceless, to face the terror of the thing that was.

THE other's hand was no longer reaching back towards the hip-pocket. His cigar had gone out. His spatulate fingers were grinding the last spark from the butt. But the cold eyes of him were still on the newspaper-man.

"Or write it, do you understand?" repeated that other; and he added, in a voice still charged with menace yet now softer than a woman's, "That's why I followed you out West—to tell you that you mustn't write it, even if—even if you do find out, one day—because you haven't found out yet, for all your picking on me—who shot Jack Dyson between the eyes."

And after that the pair of them sat on again; sat on, or so it seemed to the young newspaper-man, through all the seven eternities; while he watched that other's spatulate fingers clenching, clenching, and those eyes behind whose cold pupils there brooded, with none but him to watch, That Inhuman Thing which men cage because all human sanities have been burnt away from it; even That Thing which might yet send his spirit to join the spirit of Richard Dakers on another curve to death.

For there are many curves to death, and from all, in the final issue, a man's spirit may shrink shuddering—even as the young newspaper-man's spirit shrank; shrank and shuddered before that other whom he now guessed (guessing but half the reason for it) insane.

"I want your promise," said that other. "I want your promise never to write that story. And I don't want it for my own sake. You can leave me—how did that professor put it?—to my own individual conscience. I want it for the sake of . . . of a certain woman. Will you give me your promise?"

"Yes," nodded the young man.

And with that nod, with no actual word spoken between them, that other, walking a little awkwardly because of the bulge at his hip-pocket, left him alone.

The newspaper-man's thoughts, as he sat alone, were all bitter. And not the least bitter—because that was his trade—was the thought that he had failed, and failed hopelessly, in his quest for justice, in his search after the truth.

What was the truth? And who the murderer—the real murderer—of Jack Dyson?

Could it, after all, have been Richard Dakers? But if so, why had that other followed him out West; why had that other hinted (God—he had done more than hinted); why had that other threatened? Surely that other, with his hints, with his threats, was insane; insane as those caged maniacs he had seen as he went to the hanging of Richard Dakers. And why was that other insane? Wasn't it because that other (for he, and he alone, had gathered up every shred of the damning evidence) had railroaded an innocent Richard Dakers to the green circle?

Yet why had that other railroaded Richard Dakers to the green (*Continued on page* 126)

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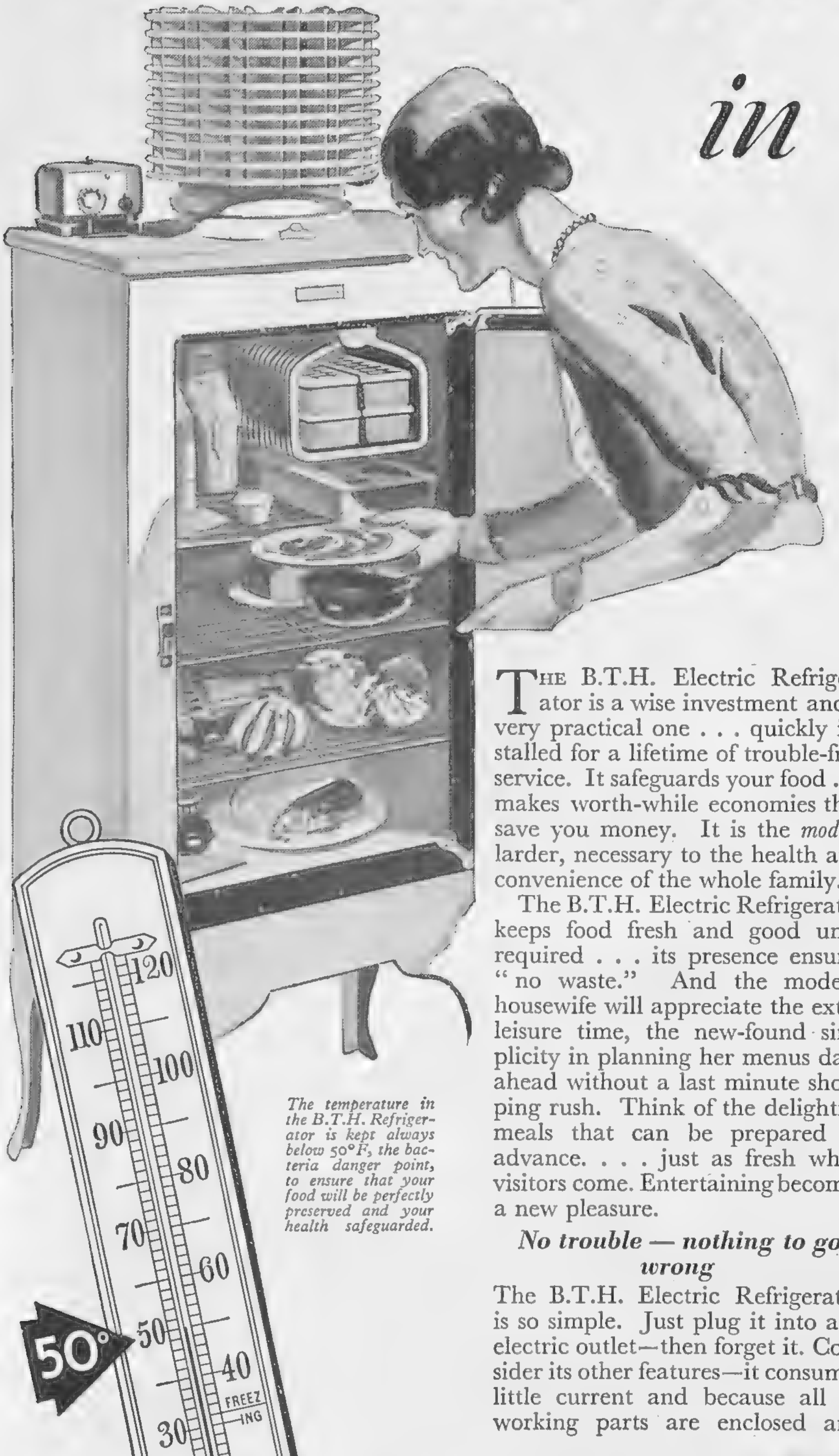

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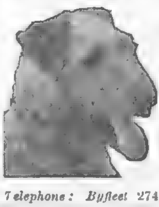

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circle? Why? Surely because he himself was the real murderer of Jack Dyson—the other man in the garden? Yet if that other were the real murderer of Jack Dyson, Richard Dakers must have known it. And if Richard Dakers had known it, wouldn't Richard Dakers have spoken some word from the green circle before the death-cowl covered his lips?

But Richard Dakers had spoken no word. And that other would kill (kill again!) rather than have the word spoken. So could it be, *could* it be, that a certain woman . . .

And as that last devilish thought penetrated to his consciousness, the young newspaper-man's face went grey—grey as the face of Richard Dakers had been ere the cowl covered it—in the brassy sunshine beating in at him from the trail.

The sunshine dimmed a little. From the foothills beyond the trail a breeze was blowing. Dust-devils danced in the breeze, came dancing towards him across the trail.

But the young newspaper-man, for all that his eyes seemed to be looking at them, did not see the dust-devils—because of that other devil, the new thought-devil that kept dancing, dancing in his brain.

For what was even his trade, what was even truth, if truth meant that a certain woman—the woman who had promised, only a fortnight ago . . . ?

But that couldn't be the truth? Dear Christ, it couldn't be? Those delicate fingers had never . . . Yet if *they* hadn't, why had those other fingers, the spatulate ones, pulled trigger on Jack Dyson? Even if she hadn't, why—in Christ's name, why—with what motive—had that other pulled trigger on Jack Dyson. Unless, he, too . . .

And even as that last, bitterest, most devilish of all thoughts began to penetrate, there came a knocking, a swift and an ominous knocking, on the door.

Outside the door, as the newspaper-man sprang to open it, stood the book-dealer from Los Angeles. And his face, too, was grey.

"Come," said the grey-faced book-dealer. "Come! And quickly. He wants you. And he's almost all in."

But by the time the newspaper-man reached that other he was all in, lying very still, face upwards, with the spatulate fingers of his right hand clenched round the butt of his automatic, and beside him, lying on the tiled floor of the lavatory compartment, a photograph, taken during war-time, of a young girl.

And because the face in that photograph was the same perfect oval as the face of that "certain woman" to whom the other had referred while still living, the young newspaper-man's eyes, as they stared down at it, were almost as cold as the eyes of that other had been before death took the sight of them away.

He was all cold, to his very marrow-bones. Yet because it was his trade, he asked his question; and the clergyman from Kansas, steadying himself against the edge of the washbasin, answered him: "Yes. He said I was to tell you he made a mistake; that it was an accident. Though I don't quite see how it could have been an accident."

"Don't you?" said the newspaper-man. "Don't you?" And, with one last look at the photograph, turned away.

Storm-darkness had closed about the train by the time the young newspaper-man reached his drawing-room, and automatically he clicked on the light. The light showed him the semblance of his own face—haggard in the mirror; showed him the empty glasses, the dust-devils beating on the pane.

But behind the dust-devils he could just see the garden—Jack Dyson's little New England garden. And the rain was beating on that garden. And in it, in the darkness and the rain, were three men—Richard Dakers; and that other, who was there to shoot Richard Dakers, and Jack Dyson, whom that other had shot by accident, mistaking him for Richard Dakers in the darkness and the rain.

Yet why—why in Christ's name—was that other there to shoot Richard Dakers? There could only be one reason—dear Christ, there *could* only be one reason—why that other was there to shoot Richard Dakers; why that other had railroaded Richard Dakers; why that other had been willing to shoot again rather than that the world should know the truth about Richard Dakers; why that other was now lying . . . lying dead . . . with the bullet in his heart, and beside him the photograph . . . the photograph . . .

For the young newspaper-man, too, had his photograph; and the face in that photograph, though no longer girlish, but womanly (since it had been taken only a fortnight ago, when she had at last promised herself to him), was the same perfect oval which had lain beside that other—and very late that night the young newspaper-man took that photograph from its secret hiding-place in his pocket-book, and looked at it, very carefully, for a long time.

The lips in that perfect oval seemed to be speaking with him, as they had spoken with him only two days ago.

"I will marry you," said those lips. "And I do love you. Because you're like my Jack was. He believed in Richard Dakers, too. But we won't think any more about poor Richard Dakers, will we? Nor even about my poor Jack. Not once you've made that little home for me. Not once I've joined you out there in California. Not once we're married. Not once I'm your wife."

And "Wife!" thought the young newspaper-man, tearing with mad fingers at the photograph. "That—that unclean woman with three men's deaths at her door, *my* wife!"

END

T*hose* First F*ive* Years

(*Continued from page* 81)

breakfast but won't touch their dinner. Or in the middle of a meal they suddenly stop eating and begin fidgeting and playing and have in the end to be fed by mother or nurse. Or their appetites in general are small and capricious, and the grown-up in charge has to "stand over them" to make them eat at all. Now the mother who knows only her own children or what she has heard casually about a few others is always worried to death by this situation. The struggle goes on day after day, and the child nearly always comes out victor. But the experience of those who have studied this problem under more scientific conditions, has proved beyond any question that there is only one sure method of dealing with the child who won't eat. That is, to leave him entirely alone and free to eat or not as he pleases. Provided he is not ill or sickening for an illness, and provided the food is of the right sort and well cooked, and the child getting proper exercise and play, then he will certainly eat all his health requires if we leave him alone with the food and take no notice. He will eat far more than when the mother steps in to coax and fuss. It is when she tries to make him eat that he comes to prefer his victory over her to the simpler pleasures of the food itself.

THEN, again, how important it is for mothers to know the absolute need of little children for freedom to run and climb and develop the poise of their bodies and the skill of their hands. Many mothers do not realise, in their haste for orderly and polite behaviour, that the irritation and unruliness of the growing boy of three or four may spring directly from lack of adequate exercise for his larger joints and muscles. If the child is thwarted of the sense of power that comes from a growing skill and poise, he is sure to be noisy and defiant.

There is no need to go back to the old blind dogmas about children. We could not go back to them if we would. But we can regain the old skill and confidence if we turn to the sure knowledge of little children's ways and needs that has been garnered by true scientific study.

END

this beauty treatment begins beneath *the skin*

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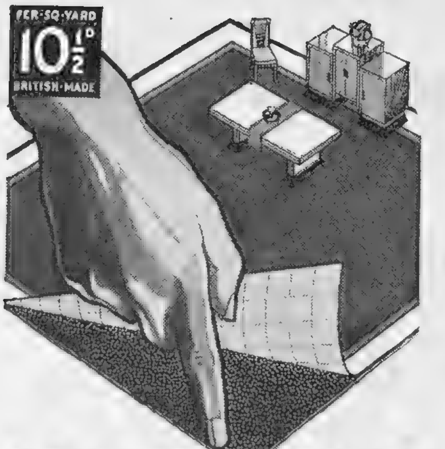

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

Tragedies *and* Comedies *of* History

(*Continued from page* 37)

asking how a woman of her beauty and charm could have staked so much on the virtue of a masked stranger. She flattered him. He became gallant. He swore Steffani should pay for his falseness with his life.

Giacomo played the part of Cato for seven days. There was doubt in his mind. She had spoken of her love for music, but since the evening he had sent her a harpsichord he had not heard her play a note. It was just possible that the fair stranger was a skilful adventuress and that the whole affair was rather sordid and vulgar. He surprised her in her room as she was sitting in front of her mirror. Her shoulders and bosom were bare, and her auburn hair flowed in great waves to her waist.

Casanova was not the man to gaze on such charms without emotion. He attempted to kiss her hand, only to be gently rebuffed. They parted on most friendly terms, and Casanova wondered if he could make love to her without appearing ridiculous.

THAT evening at supper he learned from a friend of M. Bracardin, one Signor Barbaro, that a certain nobleman had arrived in Venice from the south. He was seeking his daughter, who had been carried off by a Venetian. Casanova expressed only the mildest interest, but the next day informed the countess of the latest development. She urged Casanova to induce Signor Barbaro to act as intermediary with her father, declaring she would rather die than become the wife of Steffani now that she realised the true nature of her seducer.

Casanova realised he was getting into deep water and he had not the experience of years to guide him. His difficulties were increased that same evening when the countess's father and his son, the officer in the Papal Guard, came to Senator Bracardin's to dine. Casanova was introduced as the young man with cabalistic powers and, summoning all his nonchalance, he advised the angry nobleman.

The powers of black magic said, "You ought to interfere, but only to advise the father to forgive his daughter and to give up all idea of marrying her to her ravisher,

The Senator declared he had never heard such an explicit answer, and Casanova breathed again.

By this time he was wildly in love with the mysterious countess, and to his intense joy found her not unwilling to listen to him.

The countess's father and his son came to dinner once more, and Senator Bracardin persuaded them to forgive the girl who had been wronged. They agreed, but pointed out that she was not with Steffani. That rascal had left Venice some days before the countess had reached Venice. Moreover, they had information that when she had landed from the Ferrara barge she had been met by an unknown man wearing a mask. What was even more to the point, certain spies had found out that the unknown man could only be one of four individuals, and one of those individuals was called Giacomo Casanova. Poor Casanova thought his hour had come, but Senator Bracardin came to the rescue again. Putting his arm round the shoulders of his young protégé, he said:

"This is Casanova, my son, and I give you my word of honour that, if your daughter is in his hands, she is perfectly safe,

That same evening Casanova, while on his way to the countess's lodging, changed his gondola three times. This was his trysting night. He was taking no chances with spies.

He told her of his encounter with her father and of his declaration of forgiveness. She sobbed in his arms and declared her love for her gallant Giacomo. That night Casanova left her lodging by the light of the moon.

In the meanwhile Steffani escaped the punishment due to ravishers in an age of gallantry by becoming a Capuchin friar.

It remained for Senator Bracardin to arrange a dinner party to effect the happy reconciliation between father and daughter. By calling on cabalistic science, he set the old count's fears as to the conduct of Casanova entirely at rest.

The countess was brought and set between her brother and Casanova.

"To whom, dear sister, are we indebted for the happiness of having found you again?" asked the brother.

"To my guardian angel," she answered, caressing the hand of Casanova. "It is to him I am indebted for all, to him who, as you see, kisses my hand now for the first time."

Casanova saw his fair charmer once more. The interview took place the following morning, and with the recklessness of lovers who know their hour is come, they nearly endangered their future happiness by lingering too long behind closed shutters.

The girl was finally reconciled to her father, and they returned to the south. Casanova accompanied Senator Bracardin to Padua for a holiday, which he spent in the arms of a celebrated Venetian courtesan while his protector studied black magic. In this extraordinary young man's memoirs is the passage which finally disposes of the countess with the auburn hair.

"Towards the end of January, 1747, I received a letter from young Countess A—— S——, who had married the Marquis of——. She entreated me not to appear to know her, if I visited the town in which she resided, for she had the happiness of having linked her destiny to that of a man who had won her heart after he had obtained her hand."

Casanova lived to a great age. In the end he became a librarian, and small boys threw stones at him because he looked so strange. The whirligig of time has its revenges.

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Prince George inspecting machinery at Listers' Mill, which is the largest factory in the world devoted to the manufacture of velvet. Lisango velvet is a most popular fabric for upholstery, and is recommended by the leading interior decorators for its wearing qualities. Every piece (50 yards) of Lisango sold means a fortnight's full time wage for a British workman.

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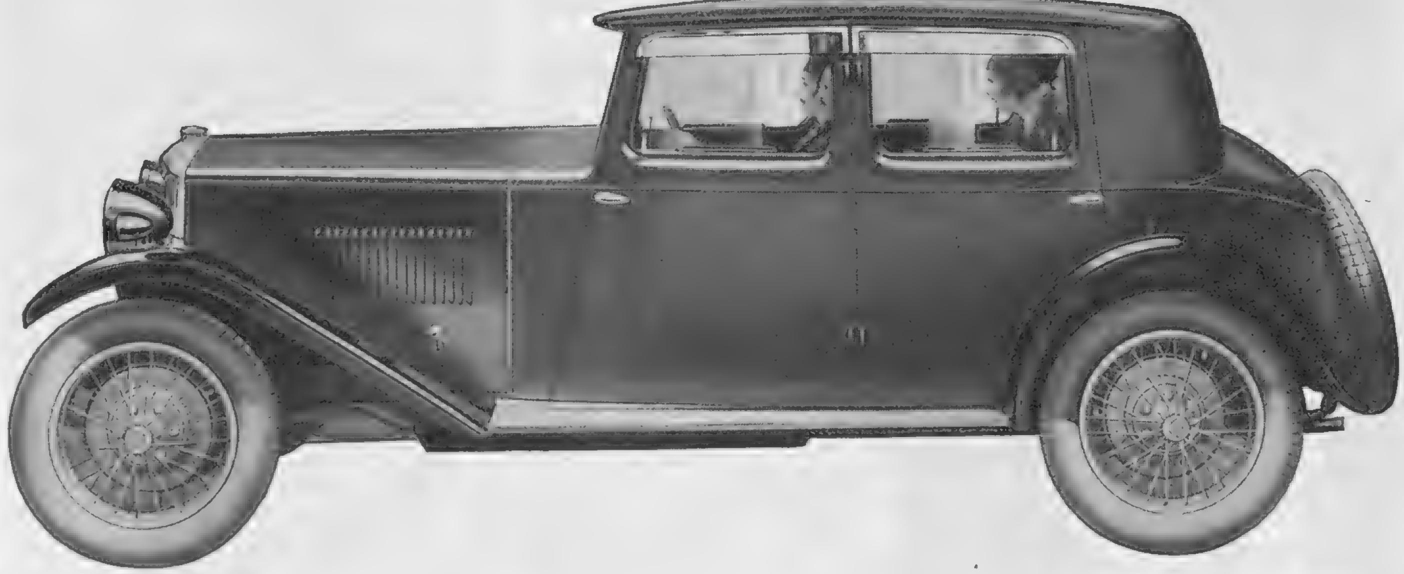

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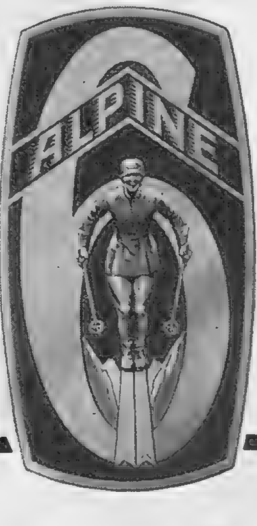

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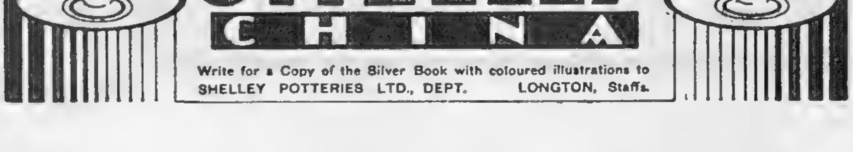
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Our Literary *Competition Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of The Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These Competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND TENTH SERIES

Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post Wednesday, July 15th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the six best titles suitable for short stories.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—July 15

HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH SERIES

Entries for the following Competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post, Wednesday, July 29th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best triolet on any aspect of sea-bathing.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—July 29

Results of 104th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Edith Séfi.

Hon. Mention: "J. A. B.," Ruth Dobson, M. Priestley Redmayne, "Una," Mabel Asher, F. Peel, "S. C. S.," B. Paul, Vera Manners, Evelyn Heaver, "Reva," Catherine Lawrence, J. E. Laverack, K. Lart, G. M. Hudson, "Dado," M. Scott Morris, G. Pitt.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best political parody in verse of any well-known Nursery Rhyme.

Awarded to Catherine Lawrence.

Hon. Mention: "J. A. B.," F. Peel, "Dado," "Ahmedabad," Phyllis M. Lubbock, "S. C. S.," May W. Harrison, B. Paul.

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Awarded to F. A. Edinborough.

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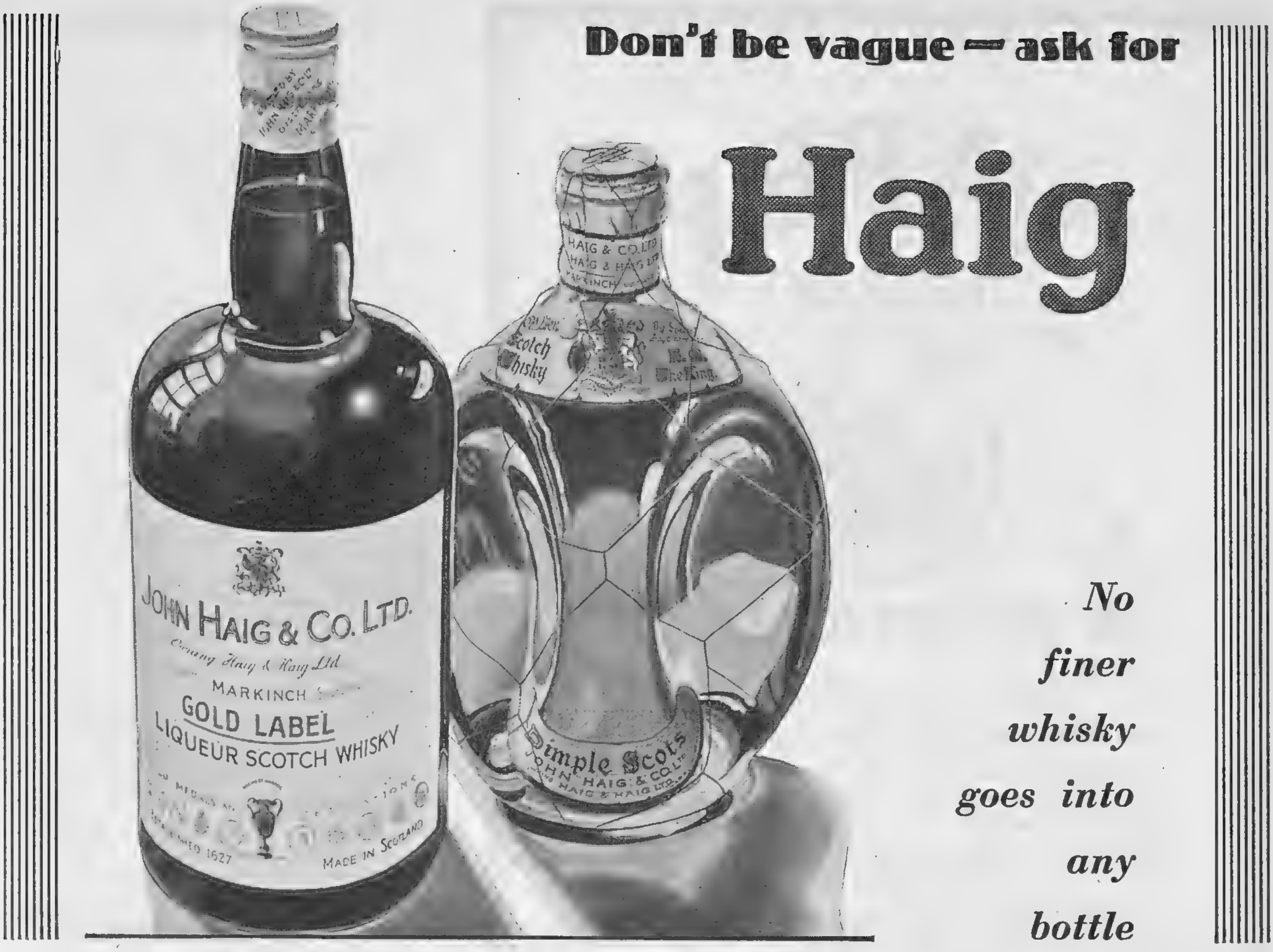
COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best quotation from classic sources suitable for inscription on a memorial to a gallant sailor.

Awarded to M. Scott Morris.

Hon. Mention: "J. A. B.," "S. C. S.," Isabel Greatrex, May Belben, "Una," May W. Harrison, Catherine Lawrence, T. Ford, "G. G."



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LOOK FOR THE CAT'S HEAD

The Foreign Legion

(*Continued from page 27*)

I should like to mention a rather interesting matter. You are informed, every time, that a man can completely hide his identity when joining the Legion. He may have just quick-limed his wife and family at Epping; he can go to a French Consul, say his name is Smith, and join up. Alas, for the Marlene fans, even *this* is no longer so! One is pursued now by photographs into the Legion. Police photographs.

Only in the worst cases, it is true—murder—still, what a draining of romance it is that soon there may be no more pukka murderers in the Legion! What happens is this. It is so that no questions are asked verbally of a would-be recruit. But there are other ways of asking questions than verbally. The international police now forward the pictures of all wanted murderers to the French authorities, and these in turn forward them to Bel-Abbès through which all recruits must pass. When, therefore, a murderer appears as a novice at H.Q. his photograph is silently placed before him. Not a word passes. The Legion's "no challenge" has been kept. But your Epping gravedigger not only may not find sanctuary in the Legion—he is also forthwith handed over to the police.

THERE is one particular reason why all the nonsense about the Legion should cease. Of the, roughly, one thousand joint suicides and attempted desertions annually ("taking your promenade"), nearly all (I was told at Sousse) are cases of men who have joined up for gay adventure, who have left their homes without big reason, lightly, led away by films and novel-trash. The suicides mostly resort to the naked toe on the trigger, in the night. As for the deserters, they are practically all caught and they have to do a minimum of eight dreadful French prison years, usually at Valbonne, in Savoy. Which brings me to the cardinal question:

Just what should a man expect in the Legion?

General Rollet, when the American Legionary Doty left, said: "We are hard, but we are just. Tell the truth!"

I put this to several *pinard* companions of a day at Sousse and they corrected it to: "We are damned hard but just—usually."

However, these men do not violently complain, provided they can get their drink. Remove that, and Heaven knows what would become of the Legion: technically it would be machine-gunned. The Legion is welded and kept to heel by drink which, the authorities take good care, is never absent. How, some will ask, can Legionaries imbibe so frantically even at tuppence a litre if they receive only a halfpenny a day—that would mean four days to a bottle? The answer to that is simple enough. Many in the Legion, far from being cut off from their kin or friends, are remittance men. True, what is sent them passes through the hands of their superiors, and they may be given only a hundred francs now and then (less than a pound) but think how drunk a Legionary and his friends can get on *that* at tuppence a bottle! Moreover, there is such a thing as graft: a man receiving frequently from home may square his superior to allow him to have more. Nearly all men in the Legion have their *copains* (intimate companions) and usually *copains* do their drinking together. But communal orgies are frequent, When on the march, Legionaries are followed by itinerant females. Other camp followers are spies, cigarette sellers, thieves, fakirs, date and *pinard* and coffee peddlars, beggars, Arab boys. A battalion on the march rarely is without this escort medley, the thieves being principally after arms which have to be buried each night, so adept is the clutching desert hand. Sometimes, too, the women have been put there by their men to beguile Legionaries aside, when the latter are tortured by their (*Continued on page 134*)

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female companions before being dispatched. It is the privilege of Arab women to carry out these tortures; and that is one of the reasons it is common in the Legion to "keep off" casual native women. Many a Legionary, confronted by torture, has blown out his brains.

A SECOND sure source of gain, far beyond absurd pay and the prospect of an equally absurd pension after many years, is loot. That attracts many into the Legion. Even in normal, non-active service times there is good prospect; during campaigns, it can be a case of gleaming gold itself. Syria yielded great swag, the sacking of Damascus remaining a date of ruddiest hue.

An interesting point I put was: "Do you come to know each other's crimes or pasts?" And the answer: "Usually. And it leads to devilish trouble. When we get blind, sooner or later we blab our secrets and this leads to awful fights when the blabber has sobered up and realizes that his secret is out." I took up the cue: "What percentage are criminals?" And received answer: "The Lord only knows. But a good number. Most of us French are, we who join up as Belgians or Swiss."

"There's no military future for us," continued the speaker, "as all the officers must be French *gradés* (senior N.C.O.'s). And don't believe a word of us being full of big brains—intellectuals and professional men. One *reads* of that because it is striking, therefore picked out. But they do not constitute one per cent. of us. There are doctors and architects and painters and scholarly men and engineers and lawyers and priests—but very few and chiefly the Russians. There are also a number of former German officers and well-born-ones finished by the war yet with warring still in their systems. But the vast majority of us are—well, what you see!"

I rather thought this was underestimating the astonishing versatility of the Legion, and said so. Just as one would give drink as its curse, one would be inclined to allot versatility as the Legion's prime asset. This corps is absolutely self-contained. It doesn't have to call in a hand from outside. In its sober moments it takes complete care of itself, building its barracks and roads, providing dentists, musicians, specialists, actors, chefs—everything.

Which prompts me here to transcribe straight from my notes:—

"General opinion seems to be that Germans, who make up 60 per cent. of the current Legion, are far and away the best soldiers. The Germans also drink the best. When they drink they sing. For hours on end. On the other hand the Russians, next in numbers, swig it down almost unconsciously and then proceed to get morose and fighting. Beside these two races, and the 'Belgians' and 'Swiss' (French), other nationalities cannot comprise between them more than ten or at most fifteen per cent. There are only a dozen British all told, half of whom are Scots. They are leaders, well noted. Of the Babel of tongues, notices are only in French, German and Russian. All must understand French words of command.

"*Règlement.* This is unbelievably strict and deliberately made and kept so as the only means of coping with such a crew. Shattering punishment, such as a week in the cells on bread and water, in sweltering heat, may be inflicted for what would be counted the merest triviality elsewhere—a misplaced button. Or, if men utter one syllable in rebellion, even in criticism, they are given *la plute.* This means nine hours a day walking round a sun-steeped courtyard carrying a seventy pound sack of sand. With bad sergeants *plute* may even be given for a shortcoming in *astiquage* or *paquetage.* These are the first two words a recruit makes acquaintance with. The first means keeping everything like a new pin. The second, folding all one's effects in permanent, neat, small squares on one's bed each morning.

(*Continued on page* 136)

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Hamptons' No. K 5153. 1,200 yards of good domestic Cretonne. A well-drawn design in beautiful chintz colours on 7 different grounds—Cream, Beige, Brown, Apricot, Primrose, Green and Black. *Wonderful value.* 31 in. wide. **Reduced from per yard 2/6 to 1/9½**

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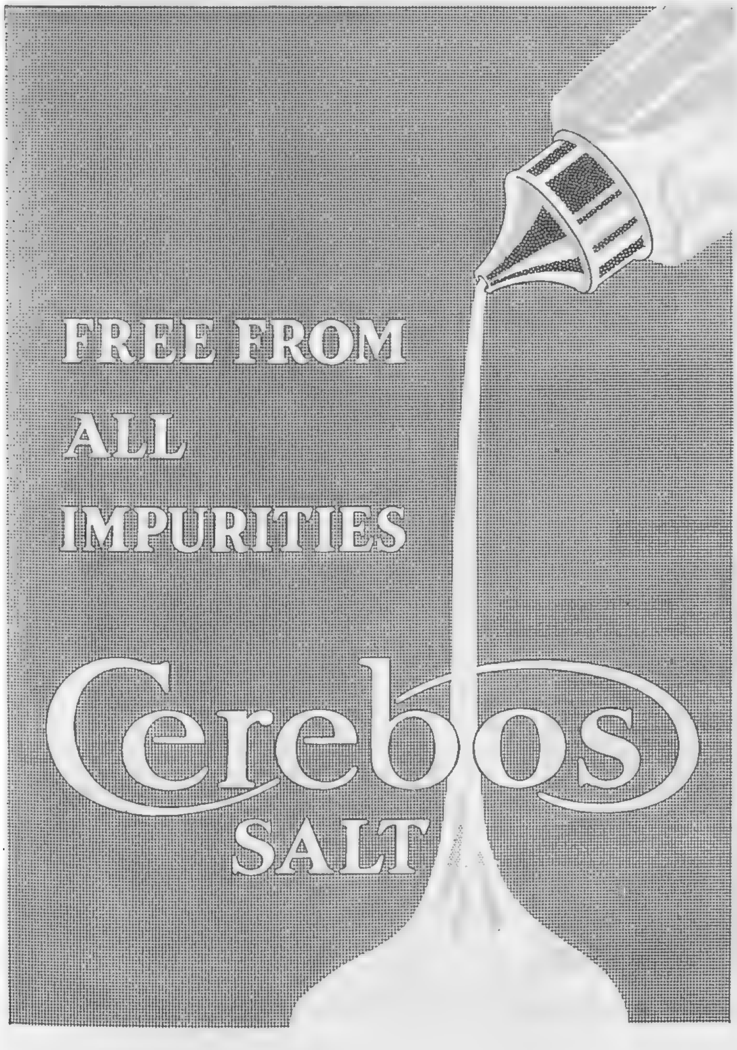

WHY REMAIN GREY ?

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

It discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of time.

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

The Folly of Dyes.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair, you should write today to the **Facktative Co. (Suite 88)**, 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or falling hair without the use of dyes or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

The First Special Hospital in London for Cancer

Fully equipped and specially staffed

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000

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That is because Shell Polishes with their mineral base remove the ingrained grease and dust which you have, all this time, been rubbing *in*. They quickly spirit it away without any hard rubbing at all—and at the same time leave a fine dirt-resisting polish that lasts and lasts and does not mark!

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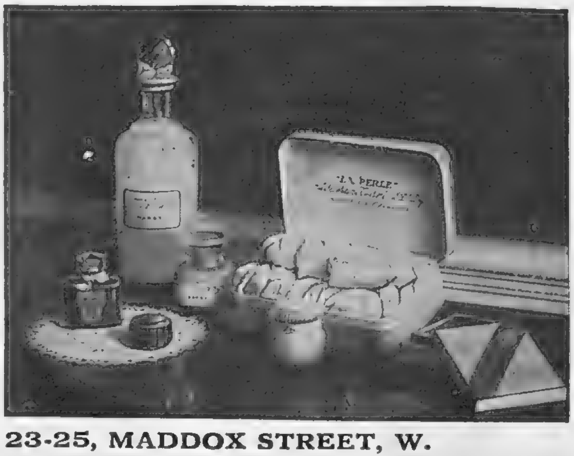
M.C. 255

KEEP A YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE

It is much simpler to look young than one imagines

THE Parisiennes have for many years had the secret of eternal youth, but they kept it to themselves. Now, however, it is common property that **DR. DYS'S SACHETS** do the deed. With the aid of certain **CREAMS, POWDERS,** and **'MAGIC' WATERS** that Darsy provides from Dr. Dys's recipes there is now no reason to look a day older at **50 THAN AT 20.** To the uninitiated this may seem exaggerated, but those who have taken the habit of washing night and morning with these sachets know there is nothing to equal them.

The CREME DE **BEAUTE** and the **CREME** IDEALE are the accessories that make a woman charming—delighted with herself—which is all-important. Send for price list and brochure **"PLUS QUE BELLE."** To be obtained from **Harrods, Marshall & Snelgrove's,** and all **Leading Hairdressers** and **Stores,** or from the London Agent—



R. SERVENTI, 23-25, MADDOX STREET, W.

"Men sleep on trestle beds, 28 in a room. On Sundays they do their laundry. In regard to fiendish flogging and the popular story of taking recalcitrant men out into the desert and leaving them there buried up to their necks in sand, I am satisfied that it is erroneous to allege these things of to-day.

There is not the slightest doubt that men joining the Legion have got to be prepared for brutality, both from their comrades as from their sergeants, as they must be ready to take on endurance tests in the training line which make one think of Scott's last trek—if the temperature be reversed!

"Existence in the Legion requires to be visualized in three compartments. In garrison. In desert forts. Campaigning. Periods of service are for five years, and many rejoin, having utterly failed to come to terms again with the outside world at their release. Each year three months is spent in garrison usually at a coast town, and it is then that the riot waxes fiercest.

"The capitally important question of food varies. In garrison, where it is naturally best, the daily ration consists of black bread and coffee, and then soup twice a day accompanied by half a bottle of *pinard* each time. The men cook their vegetable-and-horse stew in buckets holding enough for 28—a dormitory.

"It is while on desert service that the notorious *cafard*, or blackest depression, descends and when a man may go mad, pass from tears to murder. This *cafard* is the result of a combination of over-drinking, sun, and wild boredom with one's companions and surroundings. Few escape the *cafard* at one time or another and when premonitory symptoms announce themselves special measures are taken. As likely as not a sufferer may otherwise (*a*) try stupidly to desert, (*b*) kill somebody, or (*c*) himself.

"A Legionary must not expect even now to be treated with any respect or trust by shopkeepers and so on. There is, of course, a higher leavening of the Legion—ex-Tsarist colonels and the like—to whom this may not apply, but one hears too much of this tiny quota, the usual distortion. The plain fact seems to be that a Legionary is looked upon by the civilian element as a dangerous devil akin to criminal. My senior N.C.O. friends, the only rank below officer allowed to take their leave in France, will have to report to the police there every blessed place they go to. And they are only allowed to go to two or three places—Marseilles, Paris—besides to their homes which none of these three intend visiting for an instant."

Perhaps the above notes, made at the time, may serve to give a better picture of the Legion than the carefully phrased article. As I wrote to my correspondent, I understand the French Government are taking steps to "improve the moral tone," to lessen the drinking and beastliness, by a long overdue cultivation of games which are to take the place of some of the set severities such as the worst of the marching which naturally has the effect of making men dash to wild extremes once they are quit of it.

The French Foreign Legion is, for me, no place to go unless one is absolutely *finished*. Or accepts all manner of violence, ugliness, bellowing and bullying, hardship and rawest living with equanimity. Or is ready, aye, ready to die as human waste any minute of the day. The Legion much of the time relieves that dire human curse, loneliness. But at what a price! Yet I would give that as one of its rare virtues. Of course, any French person, reading this will say I am doing propaganda. They always do. They see propaganda in everything which they do not like. For a supposedly intelligent people it is a pity—when "propaganda" so often is merely relating all sides of a story impartially. Had I found the Legion a possible haven these most distressing times, I should have said so. I didn't. It is a high percentage besotten segregation of brutish males' with as much romance about them, now, as my boot.

END

The better half. .

There's nothing very romantic about the places where most of us have to work, so it's all the more necessary that the place we spend our holiday in should be full of romance • Scotland is full of it and Scotland is the best place of all for those of us who get a holiday but once a year • There are some fine stirring things to be seen in the Border country, but up in the Highlands the names, the scene, the accent of the people, the air and the very light in the sky combine to make a Scottish holiday stick in the memory like a rise of salary • Try it this year, and you will need no persuasion next • The journey to Scotland over the L M S line is part of the holiday; fast trains, fine coaches, a smooth track and cheap fares make it attractive to all.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS. *This year Holiday Return Tickets with generous concessions far in advance of anything previously offered are available for your holiday. Get a copy of "L M S Cheap Fares" from any L M S Station or Town Office, or direct from Divisional Passenger Commercial Superintendent, Euston Station, N.W.1; New Street Station, Birmingham; Hunt's Bank, Manchester, or Central Station, Glasgow*

Tourist Tickets — May to October. Cheap Week-End Tickets throughout the year.

L M S

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Make a room stimulating

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GOSWELL WORKS, STRATFORD, E.15

The Children's Salon

and Competition Circles

Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841, who holds the record as a regular entrant in our competitions, with "Kiki," the first member of the Salon Pets' Club

Competition Results

Award of Prizes, April 15

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Poster Advertising "See Britain First." Prize 10s. Divided between N. Hopwood, G.C.S. 5733, and B. L. Stanbrough, G.C.S. 5827. Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to J. Wilkes, G.C.S. 4291. Hon. Mention: Helen Fawcett, G.C.S. 4576; Sydney Curtis, G.C.S. 5721.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Price 10s. Divided between Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730, and Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578. Hon. Mention: Amy Haydon, G.C.S. 4513.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape or Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mary A. Jones, M.C.S. 2708. Hon. Mention: Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816; Yvonne Earle, M.C.S. 2719; G.E.M. Moss, M.C.S. 3079.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Angel Verschoyle, M.C.S. 3136. Hon. Mention: Zenobia Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 2738; Marjorie Haggas, M.C.S. 3229; Alison Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3042.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Vase of Flowers. Prize 5s. Awarded to Barbara Stallibrass, A.C.S. 1408. Hon. Mention: Mora Hope Robertson, A.C.S. 912; Veronica Price Harris, A.C.S. 1281.

Literature Competition.—Four Titles Suitable for Short Stories. Prize 5s. Divided between Jennifer Skinner, A.C.S. 1421, and G. Anthony Hern, A.C.S. 1407. Hon. Mention: Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433.

Open to All: Handicraft Competition

First Prize, 15s. Awarded to Florence Cook, M.C.S. 3187. Second Prize 7s. 6d. Awarded to Marjorie Ibbotson, M.C.S. 2823. Hon. Mention: Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881; Michaela Danckwerts, A.C.S. 1441.

Award of Prizes, May 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Dolly Davies, G.C.S. 5700. Hon. Mention, May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Constance Crawley, G.C.S. 5747.

Literature Competition.—Synopsis for One-Act Play. Prize 10s. Awarded to Muriel Malvern, G.C.S. 5808. Hon. Mention: Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998. Hon. Mention: Kathleen H. Bell, G.C.S. 5754; Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; Mary Champion, G.C.S. 4772.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Book Jacket for a Thriller. Prize 10s. Awarded to Stella Wyndham, M.C.S. 3247. Hon. Mention: Audrey Tresidder-Wills, M.C.S. 2642; William Wilson, M.C.S. 3147; Nora Reed, M.C.S. 3211.

Literature Competition.—Letter Inviting Friend to go for a Holiday Abroad. Prize 10s. Awarded to Diana Wilton, M.C.S. 3192. Hon. Mention: Patricia Appleyard, M.C.S. 3162; Gwendoline Allen, M.C.S. 3151; Claribel Ireland, M.C.S. 3154.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Awarded to Winifred Mitchell, M.C.S. 2867.

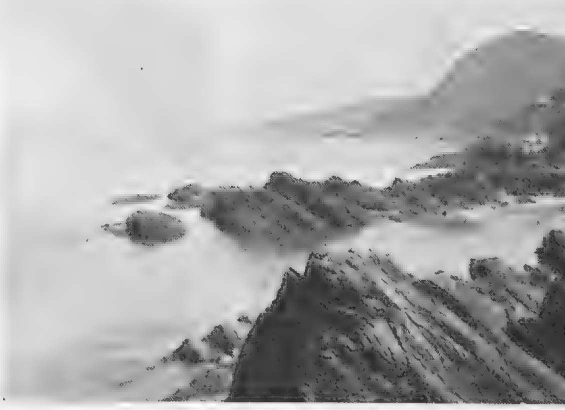
Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Portrait Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Jean Taylor, A.C.S. 1448. Hon. Mention: Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225.

Literature Competition.—How I would Furnish a Den of My Own. Prize 5s. Awarded to Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433. Hon. Mention: Rena Recaldin, A.C.S. 1189; Stella Bull, A.C.S. 1083.

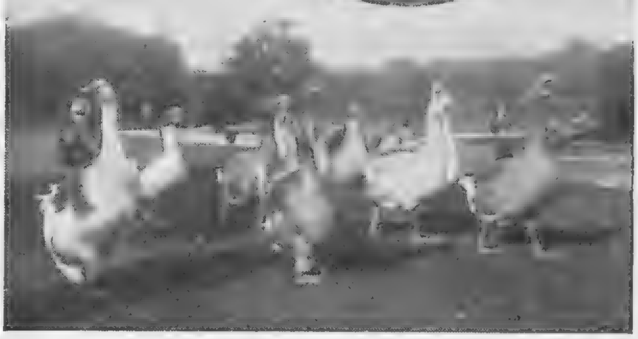
Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126. Second Prize 5s. Awarded to Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060. Hon. Mention: Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998; Honor Fielding, M.C.S. 3166.



These smooth seas offered a good chance to Theodora Fuller's clever camera, which it duly snapped at! Awarded an Hon. Mention in the May 1st Competition

"The Good Companions." Submitted by Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060, and awarded the second prize in the May Snapshot Competition



Winifred Mitchell's prize-winning landscape in "petit point," which carried off the Members' Needlework Prize, May 1st

NEWS of the MONTH

I HOPE everyone who was good enough to undertake a square or squares for our Community Quilt has now received the quota for which she asked. With one or two exceptions, our embroideresses on this occasion are all either Members or Graduates. I should like to feel that Associates, who have possibly held back from bashfulness in the fear that their work would not be good enough, are represented, and hope that they will now offer to lend a hand, and take on a square. The one which I have arranged to send to them is *quite* simple—the little pattern being embroidered entirely in chain-stitch.

* * *

THE Quilt will be all white, in squares, the latter arranged alternately, one in Broderie Anglaise, and the other in Chain Stitch, and the whole thing laced together with a tiny Cluny insertion. I believe it will be lovely! Of course there will be a picture of it in the page as soon as it is ready—some time in the autumn. Meanwhile any further offers of help, to embroider a square or squares, will be gratefully received and, as they are all ready now, I can send them off by return of post.

* * *

THERE will be three prizes of half-a-guinea for the three best embroidered squares, one going to each section—*i.e.*, Graduates, Members and Associates.

* * *

SOME people seem to have missed the announcement concerning the Annual Competitions, given a month or two ago. These will be held, as usual, at the Hyde Park Hotel, on Saturday, December 5th. Full particulars will be given in our September issue.

WILL the sender of an unsigned postcard in connection with the £5 Quarterly prize, kindly send her name and address, in order that she may have a reply?

* * *

THIS reminds me that Saloners still occasionally forget to put their names *on* the actual competition entries. To attach this information, unless the method employed is peculiarly fool-proof, is to run a risk that it may get *de*tached, with obvious results! So—please!

* * *

A SAD interest is attached to the portrait of "Kiki," seen above with his devoted mistress, who between the two of them were responsible for founding our Pets' Club. Alas! "Kiki" is dead. Let us honour the memory of a very dear little terrier, by keeping what this Club exists for in mind. By belonging to it—yearly subscription 6d.—pets who are the property of Saloners help the hospitals. All sixpences so subscribed go to our Cot Fund, now busy with the endowment of the Salon's 14th Cot in the Streatham Babies' Hospital.

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Photography, Handicraft, etc.

PATRONS:
H.R.H. The Princess Mary,
Countess of Harewood,
H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

℄ No Age Limit

℄ Money Prizes

Conducted by "LEVANA"

Margie Callander-Rule, G.C.S. 5003, and very dear friend. Apart from her interest in literature Miss Callander-Rule is a much appreciated supporter of our Cot Fund

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature, and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*

2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*

3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*

4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*

5. *Prizes must be applied for.*

6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346 Strand, W.C.2.*

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

JULY—AUGUST

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prize 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, August 3rd. A Landscape Study. No. III. Closing date, August 17th. A Design for a Poster Advertising a Holiday Resort.

Literary Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, August 3rd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, August 17th. Six Titles for Short Stories.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. Something White. No. II. Closing date, August 3rd. A d'oyley. No. III. Closing date August 17th. Do-As-You-Like.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, August 3rd. A Design for a Book Plate. No. III. Closing date, August 17th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, August 3rd. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, August 17th. Review a Recent Novel.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 10s. Closing date, August 17th. Do-As-You-Like.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No I. Closing date, July 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, August 3rd. Design for a Magazine Cover. No. III. Closing date, August 17th. Draw or Paint a Group of Books on a Table.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. Describe How You Would Spend £2 Given You to Buy Books. No. II. Closing date, August 3rd. "What I Shall Do These Holidays." No. III. Closing date, August 17th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competition.—Prize 5s. Closing date, August 17th. Anything White.

Open to All: Snapshot Competition

Closing date, August 3rd. First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. Any Outdoor Scene.

CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS

(*April* 15)

Pamela Searight.—Exquisite in colour and very strong work in every way for your age. It would be better to make a point, now, of working on the actual scale. These miniature effects are scarcely worth while, and hamper you, I believe, in arranging objects so that a good subject for picture-making is obtained.

N. Hopwood.—Very well planned as to idea, but the "jewel" is badly placed on the paper. If this had been in the top half with plenty of free margin allowed at the top and sides, and the lettering concentrated beneath, a still more arresting result would have been secured.

Nora Reed.—Soundly drawn, but very flat, due to the distant view, seen through the arch, showing at the same strength as the immediate foreground. Compare tones very carefully and work with the eyes half-shut at times to see values more correctly.

Dorothy Guillaume.—Sincere and truthful, but rather overworked, thus sacrificing some of the natural charm. You draw so accurately you can afford to indulge now in a more spontaneous method.

Barbara Stallibrass.—The flowers themselves are delightfully tackled, the brushwork being particularly good here. The character of the leaves is not nearly so well realised, failing especially in colour, although there has been a praiseworthy analysis of growth in the first stages.

B. L. Stanbrough.—Rather a flat effect for the method employed, but some charming passages of colour and the subject itself admirably chosen to represent the theme. As a rule, however, the colouring in that particular country is a bit more dramatic in quality, and this point might have been usefully emphasised.

Bridget Hill.—There is some confusion of shadow and reflection which spoils the plane surface and projection; except for this and the prismatic treatment of the walls there is very good work in this study. Do you work too fast, perhaps?

Dahlia Anson.—Good colour, but the general effect is robbed of its significance by the group being rather too large for the size of the paper. This is a point to watch.

Kathleen V. Halsall.—Accents are a little too equal throughout, otherwise this is most capably tackled and drawn, and is a subject which gives excellent practice. Very sound, sincere work.

May W. Harrison.—Striking, certainly, but the heavy patches of white at the top hurt the effectiveness of an otherwise very well conceived scheme, and a less heavy frame would have added distinction.

Bobbie Webber.—Very good in fullness of tone and colour effect. The glass lights should dominate more to give correct relationship; in all other respects extremely good. An extremely difficult group, boldly tackled.

Nancie Berners Wilson.—The cows, good in themselves, don't quite belong in drawing and effect in the landscape, which has some powerful artistic touches but needs consistency of effect. Much that is clever and individual, but needing adjustment.

Isabel Jackson.—Your study has lost a good deal in setting and needs picking up to give due value to definite forms in contrast with the mane. The expression is excellent.

G. E. M. Moss.—Your middle distance is delightfully done and, as this is the interest, the larches and laurels of the foreground need suggesting rather less mechanically—not focused but myopically true—to be worthy of the delicious work beyond.

Kitty Earp.—A lovely bit of tonality, with the blackness of spring shadows a little overdone, but, none the less an admirable pictorial whole very simply attained. One or two lights glare a trifle, but a fine impression of natural effect.

Betty Weir.—There is excellent drawing and dainty work in your flower studies, but a white background should give sharper dark relief. The primrose is on the wrong side of the paper. Both full of sincerity, but just a bit tame.

Mary A. Jones.—Your bird's-eye still life is very interesting and clever, though, to be quite consistent, the stopper should be rather more, and the plate rather less, foreshortened; all the same a very bright and clever bit of work delightful in colour and handling.

Yvonne Earle.—You have made rather too much of your background to keep it flat, and the dark reflection in the unglazed part of the pot seems doubtful, whilst its top and base curves don't agree; otherwise a strong and brilliant study.

Veronica Price-Harris.—A study of excellent type, strong and direct in method and well seen in all but the yellow shadows, which are a bit opaque. You would get more on less textured paper. Sound work.

Margaret Smith.—The figure is too much in the exact centre of the picture, but in other respects this is an interesting composition, and the handling distinctly clever. This refers to the black and white drawing. The poster fails a little as a design the framework being unnecessary, but there is some true and very lovely colour in the picture itself. With some first hand assistance you should do well.

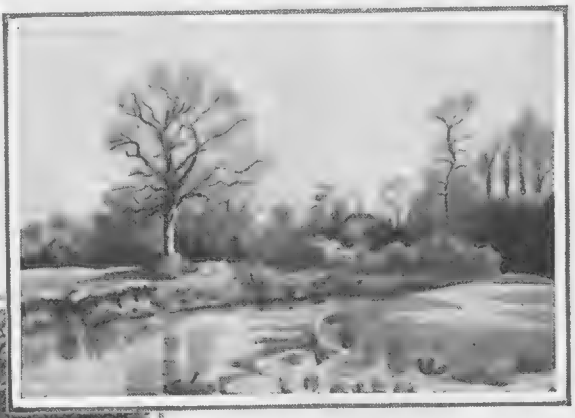
Ann Hannay.—Emphasis is too much the same all over, and the spray is flat in consequence. Also just where high lights would fall the black pencil outline creates a false effect. Very nice colour and technique.

Alida Wilton.—The third is the best, being the most likely to arouse curiosity in a possible reader. The rest fall a little short in this respect. The purse is very soundly made, if a little coarse for an article of this size. I expect you will find this work very interesting.

Irene Walker.—The poem runs very effectively, but does not bear a sharp analysis. You have pleased your ear at rather too big a cost in places.

B. Crowther.—The dialogue is well managed, but the mistake is the two affairs. The whole plot must be worked out at one or another of the functions. Also Michael's schoolboy treatment of Victor needs toning down.

(*Continued on page* 140)



Little justice can be done in a reproduction to the fine colour of this study by Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816. Awarded an Hon. Mention in April 15th Art Competition

"High Noon," a typically clever snap by Gwendoline Bertelsman, M.C.S. 3126. Awarded first prize May 1st Competition

Peter—

with one exception

WITH one exception Peter is an ordinary little fellow. Chubby, likeable, just five-and-a-half, full of life and fun and on occasions—be it admitted—of naughtiness.

Just now Peter's rather important, for this is his first term at school, and he's grappling with the intricacies of "A.B.C." and "Twice Two": difficult subjects to all men of five-and-a-half, but even more difficult in Peter's case because —bad luck—he's totally blind. That's his One Exception.

Peter learns reading, writing, and 'rithmetic through the medium of "Braille"—dull stuff compared with the coloured picture books of most five-and-a-halfs. However, he's a stout lad is Peter, and he's making great progress. Would you like to know more about him? How, in spite of his "One Exception," he is being educated and, when older, technically trained and usefully employed.

There is a long waiting list of "Peters" throughout the British Isles for whom training and accommodation must be provided in the immediate future.

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The Chairman,
SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND,
(Founded 1838)
SWISS COTTAGE, LONDON, N.W.3

Muriel Malvern.—Very prettily told. I fancy I should be inclined to let the little lady appear less definitely, as if, in actuality, what was seen was a natural form having the *appearance*, only, of the other. At any rate this might be hinted at bringing it into line with the suggestion in the last sentence.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The sketch is admirable as an impression but with a foreground so entirely lacking in delineation it would have been better to have vignetted the effect. The verses are rather too slight; the first could stand if the second were stronger. An epigrammatic finish is essential if lines of this type are to score as they should.

Vivie Falaise.—The last verse is a little disappointing as a finish. You begin to work up to a climax in verse three, but fail to produce it in sufficiently dramatic a fashion, considering the subject. Otherwise quite interesting.

Mora Hope Robertson.—A delightful little note full of perceptive colour and truth as far as it goes. The leaves are the least well suggested.

Heather Strudwick.—Some suggestion of a tone on the background would have helped the effect. Very carefully drawn, but rather "tight" in method. Endeavour to get the same amount of truth in a freer manner. . . . Very pretty verses, the versification interesting and the narrative excellently treated except in the last verse, which is clumsy compared with the rest.

Rena Recaldin.—The lack of tone over background and foreground should be made good. The direct method is right enough; try to carry things a little further in the same fresh manner.

Claribel Ireland.—Rather arbitrary scansion, but fresh and interesting. You could polish this and greatly improve it—this attention is particularly needed in the ninth line.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—Time studies are always excellent practice. These are all good and very well finished for the brief space allowed. . . . Some of the lines are charming, but as a whole it reads a little unequally. The last line for instance is too casually treated, especially as it marks the end.

Gladys Cumpstey.—The deeper springs of the story could be emphasised with advantage by a few subtle touches and the end less summarily treated. This is a bit rough for you, but is full of possibilities.

Marjorie Ibbotson.—Not at all bad technically. I know how much care is necessary to achieve so good a result as this. But the modern touch in design seems a little misplaced for this lovely craft. Don't ignore the lessons of the old work in this particular respect.

Florence Cook.—The little necklace is beautifully made, and the colour scheme restrained and delicate. The verses have the charm of originality, but if the legitimate colloquialism in the first verse is left, the rest must be of the same flavour.

Marjorie Webb.—The cosy is most attractive, the design interesting and the stitchery, as ever, very good. Your graphic and interesting narrative requires revision in order to get the whole thing set out in more orderly fashion. It is good to write as one thinks, but careful overhauling is always necessary afterwards. The design of the poster is good, but of course it needs working out in a better medium.

Norah Whittaker.—Not at all a bad list, but I think there was no necessity, with so few required, to seek for one in another language. I make this criticism chiefly from the practical point of view.

Christine Munro.—Promising work. Technically in need of some recasting, but felicitous in idea, and interesting all through.

Alison Ackroyd.—The ghostly suggestion is very well managed. The rhythm is a bit too halting, unnecessarily, at times, and you should be able to polish the whole to advantage. It is worth a further effort.

Amy Haydon.—Very dainty and pretty. I am most grateful.

G. Anthony Hern.—Glad to see you competing again. All are good, but the last, strangely enough, was also chosen by another competitor and, more oddly still, in the same place! You will be amused and interested to hear this, I think, considering what this title actually was!

Georgina Saunders.—The quaint charm of this would be greatly strengthened if the last lines of first and second verses, and so on, rhymed. It would increase the interest on the technical side.

Edwina O. Dwyer.—The effect aimed at is achieved, and the echoes of the first verse are cleverly handled in the last, but that second "over all," coming in the first line of the second verse, directly after its use in the last line of the first, must be avoided.

Arnold Parkin.—I should alter "splendrous." There is no harm in coining a word, but it must entirely justify itself, and fill a real blank as it were. Otherwise very well done.

Jennifer Skinner.—A very good list. Your fourth, however, was also sent in by another competitor, as you will see in an earlier letter in this page.

J. Wilkes.—There is a distinctly unusual quality in this. About midway, however, the detail spoils the theme. A very difficult thing to do well, and you almost bring it off. Read "Saki's" stories. I think they would show you how to get it right. Perhaps, however, you have. It is well worth further attention.

Marjorie Haggas.—The second line isn't so good as the rest—a little commonplace. As a whole charming and showing promise in several directions. Try to compete regularly.

Lois Duckham.—The personal element is missing in all four, and though they are quite good, I think they suffer from being so much alike in character. Otherwise a really good list.

Helen Fawcett.—There are small slips in the narrative which revision will set right. It has plenty of "go," and is very well told. Indeed, it only needs a little more expert handling to be first rate.

Hilda Barrow.—Quite a good little story in its way, but the method throughout far too summarised. The truth is—you need three times the space to do justice to the plot, which naturally suffers from such bald narration.

S. Curtis.—A remarkable little story. Of course, not a plot for a short story at all. But excellent as a résumé for a long one. Why not try it in this form?

Norman S. Horne.—Neat in versification, but rather too brief to be as effective as it ought. If to remain so short, then the first four lines must suggest a less casual treatment of the subject.

Angel Verschoyle.—Ambitious and charming. Analyse it carefully—in some places one feels that the exigencies of rhyming have forced certain statements. A little careful polishing will soon get rid of this suggestion.

Barbara Stallibrass.—One and four are very good; the other two are not quite at this level. Still, on the whole are interesting list.

Joan Hunton.—Metaphors are useful things, but need very careful handling. You can quite legitimately speak of the "fingers" of the bluebells—but "the perfume" and the "dewdrop" cannot be imagined in this image. The technique is very good.

Joan Wyatt.—The coat is very nicely made indeed. It is a pretty pattern and will be most useful. My many thanks.

Bridget Hill.—Take rather more care with your writing. Deciphering was difficult! This runs very gracefully, but lacks a satisfactory finish. Something more in the nature of a climax seems necessary.

Pamela Carr.—Very prettily imagined. As a story very good for your age. The principal fault is the poor punctuation. Attend to this important matter and you will do very well.

Marion J. Richards.—Unfortunately the little ornaments arrived broken. Very careful packing is necessary for this delicate work. Richness of detail is important to make this type of decoration worth while. Yours is rather too simple in effect. Settle on a definite design first, and then endeavour to carry it out as literally as possible.

Helen Mary Lillie.—This appeal is based on so little that is definite, it is a little difficult to be moved by it as one should. The second verse is much the best. Still, all this experimenting is splendid practice.

Michaela Danckwerts.—I take it this head is copied. I prefer original work as it is much better practice. This, however, has distinctly good qualities and has seized the spirit of the original cleverly for your age. Better not to have cut the paper. The calendar is a very pretty and clever idea and, if your own, most promising.

Joan Hibbit.—This has your usual interesting power to observe freshly and to record without affectation. It is not quite so good perhaps as one has learnt to expect from you, but several of the lines are delightful. I think you should endeavour to get a better finish.

Trixie Ford.—You are by way of becoming an expert needlewoman, but this hemstitching is on the wrong side! Otherwise well up to your own excellent standard. The story is an interesting study. Subtler treatment is of the moment when "Bunty" encounters "Smith," as this has an important bearing on the rest, and should be stressed accordingly.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—With a little more respect for metre this would be very good indeed. As it is, it is effective in exactly the right way. An interesting entry, promising well.

Jean E. Taylor.—Numbers one and three are the best. The chief point is to arouse the prospective reader's curiosity, and two and four are easily beaten by the others in this respect, as I think you will now realise.

Frances Jowett.—A story must be something more than a bare catalogue of adventures, and a short story should not attempt to cover so long a period. Study the best efforts of the masters of the *conte* and you will soon realise what should be aimed for.

Peggy Adès.—An excellent idea and rightly treated, but the end is too feeble. The drama of it peters out. I am sure you can improve this.

Barbara Heaver.—The first and the last are quite interesting; I do not think the other two come up to this standard. Both are rather too long, and number three more suggestive of a long book.

Mabel Sanders.—Daintily worked, but the pattern just a little old-fashioned looking—for you. I have to judge you by your own excellent standard!

Olive Dockree.—The first is much the best, and the two next good. It is the last which is rather immature. Still, taken as a whole, the list is quite interesting.

Sheila Apted.—Most promising, and very advanced for your age. I think "Trees" and "Birds" are the best. I shall be very interested to see what you send in next. I hope you will be able to compete regularly soon.

(May 1)

Lois Duckham.—Very sensibly schemed and explained. I think, against this bright colour plan, walls of a more neutral shade should be chosen, and the polished table (i.e., "brown" in your description) might look out of place with so much painted wood. Styles can only be mixed with great discrimination.

Muriel Malvern.—With careful handling this should prove very interesting. If by any means you are able to let the audience feel more certain than the mother and daughter, that a mistake is in progress, don't fail to seize the opportunity.

Patricia Hall.—A good idea as regards their destination, this romantic country giving you plenty of opportunity, of which you have availed yourself. Personal details, as between the two friends, would have provided a less abrupt finish.

Olive Dockree.—A remarkable little paper in its way. The scheme is unusual, and would doubtless prove as stimulating as is suggested in the last line or two. A very satisfactory entry. In the sketch there is too little knowledge exhibited to permit of so much exaggeration. Certain facts must always appear. Sketch from life for mastery of truth, and then let yourself "go" by all means.

Beatrice Little.—If a less exaggerated string of events were handled this might prove quite amusing. As it is, the drama is laid on a bit too thickly, and "Miss Bunn" is not sufficiently explained or linked up. It is essential to have action; but here there is almost too much of it.

Kathleen H. Bell.—A very clever adaptation, the delicacy of the original delightfully preserved, and the edge charming. The flower

(Continued on page 142)

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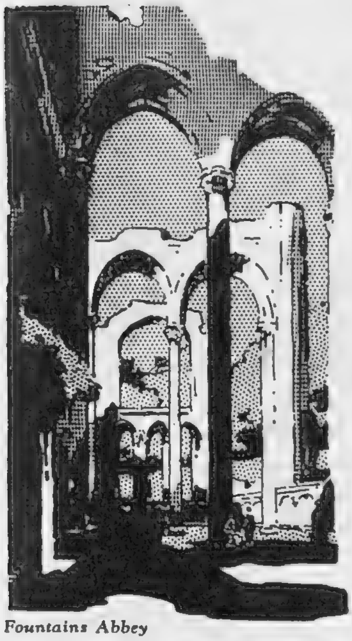

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Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.

woman's face is a little too indistinct. That is my only criticism.

Diana Wilton.—Much the best entry you have submitted lately, and a letter which a friend might be envied for receiving! Expression is excellent. Nothing to criticise.

Stella Bull.—Perhaps a little highfalutin, as they used to say, for the theme set; still, very well composed, and, except that the picture is a bit too pretty-pretty, attractively handled.

Theodora Gay.—This augurs well for the square you have so kindly promised to do for the Community Quilt. Very dainty and skilfully stitched.

Dolly Davies.—A charming colour and tone impression. Tempera gives so much atmosphere that sharpness needs the more care or construction melts too much; this is a little the case in parts of your clever sketch; progression a bit lost.

May W. Harrison.—Distance very good, foreground shadows rather opaque, atmospheric effect excellent in spite of some insoluble pigment. Avoid body colour, particularly in skies. An attractive subject and much clever work.

Constance A. Crawley.—Rather hurt by body colour and lack of steadying tone in foreground. A difficult though charming study of transient effect, needing rapid grasp and handling or small scale note of tone and colour effect. Well tried.

Dorothy Crawley.—Pleasant colour and sincere work, very rounded in drawing and a bit pale in effect. Work that should develop well, full of light, air, and tender colour, but at present rather tame.

Amy Read Russell.—General effect rather too pretty and in need of steadying contrast of warm and cold. More time spent in careful drawing, and sober contrasting colour would lift your work beyond a superficial level at once.

Mary A. Jones.—Your morbid colour scheme is good, so are the candle and ghost dagger; but the ambiguous, pear-shaped mass, half-shadow and half-victim, is too dominant for its vague intention. Clever and bizarre, but a bit too logical.

Stella Wyndham.—Quite a good rendering, perhaps too many fine lines instead of masses. The impending dagger not sufficiently obvious. Good expression, except in hands, which might do so much. A sound suggestion for two-colour printing.

Diana Seth-Smith.—Dare a bit more of the in-and-out line of faces and settle just where the ear comes. There is promise in your firm touch and free pencilling; every drawing should go one better; so persevere.

Barbara Stallibrass.—On smooth paper the pencil runs more freely and touches are more vital. Some really good observation of contour and general character, but spectacles in profile are not seen so. Study ears and nostrils and necks a bit. A good start in portraiture.

Nora Reed.—An eccentric design of this order needs specially good draughtsmanship to carry it to success, and a rather simpler method of dealing with detail. Still, the exaggerations in this type of fiction are properly represented by a scheme of this sort. In a broad view, it is appropriate.

Jean Taylor.—A scratchy pencil has hindered you; but character has been well seized. The head is wrongly set on the neck, as you will see at once if you refer to the model, noting especially where the chin lies in relation to the base of the skull, at the back. Promising work.

Margaret Smith.—A decorative drawing must avoid the technique of a rapid sketch. The simplicity of effect aimed at, which can, of course, be very truthful, dramatic and striking, is destroyed by this crosshatching, etc. Look at some good work of the type which you obviously admire and have a feeling for.

Barbara Booth.—An ingenious pattern, which should, however, tell its interesting story a little more plainly at a first glance. A book jacket should deliver its message quickly. Attempt definite lettering another time, and endeavour to carry the sketch further. Interesting work.

Betty Weir.—The severe and arbitrary pattern of the sky competes too sharply with the figures, which are themselves quite sufficient to arouse interest. A frame, also, is badly needed. Otherwise the design is quite successful and the clean colour admirable.

Joan Colyer.—This is a "carrier" rather than a "jacket," but the design is very cleverly conceived, and would adapt itself easily to the more usual cover. A title would help to elucidate the beast! Note that as a rule the second feather of a wing is the longest, not the first. It is as well to respect facts such as these even in an eccentric pattern.

William Wilson.—A very good colour scheme and a dramatic design, but the head should fall more limply and at a much sharper angle to suggest the corpse. Then the blind should be a good deal deeper in tone to help the suggestion of the shadow. With these little alterations you would have a very interesting result.

Frances Jowett.—So sorry to hear of the accident, and hope you are quite well again now. The theme is very picturesque, but more suited for a story than a play, as it moves in so many different directions. The constantly changing scenery would be all right for a "movie," but not for a play.

Rena Recaldin.—Study proportions carefully, and note where features fall in relation to one another, in the first few minutes of sketching, so that everything may fall in the right place. Here the distance from eyes to base of nose is far too long for the space between base of nose and line of chin. The literature entry is charming in the freshness of its style, but a wee bit careless—in spelling, for example. Thank you so much for your very generous gift to the Cot Fund. It is much appreciated.

Peggy Adès.—Having hit upon so good an idea, you could easily have been more expansive about it. It offers so much opportunity. Another time let yourself go a little more. As far as you have taken this, it is quite all right, and the opening paragraph particularly good.

Barbara Stallibrass.—The ideas are very sensible, but the method a bit prosaic for a competition. Such a paper should be tackled on the widest possible lines to increase its literary interest and value as practice in expression.

Alice Janes.—Excellent in all that it touches upon; full of interest throughout, but very oddly expressed at times. Try to write less stiffly. Let your pen flow along as if you were talking, at first, and then make any small corrections afterwards. I think this method will help you.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Striking design, but a bit too detached in its details. Something simpler would probably have increased the sense of mystery; any one of these items by themselves, on the black ground, would have increased the dramatic effect. The letter is characteristically interesting and amusing, but perhaps a bit over-colloquial for a literature entry. This does not mean that a stiff style is desirable, however! Far from it!

Patricia Appleyard.—Most complete and painstaking. I appreciate all the care you have taken. As a letter, it is just a trifle overweighted with detail, of a type which inevitably is much the same in each case, but it is so thoroughly practical and efficient that this is forgiven. As literature, more variety is essential.

Gwendoline Allen.—Just right. Fresh, amusing and natural. The points made are quite interesting, and one could do with more of them if on the same lines. A very good entry.

Olive Welford.—Extremely interesting, but needing just a little more care in places. For instance, a softer material is advisable for the curtains. Still, this is a most original and entertaining piece of work.

Winifred E. Mitchell.—Very neat and skilful. I think the thread is a little fine for the canvas, which is too detectable in places, but as a piece of needlecraft it is very efficient, and the blending of colour very effective.

Mary Dawson.—Keep your amusing, spontaneous style, but be a little more particular to observe worthwhile rules of composition. Stilted writing is gone for ever, one hopes; but in a literature competition one should avoid methods which run too far in the opposite direction.

Sylvia Rimmer.—Clever balance of colour. It is not easy to place these strong colours together harmoniously, and you have done so remarkably well. I should think the final effect in the room would be most successful.

Trixie Ford.—Hand-sewing should be the rule for doll dressing, especially when the garments are tiny. Otherwise it is scarcely possible to get the dainty effect required. In style, very appropriate otherwise. You have hit upon quite a good up-to-date plot for your synopsis, but I would suggest that the Christian names of the men should be more usual. This would make the whole episode so much more likely; to this end also, one son, instead of two, would be advisable, and easier to manage.

Mary Champion.—What a pretty pattern! The simple colour scheme, too, is most attractive. It would be very pretty for a garden tea party. So many thanks.

Claribel Ireland.—Excellent, as far as it goes, but a bit too short for a competition. You could easily have expatiated upon this theme, so full of possibilities. A very good and interesting style.

Amy G. Haydon.—Charmingly worked as ever. By the way, what a pretty border! I think this is a thing to note for hand work, don't you? I was much taken with it. Thanks so much for such a continuous stream of benefactions.

(A few criticisms are held over until next month.)

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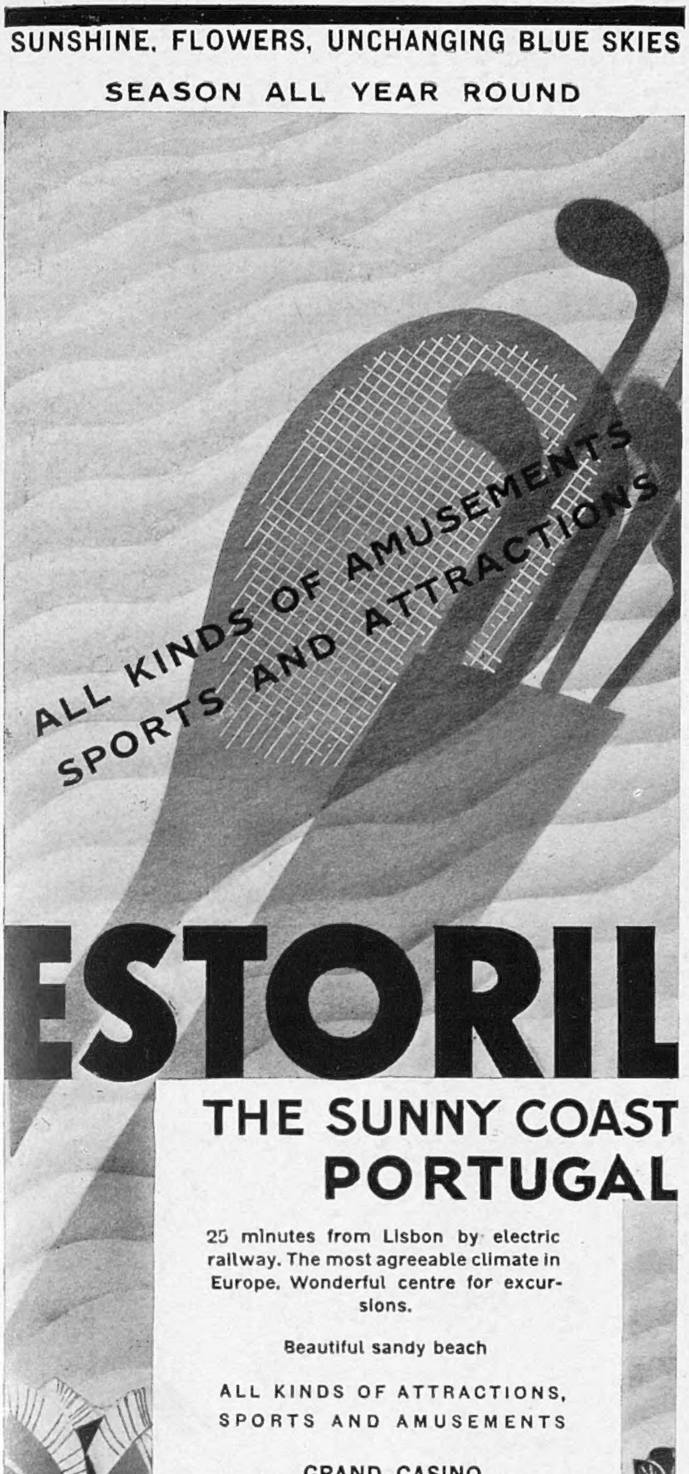
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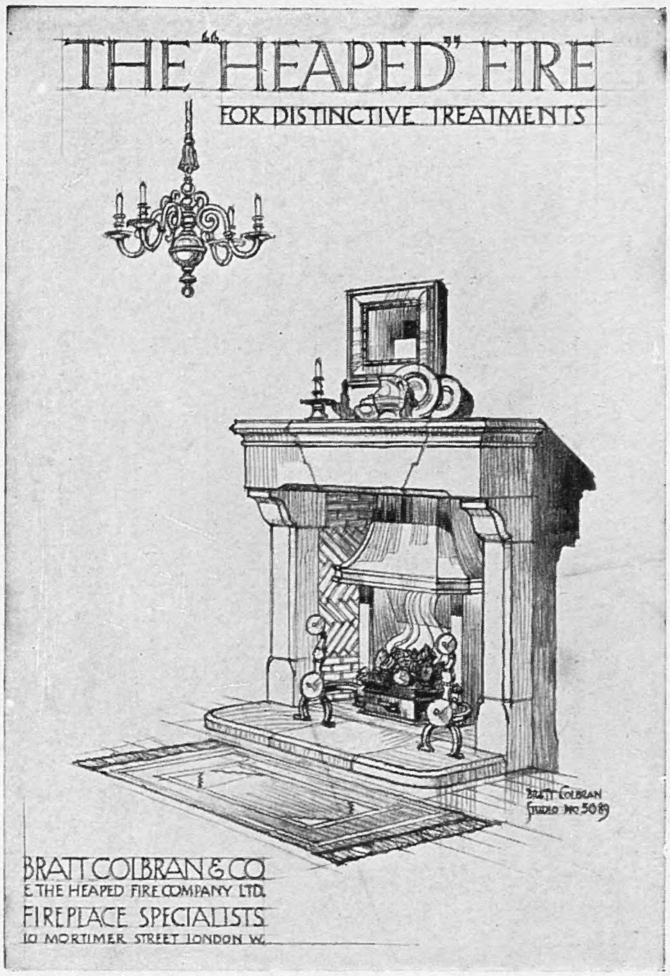
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BRATT COLBRAN STUDIO No 5089
BRATT COLBRAN & CO
& THE HEAPED FIRE COMPANY LTD.
FIREPLACE SPECIALISTS
10 MORTIMER STREET LONDON W.

IT has sometimes been deplored that the Age of the craftsman is past, but in some departments of domestic art this is hardly so.

The implication that beauty of design and workmanship is absent from the products of the Age is an error. We have a command over our material of which our ancestors never dreamed. Good modern work is good by any standard. We would refer here only to the matter of fireplaces—

Many beautiful fireplaces have been fashioned in the past. They still adorn many of the exquisite houses which are a heritage of beauty.

Nevertheless, it is no exaggeration to claim that in neither elegance nor quality do they excel the best modern work of which the "Heaped Fire" is a pre-eminent example.

The "Heaped Fire" is made at our own works in London.

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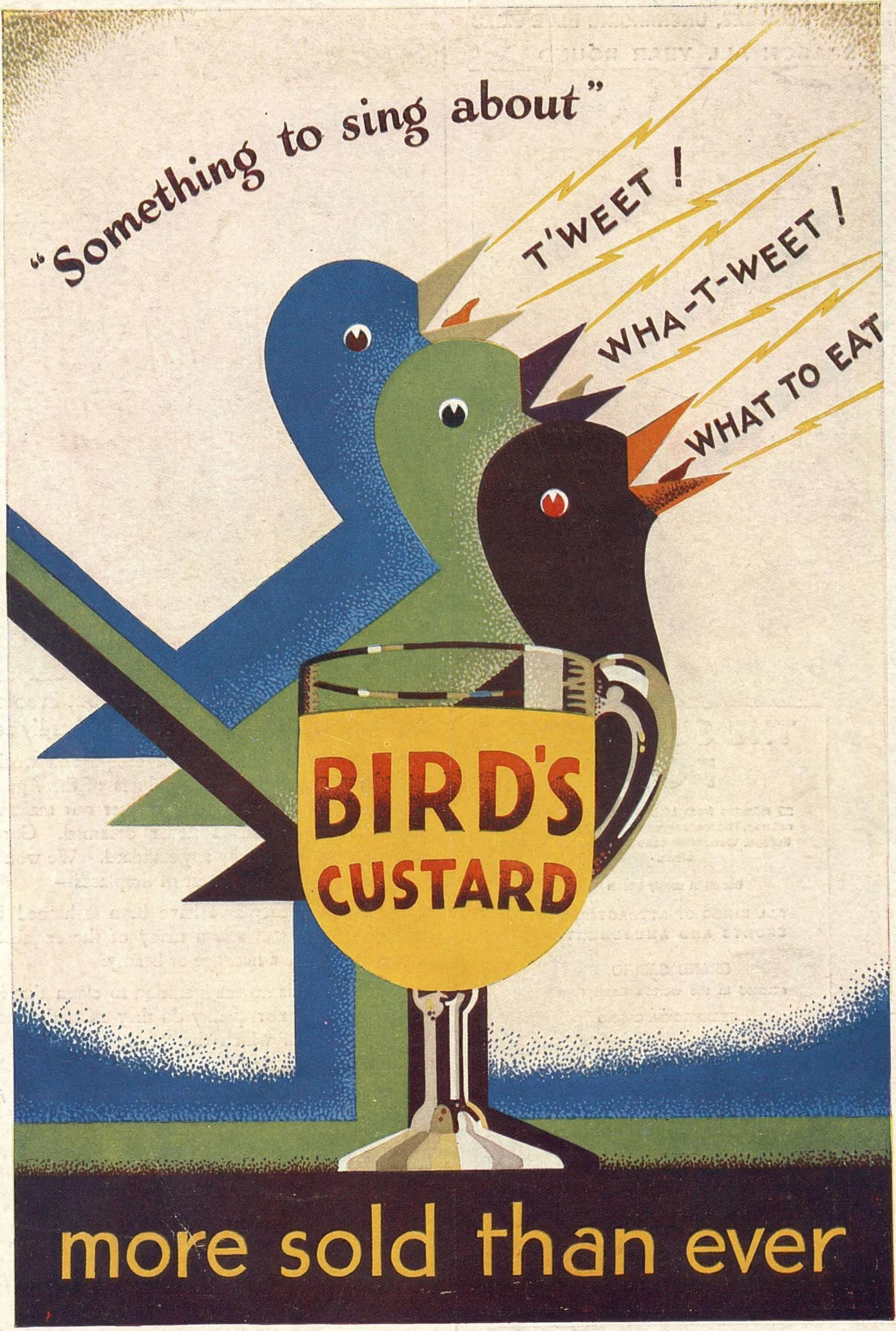
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